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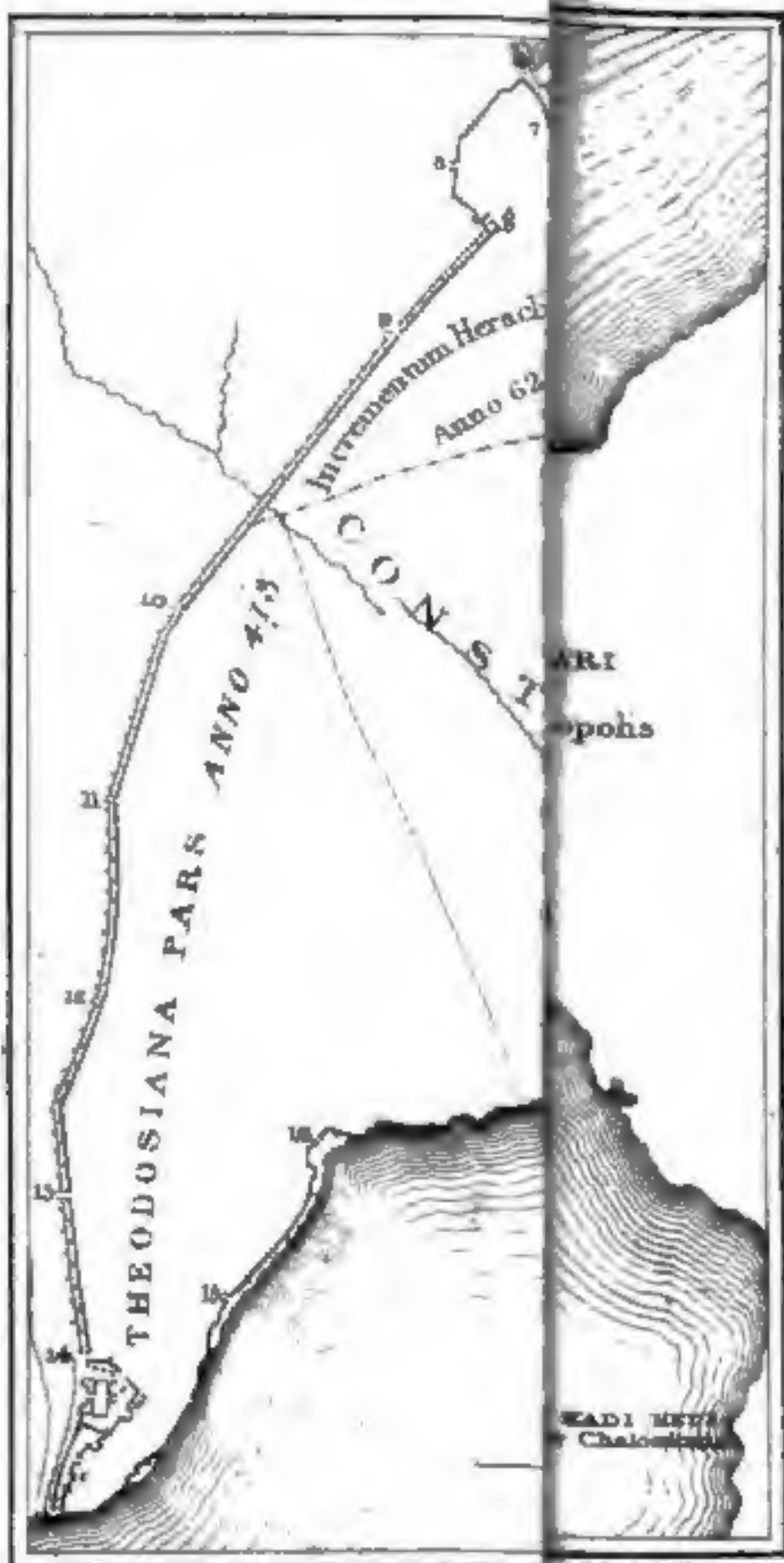
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MURUS
MURUS

by C. M. M. M.

GREECE

AND

THE LEVANT;

OR,

DIARY OF A SUMMER'S EXCURSION

IN 1834:

WITH

Epistolary Supplements.

BY

THE REV. RICHARD BURGESS, B.D.

OF SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;
AUTHOR OF "THE TOPOGRAPHY AND ANTIQUITIES
OF ROME," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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31.



PREFACE.

A TOUR in Greece and the Levant has now but little chance of awakening any general interest, or of exciting the curiosity of the public. But, as travellers in the East are daily becoming more numerous, the demand for such works as may contain any information upon the mode of travelling, the method of seeing the places and objects of interest, comprised in a tour, &c., is naturally on the increase. To visit the classic soil of Greece and cross the plains of Asia—to see Constantinople, and travel through Turkey in Europe—would have been considered, a few years ago, no ordinary undertaking, and few would have attempted such a tour without contemplating a long absence from home, and, perhaps, the incurring of some danger in the enterprise. But

these little volumes will show that all this may be accomplished in "a summer's excursion," with very little more risk of health and safety than a tour on the Continent would include. The Author does not pretend to have made any new discoveries, but merely offers his Journal Book, *written during the tour*, to any who may wish to follow the same route. He has not scrupled to embody the observations of former travellers in his own, whenever they tended to illustrate the subject in hand; and he is not aware of having made any attempts at originality. Why such a "Diary" should be published, "there is no reason to be rendered." It has been thought important, in those countries where the distances are not measured, and are difficult to be ascertained before-hand, to mark them as accurately as the mode of reckoning by time would allow; and if any future traveller should derive any convenience from this, especially in the journey from Constantinople to Belgrade, he will not be so much indebted to the *writer* of the "Diary" as to the diligence and activity of his youthful companions and pupils, Lord George Paget, the Honourable Thomas Knox, and Mr. John Butler S. C. Wandesforde.

The manner in which Constantinople has been treated arose from the want, as it appeared to the Author, of some such description ; for, although there are many sketches and descriptions of the interior (which are, however, no longer true), it is difficult to meet, in a convenient form, with any topographical view, so as to put the stranger in the way of a classical study of the capital of the Eastern Empire ; on this account it was thought expedient to introduce a plan with special reference to the topography of the city.

The letters addressed to private individuals, whom the Author has the honour to call his correspondents, convey, in a more convenient form than the chapters would have admitted of, certain kinds of information : they were, for the most part, written from the places whose dates they bear, and if not all received, were intended for that purpose.

The reader will easily understand, that, as many books of reference cannot be conveyed in a journey which is chiefly to be performed on horseback, the references could only be made when there was an opportunity of comparing

recollections of reading with the sources of them. But these, and the necessary corrections dependent upon them, are nearly all that has been added to the "Diary," as originally written, during the "Summer's Excursion."

*St. John's College, Cambridge,
July 9. 1835.*

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GREECE
AND
THE LEVANT.

LETTER I.
INTRODUCTORY.

Addressed to Mrs. Colyar, at Rome.

Otranto, April 28. 1834.

SINCE my departure from Rome, I have more than once recalled to mind your remarks, that 'Classical Tours and Travels in the East are generally destitute of that kind of plain and useful information which an inexperienced traveller stands so much in need of;' and if I had set out with the determination of writing a Tour in Greece and the Levant, I could not have had a better outfit than your sprightly injunctions: 'Pray tell us how people go

to Greece, and what they are to do when they get there ; point us out the road, and the mode of travelling, that we may follow you over the Morea and Asia Minor, if we like : we know already the antiquities of those countries,—we have Dodwell and Col. Leake.’ There seems to be something in our nature repugnant to plainness of speech, unless it be that the difficulty of acquiring it renders it so rare. There is no reason why I should not tell you exactly how I have arrived at Otranto, drawn as far as Lecce by four horses in a large coach furnished by the renowned Angrisani ; but I could never get past the country of the Samnites without some allusion to the “Caudine Forks,” nor look upon the Apulian mountains without invoking the genius of the Venusinian bard. I could never conceal the gloom which sometimes steals over the spirits of the traveller, when he finds himself alone in the midst of thousands who have no sympathy with his feelings ; nor yet the tumultuous joy which sometimes fills his breast, when he “carols away idle sorrow” amidst the splendour of nature’s solitude. Besides, what traveller could endure to be pitied as “the man who can go from Dan to Beersheba and say all is barren ?” Rather than suffer this, he will almost paint the wilderness as a garden of roses, and draw upon the resources of his imagination ; he will relate incidents that never occurred, for the avowed purpose of illustrating the manners of the people ; and if he

has the faculty of representing fictitious things as real, he will beguile his readers into admiration until they cease to look for truth. Now, although I will not undertake to strangle thought, nor bury in oblivion the impressions which the scenes I am to visit may make upon my mind; although I may be tempted to soliloquise, and sometimes take a page out of history, or a line from a poet; I will never knowingly misstate a fact for the purpose of embellishing my Diary: if fiction there be, it shall be obvious; but if I have any information to communicate to my correspondents, it shall at least be accurate—and this, I think, will be nearly all you will have accomplished by the injunctions you laid upon me at parting. But, by adopting this path of simplicity, I shall have accomplished much in rendering my task comparatively easy. I am pledged to neither science, statistics, nor history. The “useful information” may be given without reference to any previous acquirements, and happily for me that it may! I possess not that geologising penetration which finds “sermons in stones;” nor that botanical science which discovers a new world in the physiology of a plant. I can neither draw with a “camera lucida,” nor paint the costumes of the “kirtled” Albanian, nor sketch the “turbaned Turk:” my knowledge is limited to some of the old embattled plains of Italy, Greece, and Asia; and to a few sentences of the ancient philosophers, which I understand were delivered on the banks of the Ilissus.

If I am capable of making a few observations upon men and their actions, I owe it to having conversed with more than an ordinary share of my species ; and if I shall be found to dwell too long upon the moral and religious condition of a country, some apology will readily be inferred from the preconceived notions with which I may be supposed to have set out. If I know myself, I am in this instance free from ambition. And as I intend to put on no fetters but those of truth and the honest convictions of my own mind, I may occasionally be thought too free and easy ; but what I principally dread is, to be thought tedious and unprofitable. I enclose you a copy of my *Diary from Naples to Otranto*, and as this is a journey I have never seen described by any Italian tourist, you have my full permission to impart to Mrs. Starke as much of it as may be thought advisable to insert in the next edition of her “ *Information for Travellers*.”

I am, &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY FROM NAPLES TO OTRANTO.

There, too, the vigorous olive in its pride,
 As in its own Apulian soil unchecked,
 Tower'd high, and spread its willowy foliage wide.
SOUTHEY.

AFTER quitting Naples, the road to Avellino runs through a country much resembling the neighbourhood of Capua, and traverses Pomigliano d'Arco and the villages of Marignano, Gallo, or Galluccio, until Avella, with its castle in ruins, appears on the left. Nola, where the Emperor Augustus ended his days, stands at the foot of the Monte Calvarini; and after passing this, the road runs between two chains of hills to Bajano and Cardinale; the latter place being eighteen miles from Naples. Travellers are particularly recommended to carry their own cold turkeys, for the miserable inn at Cardinale affords no food, and very little shelter. At Mugnano is the shrine of St. Philumena, the patroness of this district. A waxen image, bedecked in embroidered robes, and enriched with a profusion of precious stones, produces the revenue of the church and adjoining convent: it requires twelve candles to be lighted before

If I am . . .
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 with more . . .
 if I shall . . .
 and religio . . .
 will read . . .
 with which . . .
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 bition. A . . .
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 easy ; but . . .
 tedious as . . .
 my Diary . . .
 journey . . .
 tourist, & . . .
 Mrs. Starr . . .
 able to . . .
 for Trav.

The second day's journey, to Ariano, is only twenty-six miles, the first seven of which run through valleys smiling with abundance. The ascent to Torrone is steep and rugged, and not quite free from the incursions of banditti: a military station, consisting of eight Neapolitan warriors, is considered necessary for the security of travellers. Monte Fusco, standing on the ridge of a mountain, screens Beneventum from view on the right. The Alp-like Monte Chiusano, sprinkled with snow, rises boldly on the left; and from the top of the ascent is an extensive prospect of the chain of mountains which overlook the "Capitanate." Far spreading valleys reveal their beauties as the eye wanders towards Ariano; and the fields, which were beginning to assume their verdant hue, seemed like carpets purposely spread over the nearer plains. At Grotta Miranda the beauty of the country ends, save that the position of Ariano once more exhibits those picturesque features which generally belong to Italian towns in mountainous districts. It contains about 18,000 inhabitants; has a fortress on the summit of its mountain; and supplies Foggia and the places of the plain around with wine and provisions. A staple commodity of Ariano is butter, which is preserved in rinds of cheese, and may be transported to any distance without endangering its flavour.

Locanda della Posta, April 18.

it can be exhibited to the gaze of devotion or curiosity. On the side of a Terracotta Sarcophagus, resembling those found in the catacombs of Rome, is this inscription: 'Pax tecum Fi——lu mena;' the name, however, is only made up by putting together three distinct fragments, and selecting as many letters as compose it; and in this manner, said the ingenious sacrist, were the names of the saints and martyrs concealed from the knowledge of the Pagans, whilst the Christians could read them with ease. In the same reliquiary are two torches, sent as a pious offering by the "beloved Ferdinand;" but Philumena's body cannot be both here and in the church of S. Susanna, near the gardens of Sallust, at Rome! An ascent begins at Mugnano, which continues, for four miles, to Monte Forte and Le Nevère. The scenery is pretty, and in descending to Avellino a rich valley opens, abounding in corn and wine. Avellino contains about 18,000 inhabitants, and is twenty-eight miles from Naples. I found the inhabitants in the midst of an eight days' rejoicing in honour of a new saint, Generoso, just arrived, in mouldering dignity, from Rome. He works, I was told, "innumerable miracles," and throws the patron saint, Modestino, into the shade. I thought, at first, I had stumbled upon an allegory, Generosity overwhelming Modesty; but no, these were the real titles given to the old and new guardian saints of Avellino: the beauties of this town and neighbourhood are worth a journey from *Naples*.

The second day's journey, to Ariano, is only twenty-six miles, the first seven of which run through valleys smiling with abundance. The ascent to Torrione is steep and rugged, and not quite free from the incursions of banditti: a military station, consisting of eight Neapolitan warriors, is considered necessary for the security of travellers. Monte Fusco, standing on the ridge of a mountain, screens Beneventum from view on the right. The Alp-like Monte Chiusano, sprinkled with snow, rises boldly on the left; and from the top of the ascent is an extensive prospect of the chain of mountains which overlook the "Capitanate." Far spreading valleys reveal their beauties as the eye wanders towards Ariano; and the fields, which were beginning to assume their verdant hue, seemed like carpets purposely spread over the nearer plains. At Grotta Miranda the beauty of the country ends, save that the position of Ariano once more exhibits those picturesque features which generally belong to Italian towns in mountainous districts. It contains about 18,000 inhabitants; has a fortress on the summit of its mountain; and supplies Foggia and the places of the plain around with wine and provisions. A staple commodity of Ariano is butter, which is preserved in rinds of cheese, and may be transported to any distance without endangering its flavour.

Locanda della Posta, April 18.

From Ariano, a steep descent among broken hills, tending to less fertility, leads down to the Villa Forte, which, an inscription says, was honoured in the last century by the royal visit of their Sicilian Majesties. The villa was only an appendage to an immense "Caccia Reale." These royal domains in the kingdom of Naples were so numerous and extensive, that they became a just cause of complaint in the revolutionary times; and the present monarch, also a reformer, has found it expedient to relinquish many of his claims upon those hereditary possessions of the crown. At Ponte Bovino, the plains of Apulia may be said to commence, except that a barren mount again obstructs the view at the sorry Osteria of Giardinetto. A road diverges from Ponte Bovino, by Ordona, to Cerignola, which, in dry weather and with a light carriage, is just practicable. I went by Foggia for the sake of a better road, thus adding about twelve miles to the distance; and, for about six miles, we were driven headlong over a common with *choice* roads in all directions. A wilderness, or rather barrenness, takes away all interest from this district: much of the land is thrown out of cultivation, for no other reason, that I could see, but that it was not wanted. This, however, is the country of sportsmen, who wander from Ascoli and the neighbouring towns, with the double object of pleasure and gain. Even the peasants are armed in all directions; and, as far as I could understand, they

do not always run after the same description of game. Foggia is about thirty-six miles from Ariano, and ninety from Naples. It is a regularly built town, containing, perhaps, 30,000 inhabitants. It presents every appearance of a population living in prosperity, the fruits of the industry of La Puglia: its new promenade will, when finished, be a fine appendage to the town, and must be proceeding at a considerable cost. From a Tempietto at the extremity of the promenade, reared upon an artificial mound, and surrounded with mock antiquities, is an extensive view of the plain, which, towards the "Apuli Montes," was then waving with green corn: but the eye is wearied with the hopeless level on all sides, before it can repose on the low distant hills; and not even a glimpse of the Hadriatic is afforded to relieve the prospect.

Foggia, April 19. Locanda di Raffaele Faella.

The third day's journey, from Foggia to Trani (forty-two miles), brought me through much of Puglia, of which the Capitanate forms only a part — a wild corn country, with no clearly defined road as far as Cerignola (sixteen miles); and, except for a few olives, secured within an enclosure, this town would be without a tree for several miles around it. Here I found I had stumbled on the Via Trajana, as appeared from an inscription most legible upon a milliarium standing in its original position in the

public street. The distance marked upon it is LXXXI., and measured from Brundisium. I gathered from this inscription, with which I stayed to converse as with an old friend, that the Emperor Trajan, in that year of his reign which corresponds to the 104th of the Christian era, made the road from Brundisium to Beneventum at his own expense ;—*Viam fecit*, and not *muniuit*. There was, doubtless, a road of some kind before Trajan undertook this splendid addition to the Via Appia ; but it was probably something like the present track from Foggia to Cerignola. Horace, in his journey to Brundisium, complains of the road after rain ; which he certainly would not have done, if it had been paved with the usual hard silex.* On the front of a church I read, “Franciscus Pignatelli Dux Bisacii Deo Virgini ac Religioni. 1718.” The descendant of this duke is the great proprietor of the country, which, for many miles around, is one vast corn field : the land is let for the yearly rent of seven

* When a road was made with gravel or small metal like our own, it was simply called *Via strata*, when paved with the usual basaltic lava, it was *Via silice strata*, and when paved with any hard material, more perfectly cut and fitted together, it was *Via strata lapide vel saxo quadrato*. (See the remarks of Bergerus in Morcellus, de *Stylo Inscrip.* p. 540.) “*Via munita*,” I imagine, might indicate any one of the methods, simply having reference to the construction of the road. *Via facta* (as in this instance “*viam fecit*”) I have seldom seen used, perhaps it implies even more than “*viam muniuit*.”

or ten ducats per rubbia. The Lago di Salpi appears at this distance like a narrow strith running under the arid Monte degli Angioli. Cannosa is discovered at the distance of nine miles, partially concealed by an intervening hill: it occupies the site and almost the name of the ancient Canusium, and frowns over the lowly plain where once stood the fatal Cannæ. There are no vestiges now to guide the passing traveller to the scene of the Roman disasters. The peasant's tradition of the bloody field, like the "Sanguinetto" of Thrasymane, "alone tells you" of the slaughter which happened 216 years before Christ; but Canusium tells the more recent story of the youthful Bohemond, who died and was interred in the cathedral in 1111. His *dilapidated* tomb has rescued from oblivion the malicious envy of a Duke of Tarentum.

In continuing the journey, leaving, as the road now is, Cannosa on the right, at about eleven miles from Cerignola, the Hadriatic breaks upon the view, with the fishing towns on its coast, seen from a barren hill. Through the same kind of country, except that the plain becomes more undulated, the equivocal road reaches the Ofanto, leaving the fields of Cannæ on the right beyond it. I had looked for the Ofanto with some eagerness, and within about two miles and a half of Barletta I passed a bridge long enough to bestride the utmost overflow of that impetuous river: there were some signs of its wandering propensities.

" Sic Tauriformis volvitur Aufidus
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Appuli
Quum sævit, horrendamque cultus
Diluvium meditatur agris." *

But the poet says he was born " ad longe sonantem Aufidum," which immediately takes us up to the mountains ; for here the bed and banks are too deeply buried to be ever heard from afar. A sturdy square tower, called the Torre di Ofanto, marks the spot where the classical river enters the stormy Hadria.

Barletta is hemmed in with regular-built walls and angular towers, built not unlike the walls of the Leonine city at Rome ; they are certainly not so old, but they may have been made after the pattern of the Saracenic construction. The successors of Alphonso of Arragon (1433 — 1464) found this city convenient for their residence when the vassals of Apulia and the powerful Orsini, Duke of Tarentum, raised the rival banner of Anjou. Ferdinand I. was crowned in the cathedral. Six miles further on the coast is Trani, which I entered too late and left too early to make any observations upon.

Between Trani and Bari, a distance of twenty-four miles, along a road which runs near the shore, several towns occur, at the distance of four or six miles from one another. *Bisceglia* is conspicuous by its solid square tower, its mosque-like cupola, and its tele-

* Hor. Carmen xiv. lib. 4.

graph: the fortifications are by far too good for a town of so little importance, but this is owing to the facility of procuring materials. Nothing can exceed the regularity and beauty of the masonry in these towns—made, too, of a stone which is equal to marble in purity. This is still more remarkable in the houses of *Molfeta*, where I observed some elevations of a chaste style of civil architecture. After leaving the gate of *Molfeta*, *Giovanasso* is seen a few miles down the coast, launching boldly into the sea. In approaching this town, and continuing my journey towards *Bari*, I passed through olive yards and corn fields, running down to the very margin of the shore. The enclosures are all made with stone fences: the system has not only the merit of economy, but it clears the soil of the only incumbrance it appears to lie under. Half-ruined square towers, with which this country abounds, peep out of the olive fields, and are distinguished at vast distances over the whole flat. There is certainly no picturesque beauty in *Apulia*; and the historical interest is of an unusually melancholy nature. Its fields have been deluged with human blood in the various contests for empire, in which more than the fate of *Italy* was involved. The dukes of *Beneventum* extended their dominion over a large portion of the flat country reaching from the promontory of *Garganus* to this *Terra di Bari*.

Its history emerges out of the dark ages with the Norman conquests; *Robert Guiscard* was saluted with

the title of Duke of Apulia; but it can hardly be said whether that province was wrested from the Lombard princes or the emperors of Constantinople, A. D. 1060. Roger Guiscard succeeded to this title in 1127, and uniting the province, together with Calabria, to the other districts which now belong to the kingdom of Naples, he became the first king of Sicily. In the church of St. Nicolo at Bari I found an inscription to that effect; it stated that Roger received, in that Basilica, the "Iron crown," in 1136, at the hands of Anacletus II. The authority for this date is as old as the sixteenth century, as appears from the same inscription. The Emperor Manuel again rescued Apulia from the new Sicilian monarch, and the siege of Bari was his first undertaking, in 1155: the conquest was of short duration, and Apulia became again incorporated with the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. But my recollections of the "*Bari mœnia piscosi*" went beyond the Norman period. The epithet bestowed upon it by the Roman poet may mean that in his time it was little more than a fishing village; and it is not until the ninth century that it becomes so conspicuous in the history of the Greek empire. Although the valour of Charlemagne had nominally subdued all Italy, it neither reduced to submission the Lombard dukes of Beneventum, nor expelled the Saracens from the coasts of Apulia. Bari was their firm possession. But Lewis, the great-grandson of Charlemagne, after a siege of four years, took it in

871. "Bari is now fallen," he writes to the Emperor Basil, "Tarentum trembles, Calabria will be delivered," &c.* For nearly two centuries it remained under the precarious dominion of the Cæsars of Constantinople, and then it enters into the history of the Norman conquests and the republics of the middle ages. I found no memorials of its former glory or vicissitudes, except such may be descried in the huge fortress which overlooks the shallow bay. I sought in vain for some monument or tradition of Melo, who appeared to the Normans in the cavern of Mount Garganus, in the garb of a Greek, but in the real character of a foe to the Greek emperor. This noble citizen of Bari died in Germany, and the adventures of his son Argyrus may yet form a subject for romance or poetry.

My *cicerone* was a cobbler, who had been twelve years in the British service; he willingly left his stall to accompany a party of the "noble nation" around his native town; and he still broke the King's English. He said his town had stood seven bloody sieges in olden time; but how and when, he was ignorant. I believe he was correct in his number, and seven sieges of Bari may be enumerated. He pointed out the church of S. Nicolo; and behind the main altar I saw a monument erected in honour of the wife of Sigismund King of Poland, bearing date 1593.

* See Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. lvi.

She was the daughter of John Sforza Galeatz; and the only reason for her monument being here, that I could perceive, was her title of Duchess of Bari. This church contains a great number of ancient granite columns, grotesquely put together in pairs, to support the aisles. This, as well as the cathedral church, exhibits specimens of the Græco-Saracenic style, like that of Pisa and Amalfi, showing a common origin. The crypt of the cathedral is gorgeous; the tower and belfry stupendous and imposing. Bari is defended towards the sea by a line of regular-built walls, like Genoa: it contains about 24,000 inhabitants. Lately the two entrance gates have been thrown down, and the city enlarged with a fine new street, called the Corso. The other streets, or rather lanes, are not kept clean, but kept dirty by being made the reservoirs for filth. The Corso and the Quay are excepted from this nuisance. I saw two or three small vessels in the harbour, which my cicerone technically termed "small craft" from Trieste; all that appeared in the port of Bari.

The once celebrated Brundisium (Brindisi) is now so far left to its solitary fate, that the carriage road disdains it; and from Bari travellers must now go across Italy to the Bay of Taranto. The new road, however, is excellent, because its foundations are laid by nature in hard stone. It leaves the coast at Bari, and passes through Capurso and Casa Maxima: the country frequently degenerates into a wilderness, in which I saw

nothing remarkable but the industry of the peasantry in recovering the land from its stony barrenness. I suppose they know enough of political economy, not so to employ their labour without the prospect of an adequate return.

I am sometimes tempted to take my eyes away from landscapes, to suspend my recollections of history, and leave antiquities undisturbed, for the sake of conversing with living beings whom any peculiarity in feature or address may recommend to my attention; and I have generally found the tale to which I had voluntarily lent my ears to be one of misery or vexation. Nature is, indeed, shy in bringing forward her own demerits; but when the feelings are labouring under the pain of injury (real or imaginary) inflicted upon them by others, the sufferer is always glad of an ear, however strange, into which to pour the voice of complaint. Hence I have ever found the female sex the most willing to communicate, for they have more frequently to complain of the infidelity of mankind. At the village of *Casa Massima*, whilst taking some refreshment, I observed a figure which had nothing in common with Italian features or expression. Instead of the jet-black hair and dark eyes, there was a sandy complexion, and eyes — the colour of an English sky; instead of the vivacity which generally distinguishes the female countenance in Italy, there was that round-faced sobriety which belongs to the Transalpine character:

I immediately set down this person in my own mind as a German : she was accompanied by a little girl of about ten years of age, partaking of the mother's features ; but, in other respects, showed an Italian origin. My case was therefore made out before I asked a single question. A German woman, I said, having married a Neapolitan : but this did not satisfy my curiosity ; I was anxious to know how she had found her way to a solitary and uninviting place like " Casa Massima : " besides, as she sat at the table of mine host, helping her little daughter to a few shreds of " bouillé," she appeared to be labouring under some mental depression ; and the impatience with which she ordered the ragged " ristoratore " to supply her numerous demands, convinced me that some excitement was still working in her temper. To ask a person whom chance may throw in the way — but especially a female — who she is, and where she comes from, would be thought, in England, a very difficult question ; but, on the Continent, if it be done according to the standard rules of politeness, it is the easiest question of all. The facility of obtaining information from a well-regulated police, upon the birth, parentage, and education of a stranger, renders concealment of any kind hopeless, and a mysterious air dangerous : hence the foreigner very easily glides into the notion that every man may, with propriety, ask him both his name and business. The only thing to be ob-

served, is, to put the question in the third person singular ; and with Monsieur or Madame as a nominative case, in France, or wherever the French language is the medium of communication, the "inquisitive traveller" may accomplish any thing. *Madame est Allemande peut-être*, was quite enough to elicit the whole history of this unfortunate woman and her daughter. Her native soil was Bavaria ; but she had been imported into Italy along with the Austrian troops, at the period of the Neapolitan insurrection in 1821. Left a widow, but with ample means of living, she preferred the climate and scenery of Naples to the frosty plains of Munich. It happened that in the same house where she had fixed her residence, there lodged a young student in anatomy, who always answered to the name of Ludovico ; and as they were destined to meet continually upon the same staircase, it is not difficult to conceive how they became acquainted ; besides, Ludovico played the violoncello, and occasionally sung a cavatina from the best operas ; all which stole sweetly upon the ears of his fair neighbour. But having left his native Terra di Bari with a slender purse, he soon found he must either relinquish his studies or procure some further means of support. The widow, now consoled by the balmy atmosphere of Naples, and the hopes, however distant, of being united to Ludovico, undertook to pay the whole expense of his education, and to add whatever might

be thought enough to make him not only a skilful anatomist, but a physician of the first degree. It was of course a condition well understood, that Ludovico was to espouse the widow, and, in return, receive the enjoyment of her remaining fortune. The young Italian not only consented, but performed his engagement faithfully ; and hitherto the Bavarian bride knew nothing but felicity. But when the time came for leaving Naples to return to his native village, Ludovico made some propositions which threw alarm and suspicion into the breast of his wife. He asked for nothing less than the half of her fortune, and added, it was necessary to leave her behind him with the infant which their union had already been blessed with. The marriage vow appeared a more solemn tie in the eyes of the German lady. She followed Ludovico faithfully to his native home, and cheerfully offered to share with him her income. She followed him but to learn a fatal secret, — that his affections had long been engaged, and his faith plighted, to another, who, also, now for the first time learnt her cruel destiny. The young husband, seeing again the object of his youthful affections, and all his former love returning, became impatient of his lawful bride, and invidiously compared the soft charms of his Carolina with the rigid features of his Bavarian spouse. For three years and a half, said the distracted woman, he has tried, by insults and ill-treatment, to drive me away from his home. —

Here she stopped to pay her tribute to nature, and burst into tears. It is, she continued, as soon as grief permitted her to speak, — it is that he may marry another, that I am to be dishonoured — banished upon pretext of not being his lawful wife, and without having any compassion on this child, — and here she suddenly caught the child in her arms, and clasped it fondly to her bosom, and remained for some moments in silence. The little arms which had clasped the mother's neck, as ivy clings to its support, were then gently disentangled; and after a wistful gaze in the countenance of her beloved daughter, she sealed the burst of maternal affection with a kiss: when this ebullition was over, she inveighed bitterly against her faithless Ludovico, and vowed, that although she was in that secluded region, without a friend, she would never go forth into the world as the discarded wife of him she had lawfully married, nor brand the child of her love with the mark of unmerited disgrace. I could not but praise her strong sense of virtue; and I besought her to trust to that Providence, who, when he sees good, can heal the wounds of misfortune. She had nothing to reproach Carolina with, she said; Ludovico had deceived them both, and made them both unhappy. Your feelings, said I, are generous. Alas! poor lady: may He who shields the oppressed from wrong be your protector and guide.

Gioja (24 miles from Bari), April 21.

No country can be more uninteresting, in every point of view, than the open track which continues from Gioja to where the road passes at the foot of Mollola, a town about eleven miles distant from Taranto, and situated on a barren mountain; nor could the view of the Gulf of Tarentum, with the corn fields and olives in the foreground, raise a single emotion, by its natural beauty, in my disappointed mind. The ancients appear to have singled out a hopeless flat country always for their special admiration, as the Neapolitans now talk with delight of the Terra di Bari. I glanced at the large village of Palegiano, shining white amidst the green corn. Massafra is prettily situated on the slope of a hill, interspersed with tufts of trees and shrubs; but, when near it, it assumes a most singular appearance. The rock on which it stands is perforated and worked into a thousand fantastic shapes by no other hand than that of nature. The houses stand on the brink of a narrow valley, or rather chasm, worked through the rock by the action of running water. The walls of the chasm itself, so curiously formed, appeared to me to resemble the concretionary stone made by the waters of the Silarus; it is therefore of the nature of travertine stone, but has certainly a greater mixture of buoyant materials. The scanty streams of the Patimisco and Tara, and, at no great distance, the Galeso, run among the aged olive trees which cover the country around Taranto.

This city, the shadow of so great a name, stands in a corner of the gulf, upon a slightly elevated rock, which in this place only binds the coast. A lake formed by the sea, which finds a passage inland, is called the Mare Piccolo: the only access to the town is by a bridge thrown over the end of this lake, which thus communicates again by the town with the "Mare Grande." This is a small portion of the bay, terminated towards the south by the Punto S. Vito, and at the other extremity by the Isoletta S. Nicolo; the flat ugly islands of St. Peter and St. Paul lie in the midst. I could distinguish the distant line of mountains which enclose the gulf on the Calabrian side, but nothing is to be seen in the contrary direction beyond the Punto S. Vito. The fortifications, forming a rampart towards the sea, are preserved; and the "Castello," garrisoned with a few soldiers, presents a most formidable aspect. It immediately connects the Mare Piccolo with the Mare Grande, where it is flanked with immense towers. The population is estimated at 18,000 souls. The great article of commerce is oil; the whole country, indeed, from Bari to Otranto, is, more or less, olive-yards. Taranto contains a cathedral of some renown, and confers the title and dignity of Archbishop. The see has remained vacant ever since the death of the late learned prelate, who died at the full age of eighty-two: he is buried in front of the high

altar, but the inscription intended to record his fame and virtues is already nearly effaced by the rude tread of the inhabitants. The interior of this edifice is arranged in the Greek style; it is supported by several ancient columns of granite and white marble — all the remains I could discover of Tarentum. The chapel of S. Cataldo is one of the richest incrustations I ever saw, being inlaid with *pietre dure*, like the work of the Florentines. The altar is particularly rich; behind it are two columns of verd' antico supporting the reliquiary, with silver doors. In the sacristy I was shown the episcopal ornaments of S. Cataldo — the ring which he wore, the very cross which he used, which is inscribed with his name — the whole exhibiting a profusion of emeralds and rubies. I was not aware that S. Cataldo was an Irishman, nor do I yet know by what process he became the patron saint of the Tarentini. I observed the flank of a sepulchre; round the borders of it were some Gothic-Latin characters, among which I read the name of Franciscus, Duke of Tarentum. But, although Taranto offers no natural beauties, how full of historical interest and classical recollection! Who, in taking a wide survey of this gulf, can forbear to conjure up the spirit of Pythagoras, and revolve the maxims, so painfully near the truth, of the Italian sect. Here was the ancient Sybaris, destroyed, 500 years before the Christian era, by the neighbouring "Crotoniatae," who afterwards became so "flourish-

ing in all manner of wealth," that they could hire Zeuxis to paint pictures for their temple of Juno.* Here Pyrrhus landed from Epirus, and maintained his ground for two years, whilst he might be said to be teaching the Romans the art of war. And how, in looking over the blue waters which lave the Heel of Italy, forget the song of Arion †, or refuse to hear the piteous accents of Archytas begging that a particle of sand may be thrown upon his unburied corpse. ‡ But I miss the sheep which fed on the banks of the sweet Galesus §; and there are few places which will more effectually teach us to live upon recollections of the past, whereby we frame a country and beings for ourselves, than the "Lacedæmonium Tarentum."

The new road no longer passes by Grottaglie, which appears conspicuously at the foot of a low mountain; but, leaving Fagiano on the right, it reaches, after sixteen miles of the same uninteresting country, the poor village of Sava.

I travelled from Sava to Guagnano, a distance of twenty-one miles, over a marshy and ugly plain. Wherever the soil is rescued from the dominion of stone, there are patches of corn and olive trees. Oria and its marshes lie on the right; an horizon

* Cicero de Inventionē, lib. ii. Proœmium.

† Herodot. lib. i. Cho. cap. 24.

‡ Horat. Carmin. lib. ii. ode 28.

§ Id. ibid. ode 6.

which sometimes appears like the sea on the left : the town of Noia, notwithstanding its name, is a relief. I arrived at Lecce at half after three p. m., just before the torrents began to fall, but no Vetturino of Lecce was bold enough to attempt the marshy roads to Otranto before the following morning. The patron saint of this city is Irene, who has a large church erected to her honour. The buildings in general are approaching to magnificence ; and such is the facility with which materials are procured, that even in the most wretched villages we find large piles of building like palaces, and towers which reach to the sky, like the one at Lecce near the college and cathedral. An inscription over the gate tells how the Emperor Charles V. was received by the “ *populus Lupiensis*,” when he was driven to their coasts in 1547. They have a singular method here of torturing columns, and piling inscriptions, almost unintelligible, one above another. The palace of the governor is almost royal ; the Villa Pubblica is rising with a certain degree of luxury ; and a road reaching to the Hadriatic, six miles in length, is soon to become the grand promenade of the Lecce people.

April 23. 1834.

The distance from Lecce to Otranto is twenty-four miles. Melindura is the halfway village ; from hence the road is barely practicable for a carriage,

even in dry weather ; and we found ourselves indebted to the last year's journey of his Sicilian Majesty, through this extreme part of his dominions, for any road at all. A Caratella, however, dashes through every thing, and, within the twelve miles just mentioned, there was variety enough for its prowess. We entered upon an almost trackless moor, drove over ploughed fields, sunk into ditches, were hemmed in between walls wherever olive trees occurred ; and, finally, the contents of one caratella poured out upon a muddy road, not without risk of life and limb. such is the state of the Heel of Italy. Hydruntum has kept pace with the surrounding scenes.

The Romans preferred Brundisium to Hydruntum for their communications with the East ; and had some reasons which the descendants of the " Salentini " have not now to weigh against Otranto, especially since Greece has become a nation, and England rules over the Ionian Isles. But how make a road from Lecce ? or remodel the deserted harbour and build a lazaretto ? Thus is Iapygia doomed to eternal solitude, unless another Dædalus should alight upon the promontory, and found a new dominion ! The distance across from Hydruntum to Vallona (Aulon) is reckoned by Pliny to be fifty miles ; but this is not the shortest cut, for the nearest point in the Cape Linguetta is not more than forty miles. This would have made a great difference in the bridge

which Pompey proposed to throw over the gulf, and which if he had accomplished, I should not now have been waiting for a Corfu packet! If Pyrrhus ever had such a splendid notion, it might probably have grown out of his desire to get safe back to the coast of Epirus. The only Roman remains I found here, were two dedicatory altars, nicely fitted into the entrance of the Syndic's house; fortunately, their inscriptions were turned outwards and the right way up: the one was to Marcus Aurelius; the other to his colleague Verus, which I copied. The granite columns in the cathedral, however, are evidently ancient. In the Norman conquest of Apulia (1040), Otranto was one of the places which was saved to the Greek empire; forty years later it exhibited the busy scene of an embarkation of the innumerable troops which Robert Guiscard led to the siege of Durazzo. Gaita, his wife, and the youthful Bohemond, with a train of 1300 knights, assembled with 30,000 followers, a motley throng, and 150 vessels floated in this now deserted harbour.* In walking along the low rocky shore, I could only people the coast and its inlets with the Norman adventurers, and shudder at the view of the Acrotaurian mountains.

The present aspect of Otranto takes us down to more recent times; the castle (now surmounted by

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. lvi. A. D. 1081.

a telegraph) was built by Alphonso of Aragon, with the motive, no doubt, of securing the place against a second attack of the Turks. The huge bombs of granite yet fill the streets of Otranto, and several of the largest are kept piled up on the parapet of the fortress. The castle contains prisons, stables, a mill, a chapel, and some deep recesses with which every one who knows the "Castle of Otranto" is familiar! Alphonso also made a line of fortification, and a circular bulwark reaching for about 600 feet on the land side. These were joined to others which had previously existed, perhaps ever since the Saracens, and are yet to be traced. A slight addition to the fortifications, and some repairs, stand as a memorial of the reign of King Jehoiakin.

At the distance of more than half a mile from the town, a solitary square tower, called the Torre degl' Orti, still wears the marks of a bombardment on the side looking towards the sea. The Torre del Serpe was built by the aid of the Venetians at an earlier period, and was intended as the lantern for the extensive port which seems rather to have been planned than attempted: an open country, overlooked by the wild tower, furnishes the revenue of the archbishop. In an inscription over the gate, allusion is made to the piety of Ferdinand of Aragon, with reference to the "Salentine" martyrs, — those, no doubt, who perished at the siege of Otranto by Mahomet II.

(1481), when all Europe was thrown into dismay. The injury done to the grotesque mosaic pavement in the cathedral was caused by the trampling of the Turkish cavalry, when the sacred edifice was turned into a stable. The bridge which stands before the gate was erected, in 1625, by Annibal of Turtura, who is said, in an inscription on the wall, to have been equal to the Carthaginian in military valour, but superior in virtue. In his day, Philip IV. was king, and Alvarez Toledo viceroy of Naples. I observed a regular portcullis, which I was inclined to believe was left by the Saracens, for Otranto, as well as Bari, was under their precarious sway. The three distinguished characters of Otranto at the present day are, the British consul (a Neapolitan), the proprietor of the "Immacolata," and the archbishop's cook, who all contributed, in their respective departments, to cheer the gloom of five days' imprisonment, in a town reduced to 1800 inhabitants. I could only compare the three modern worthies with Guiscard, Bohemond, and Alphonso; or, remounting to the Saracenic times, run down the scale of vicissitudes through which the "Salentini" have passed, from the yoke of the Lombards to that of the Spanish Bourbons.

Locanda nuova all' Immacolata,
April 28. 1834.

LETTER II.

Corfu, May 8. 1834.

My dear Madam,

HAVING at length arrived at this island, I can at least fulfil a part of my engagement, and tell you how I got here ; at the same time, I shall add some "useful information" for those who come after. The journey from Naples to Otranto requires seven days by that private conveyance called a "vetturino ;" nor can the time be abridged unless the traveller is disposed to lend himself for three days and four nights, without repose, to the Lecce mail, which leaves Naples three times a week. The Corfu sailing packet is so uncertain, that sometimes desponding travellers are detained a week or ten days at Otranto : but I waited only five ; add two days more for the voyage, and you will find that I consumed fourteen days in reaching this island, and ran the risk of making it twenty. But supposing the steam-packet to start regularly from Ancona, and the day of departure known, which is not the case at Otranto, Corfu would then be reached in ten days even from Naples. Much more, therefore, would Ancona be the preferable route, if the point of departure be Rome, or any place north of it. But if, in the

journey which you contemplate, you are determined to see Apulia, and to have the shortest passage across the Hadriatic, then prepare yourself with fifteen Louis for the hire of a carriage and three horses from Naples to Otranto, and five dollars more for your passage to Corfu: as soon as you step into the boat which is to convey you to the packet lying off in the harbour, you are irrevocably lost for twenty-one days, and as many more as you please, to the society of civilised Europe; but having made up your mind to this sacrifice, and already floating on the briny wave, you will, if the weather be calm, enjoy the beauties of the Ionian Sea.

“Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore,
The shortest passage from the Italian shore.”

I left the shores of Italy on the evening of the 28th of April, about an hour and a half before sunset. Our boat's crew was a mixture of Maltese and Italians — Palinurus himself a Neapolitan. The company below stairs consisted of two priests from the “Propaganda,” on their way to Smyrna, and two agreeable Frenchmen of La Vendée walked the narrow deck, looking in the direction of Gratz, with an occasional remark upon Louis Philippe. My youthful companions superintended the weighing of the anchor. There was scarcely breeze enough to carry us out of port, and our unskilful captain had nearly allowed his “Giacintha” to retrograde upon

the rocks. After moving slowly for ten hours, we came within sight of Fanò, the ancient Othronus, which a Greek writer of the sixth century thinks may be the island of Calypso: it is now garrisoned by about fourteen British soldiers: it is about three miles and a half in length, and rises gradually from the sea to the height of about 600 feet. Four miles distant from Fano is a smaller island, Samothraki, in which the ancient name of Samothracia is easily discovered. Here are stationed three solitary men and a corporal. As we were nearly becalmed during the whole of Tuesday, I had leisure to contemplate the "infamous rocks." A more arid, savage chain of mountains I never saw. I could distinguish no signs of vegetation, except here and there a tree on the rugged sides of the Chimara, growing out of the naked cliffs. A dry river course, like a rent in the mountain, falls from the Chimara;—the seamen call it the "Strada Bianca;" and it serves as a landmark for them even at night. The mountain rises into a conical shape, and is capped with eternal snow; but it does not appear to the eye so elevated as the others which rise above Paleassi. The habitations along this sullen line of coast are few, and almost as little is known of the inmates as of the inhabitants of China. The sailors speak of them with mysterious horror, giving no other character of them than "*sempre si battono fra loro.*" The Porte Palermo I could hardly distinguish; but the far-stretching

island of Corfù was seen at a provoking distance. About two o'clock, P.M., we passed the little island of Merlera; and it was dark before we turned the point of S. Spiridione. After veering round another small cape, defended by the Madonna di Cassopo, the successor of Jupiter Cassius, we entered the canal which runs between the island and the Albanian coast, and in which a current generally sets. About half an hour before daybreak, we cast anchor at the foot of the Pharos, having performed a voyage of 120 Italian miles in thirty-three hours. It required an hour to pass the formalities of landing and for conveying our baggage to the "Locanda del' Cavallo Bianco."

CHAPTER II.

THE ISLAND AND CITY OF CORFÙ.

Fair clime¹ where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles. BYRON.

CORFÙ is a corruption of the Greek word *Κορυφαίς*, *arces*, named from the lofty cone-shaped citadel to which Virgil, in all probability, alludes. This island is situated at the entrance of the Hadriatic Gulf, 20 degrees long. merid. of London, and 39 north latitude; and it is separated from the coast of Epirus by an irregular canal lying nearly S.E. and N.W. This canal is entered towards the north between Buthrotum and Cassiope — the shortest distance across being not much more than a quarter of a league. On the south, the passage lies between Leucimne and Sybota. The shape of the island is like a scythe; hence it was called Drepane. Homer frequently calls it Phæacia; it had also the name of Scheria, and finally Corcyra. The anchorage is near the little isle of Vido, the ancient Ptychia, where the government is now erecting some superfluous fortifications. A

chain of mountains runs irregularly through the whole length of the island, which is about thirty-eight English miles, and the greatest width sixteen miles *; the highest mountain, Pantaerator, is 2795 feet; a third of the surface is covered with olives, a third with wood, and a third with vines and low valleys, of which the greater number are marshy. The island is divided into four districts, Gyru, Oros, Messi, Leucimne, or Alefchimo. The population of the whole island was estimated twenty years ago at 55,000; and although the inhabitants of the town and suburbs have become more than double their portion during that period, yet, upon the whole, there is very little increase of population: the marshes and the want of commerce will account, in some measure, for the decrease in the villages, and the constant attraction of a numerous garrison naturally increases the number of settlers at the seat of government. The oil is accounted of the finest quality, and about 200,000 barrels are produced biennially. There are about 2000 Jews in Corfù, and they have two synagogues. The European costume and the Venetian language generally prevail.

The fabulous and heroic history of Phæacia is found in the *Odyssey*. Ulysses going to Ithaca is cast upon these shores, and received into hospitality by Alcinous and his daughter Nausica. * The king, Nausithous, is said to have accompanied Jason

* Homer, *Odyssey*, vi. The *Antiquities of Corcyra* are written by Angelus Maria Quirinus, Latin Bishop of Corfù,

in his Argonautic expedition, which looks something like a tradition that the inhabitants of this island were early engaged in naval enterprises. But the Corcyræans first appear, in authenticated history, at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. They had been neuter in the Persian invasion of Greece, and Herodotus appears to accuse them of treachery to the Greek cause.* They afforded an asylum to the exiled Themistocles, and they had the still greater honour of receiving Aristotle. Agathocles, tyrant of Syracuse, attacked Corcyra, but was subsequently obliged to relinquish his pretensions. Pyrrhus became master of the island previous to his invasion of Italy; it was afterwards joined to Illyricum, and assisted the Romans in their wars with Philip II. of Macedonia, and his son Perseus. Augustus, after the battle of Actium, treated the inhabitants with rigour, because they had been unfortunate enough to espouse the cause of Mark Antony. The æra of Diocletian is marked by a persecution of the Christians in the island; in the fifth century they felt the ravages of the Vandals, and subsequently the injuries inflicted upon them by Totila; but they generally assisted the Greek em-

in a quarto volume, published at Brescia in 1738, entitled, *Primordia Corcyræ, post. Editionem Lyciensem, Anno 1725, ab auctore—ad aucta*, the Antiquities end, however, with the famous naval battle related by Thucydides.

* Herodot. lib. vii. cap. 169.

perors against the Gothic invaders, and their destiny fluctuated between the fortunes of the Eastern and Western Empires. In the famous expedition of Robert Guiscard, the acquisition of the island became an important object. We find it afterwards erected into a duchy, and Philip of Anjou had the title of Signor of Corfù about 1367: he appears to have introduced the Latin clergy, and by the authority of the Pope, Gregory XI., established an archiepiscopal see; it was not until the fall of Venice that the Latin Bishop ceased to reside in the island, but he is now replaced by a Vicar-general. The Latins have six churches, and their rites are admitted to equal honour and protection with those of the Greeks. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Corfù was a prize worth contending for, and its fate was balanced between the Genoese and the Venetians and the Greek emperors; but the valuable possession was finally secured to Venice in 1546, when it was taken by the Doge Pietro Polano. With some slight interruptions from the Turks, the republic held it for 250 years, along with the other islands of the Ionian Sea. This long domination transfused the manners, institutions, and language of the Venetians among the islanders; and the Corfiotes are still indulged by the executive government with the grotesque exhibition of a tournament. Corfù fell from the grasp of Venice into the demoralising hands of the French Republicans, until it obtained the dangerous protection of Russia.

Agreeably to the treaty of Tilsit, it was ceded again to the French in 1807, and they held it until 1814. At the congress of Vienna it was consigned, together with the six islands of Zante, Cephalonia, St. Maura, Cerigo, Paxò, and Ithaca, to the protection of England, and the Septinsular inhabitants were told to expect the blessings of a constitution. The elements of that constitution were framed by the first Lord High Commissioner, and it has not yet been found expedient to expand its provisions for a rational liberty. The representatives are still elected without a constituency, and the senators are created by the breath of his Majesty's Commissioners: yet they are sometimes refractory withal, and refuse to grant the supplies! Twenty years have not sufficed to secure the affections of the people; nor have the magnificent roads and harbours which now adorn their islands, reconciled them to a system of taxation and the maintenance of the British troops. Corfu is the only one of those islands really useful to British dominion and commerce; and it would be better governed as a colonial possession: the other six might be resigned without reluctance, and go to strengthen the hands of King Otho!

The citadel rises out of the sea, in the form of a cone without its vertex; and a lower summit not much dissimilar makes the two "Koryphoi," which the natives call the two "mamillæ;" — a lantern, over which waves the British flag, —

crowns the highest top. Thick grass and dandelions cover the ascent, where the rock leaves room for vegetation. The fortifications extend to the Esplanade, connected therewith by a lofty drawbridge; and a formidable Venetian bulwark encloses the city on the land side. A little bay, filled with habitations, and ending in a woody elevation of shore — the site of the ancient Corcyra — completes the suburbs on the south; among which the "Country-house" built by Sir Frederick Adam stands conspicuous. The harbour, affording anchorage for any number of vessels, bears N.W. of the citadel, and the isle of Vido nearly due N. The summit of the Pantocrator (the Istone of Thucydides), with its continued ridge varied in outline and richly wooded, circumscribes the green fields and olive-clad hillocks on the west, until the naked mountain, rising above the Lake Perăma, takes up the more rugged features of the chain. This forming the end of the Drepane, gradually slopes away with many an irregular break, until it falls into the waters at the promontory of Leucimne; but departing again from the Pantocrator towards the east, a still greater variety of hill and broken valley meets the eye, until the other promontory of Cassiope nearly reaches the coast of Albania. That coast frowns darkly in a crescent form over the smiling isle; and the snowy tops of the more distant mountains just conceal the Acroceraunia. This panoramic view I enjoyed from the top of the rock, on the evening of May 3d.

On the Easter Sunday of the Greeks, May 4th, the body of S. Spiridion was exposed to public adoration in a corner of his church: he stands upright in his closet, his black head reching on his shoulders, and his feet, which are accessible to the kisses of the devout, enveloped in rich brocade. The life of S. Spiridion figures in Oriental Martyrology, and he is the most popular saint of the islands. His body was brought to Corfù from Constantinople in 1489, where it had been, according to tradition, ever since the seventh century. The superstitious belief in the powers of this saint would be far too gross even for the Neapolitans. Spiro (for that is his name by abbreviation) sometimes walks the fields by night, and inspects the crops; and, on the following morning, his feet are gravely exhibited to the people with a sprinkling of soil or dust, as a proof of his nightly peregrinations. A system of pious fraud like this may excite pity for the multitude and contempt for the priest; but the system of an enlightened nation obliging and teaching its own children to "worship a he," must excite disgust. It would hardly be believed that British soldiers are compelled to join in a procession headed by the hideous relics of S. Spiro, and followed by an idolatrous train; there they give solemnity to the scene by appropriate music, and do the same homage as if they were approaching their own altar! Indeed, it is only lately that officers were excused from standing bare-headed

to receive the procession ! This is called the policy of not offending the prejudices of the people ; the poor soldier being supposed to have no prejudices at all : but the people, instead of appreciating the generosity, think S. Spiro dishonoured by the forced compliance of unbelievers. The priests alone rejoice in the pomp and the popular submission of the rulers ; but it neither adds to the respect nor authority of the British nation. Surely there is a wide difference between interfering with the superstitious rites of a people, and taking a part in them with mock solemnity.

The most frequented drive and ride is to the "One-gun Battery," which overlooks the scenes described by Homer. The island of Ulysses still appears, ship-formed, at the entrance of the port. It is crowned by a whited habitation and a few poplars. There is the *λεπτή εισιθμή*, or narrow passage to the second port ; and the gardens of Alcinous, under the wooded hills, appeared in richest verdure. The whole site of the ancient Corcyra is now covered with olive trees, forming the most delicious shade, and varying the landscape in their contrast with the green herbage, vigorous plants, and occasional glimpses of the blue sea. The view from the little chapel on the top of the hills is one of those which, if once seen, must ever dwell on the recollection : and then, turning to the more inland scenes, with the fountain of Chrysaïda issuing from the thick shade, we say it is the

region of some enchanting spirit. Here, with the Odyssey, the imagination grows warm; and the peasantry, in a costume so foreign to the newly landed visitor, fairly transports him to another hemisphere. Behind the gardens of the "Country-house" are some ruins, said to be of the Temple of Neptune: this cannot be, if Homer's ports are truly ascertained. The columns which exist, show something of the Pæstum Doric, but they are of so diminutive a size as to throw suspicion on their ever having supported the portico of a temple at all. At a great depth an aqueduct has been discovered,—a "specus" perforated in the rock, which is of a friable material.

At the entrance of the Governor's villa, some tessellated pavement is laid open: and, this no doubt, is Roman; as are also some sepulchral inscriptions which I saw in the Prosalindi Museum. A head of M. Aurelius has been found, and a bas-relief representing a sacrifice to the Goddess of Fecundity. After leaving these enchanting spots, I went over some marshy, boggy, half-dry ground belonging by right to the lake, but which the English garrison are pleased to call the Race-course. Here, and towards the west, in the immediate neighbourhood of Corfù, the country is far from being beautiful. But in pursuing the direction of the road which leads to the Geruni pass, about eight miles from the town, the scenery becomes rich and varied; and the view of the Ionian Sea, with a glimpse of the low coast of

Italy, is of itself worth the evening's ride. The Phalacrum Promontorium is now called S. Angelo: towards the end of the fourteenth century, a prince of the Palæologi built the castle whose ruins whiten on the cliff. Not far from hence, and about sixteen miles from Corfù, is Paleocastrizza—a much frequented excursion. This I made on the 9th of May, when the island was in all its verdant beauty. At the ninth milestone a road branches off, on the right, to S. Pantaleone, which ends in a kind of little Simplon. Approaching the coast, the scene becomes one of the most singular in nature. Olives, cypresses, fig trees, and even the palm tree, vie with each other on the abrupt cliffs; the cistus, the myrtle, the arbutus, and a number of odoriferous shrubs, cover the banks; and overhead are the bare and precipitous rocks which overlook the whole island. I never saw a coast so capriciously formed by nature: innumerable little bays insinuate their windings within the rocky shore, forming diminutive harbours and mysterious caverns. The Hospital of Paleocastrizza stands on one of the many summits, kept by a serjeant and three sentinels. I returned to Corfù in the cool of the evening, by the village of Potamou, and stood long in silent admiration of the scenery clothed in all the luxuriant verdure of an Oriental spring.

Nothing can exceed the hospitality and kind attentions of the Lord High Commissioner and the military commander-in-chief towards British travellers. His

excellency, anxious to diffuse knowledge and improvement in the Septinsular republic, has been the principal promoter of a quarterly journal lately established, and called the Ionian Anthology. It admits of articles in any of the three languages principally used in the islands, viz. Greek, English, and Italian. I am now reading the Number for April, which contains an animated description of a "Journey to Athens," written by the accomplished lady of the Resident at Zante.

Palace at Corfù, 2 A.M. May 10.

LETTER III.

To Sir Alexander Woodford, Bart. at Corfù.

Yanina, May 13. 1834.

WHEN I took leave of you inspecting your magnificent troops on the Esplanade, last Saturday morning, you kindly expressed a wish to know how I and my young party might fare in the rugged Albania. We happen to have alighted upon a period of perfect tranquillity, and have reached the capital without so much as hearing a gun fired, except by our own guides for the sole pleasure of regaling their ears with the warlike echo. The heat in the open plains was sometimes oppressive, and we did well to carry our own bread and other provisions. Our beds we found indispensable, unless we had made up our minds to sleep, as the Albanian does, upon his capote. Of the three attendants we took from Corfù, I intend to return two as useless, but the Suliote serjeant is evidently fitted for the undertaking, and in all his services shows the good effects of British discipline. It was half-past ten o'clock before we were fairly launched in the "Scampa Via," with which his Excellency had the goodness to accommo-

date us ; and although we were favoured with very little breeze, by the exertions of the ten rowers we reached Santa Quaranta in five hours. My Itinerary would be of very little use to you, who know the road to Yanina so well ; but as it is interspersed with some observations of a literary kind, you may perhaps think it worth while to send some extracts to the Editor of the Ionian Anthology.

I am, &c.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY FROM CORFÙ TO JOANNINA OR YANINA.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
 Veil'd by the screen of hills. BYRON.

THE fortified rock of Corfù continually recedes from view, but it is hardly ever lost sight of until the Albanian coast is touched. I glided past Buthrotum *, now Butrinto, and looked diligently for the counterfeit Simois. It is evident from Cicero's letters †, that his friend Pomponius Atticus had large possessions on this part of the coast of Epirus. From here the political exile might be in Rome within four days, as soon as he heard of a " re-action " in his favour. After clearing the Cape Cassopo, we soon landed at Agioi Saranda, or the Forty Saints. The ruined monastery, which once flourished here under the protection of Venice, still stands on a mount rising from the bay, and a more lofty eminence is crowned

* Ovid. *Metamorph.* lib. xiii. v. 720.

† *Epist. ad Atticum*, lib. iv. ep. 8., *Ib.* lib. xi. ep. 6., *et alibi*.

by a fortress originally erected by the Venetians, and renewed by Ali Pacha. The ruins which yet run along the coast, show that Agioi Saranda has been a town of some importance; but now a Turkish police officer, with a Greek for his dragoman, is sufficient for its defence. It could only afford, unless notice had been previously given, four horses, — not more than sufficient to carry baggage: there was, therefore, no alternative but to walk to Delvino.

The first appearance of this land of Albania is rugged and hopeless. The ascent towards Delvino begins immediately from the police station; but, on gaining the top of the passage, an extensive valley is seen at the feet, screened by a chain of hills, from that in which Delvino stands. The Chimariot mountains, with the town of Vonitza coming boldly forward, arrested my eye continually as I passed through the valley, which is intersected by misguided streams and unrestrained rivers: over these we were carried upon the shoulders of our Albanian guides. Let not travellers be deceived by the nominal distance of three hours from Santi Quaranta to Delvino; it requires four with baggage. I paid a dollar apiece for horses, and from Delvino to Yanina, I was obliged to offer as much as two dollars and a half per horse. Delvino, which I entered in the dark, was captured by Sultan Suleiman in the year 1533. I could discern through the night a minaret, for the first time; but between

the innumerable fireflies which sparkled around me, and the occasional lights which gleamed from the thinly scattered habitations, I could hardly discern the abodes of men from the delusive light of the insect.

The first reception at a Khan in the Turkish dominions could not but excite our curiosity. We sat down on the slightly elevated cushion of the divan, and the host, a Greek, bid us welcome to his roof: he was assiduous in supplying our wants as far as he was able. On the following morning, after receiving from the master of the Hospitium a specimen of the roses with which the gardens abounded, and which, with many oderiferous plants, perfume the soft air,—I had leisure to look around me and admire the situation of Delvino. I also began to consider how it stood with reference to the divisions of the ancient Epirus, and how to be adjusted with the limits of the modern Albania. The old kingdom of Epirus extended along the coast from the Gulf of Vallona to the Anactorian bay, and then ran along the Gulf of Ambracia: it was separated from Thessaly by the lofty range of Mount Pindus, and from Macedonia by the river Aous until it reached the Illyrian tribes. The three principal divisions were Chaonia, Thesprotia, and Molossia: but fourteen distinct tribes are enumerated of the people dispersed over Epirus. The Paxi Islands and Corcyra must be added to make up the dominions of Pyrrhus. These geographical outlines were sometimes effaced in annexing the Epirotic na-

tions to the contiguous Roman provinces. The modern Albania extends along the Hadriatic shore far beyond the limits of old Epirus*, and comprises much of the ancient Illyricum; but the district of Delvino I found to border on Thesprotia, and my travels were to be chiefly confined to this central division. It became our duty, before proceeding on our journey, to visit the Aga, whom we found sitting in solemn taciturnity, surrounded by a number of his Albanians. The ceremony to be performed was, reclining for a few minutes upon the divan, and drinking a thimbleful of coffee. This, however, was supposed to be an additional passport in the eyes of our guides. In leaving Delvino, a dollar was demanded as a right of passage; and in another place fifteen piastres, which seemed to be either an imposition or a very recent regulation. The horse-path runs over unfruitful mountains until it reaches the village of Petza, which appears enveloped in olive branches and verdure, at the base of a naked mountain. A stream, which has its source in a spring, the Karthekarki, runs below the village, and finally falls into the Butrinto. I do not know why this stream should not be either

* Theopompus reckoned the Epirotic tribes at fourteen, which seems to have been a favourite number with the ancients. King Donnus reigned over fourteen Alpine tribes. The most noble of the Epirotes were reckoned the Chaones and the Molossi. Strabo himself is content with enumerating five distinct Epirotic nations: the Thesproti, Cassopari, Amphilochoi, Molossi, Athamanes. — Lib. vii. p. 465, tom. i.

the "false Simois," or the Scamander. After passing between two mountains, not unlike the passage of the Col de Balme in Savoy, we descended, by a steep stony path, into the valley of Deròpuli, through which runs the scanty river Druno. At the upper end of the valley I could easily distinguish Argyrocastro, its vast fortress running down the declivity of the mountain. This valley still retains in its name the memory of Hadrianopolis. Upon the opposite mountain of Mertzika I could distinguish a town, which I understood to be Libochobo. This place, with the country surrounding, was given by Ali Pacha to his sister, Shainitza, of sanguinary memory. In leaving this valley, which is but partially brought into cultivation, we passed over the neck of a hill, which is now memorable for a battle fought about a year ago between the Turkish troops and the refractory Albanians. "It lasted for a whole day," said the gravest of our guides, "and most of the native warriors came from Tepeleni." At six hours and a quarter from Delvino we took our repose at a shed, with a well of water near, called Bekermenì. To Delvinaki we found near five hours more, and, being late, were obliged to take refuge in a miserable hovel. The village of Delvinaki, consisting in a small group of cottages, and destitute of all manner of life's conveniences, is situated on the side of a mountain, from which breaks a deep ravine. The scenery, which has been so praised by Lord Byron, is the most striking on the Yanina

side. After an hour's travelling we arrived at the lake of Tzarovina, not large, but beautifully clear, and a perfect mirror, in which the wooded hills above are reflected. The whole of this scenery is indebted for its beauties to the oak forests, which extend, for many a mile, in all the varied forms of the abrupt cliffs and mountains. This country was famous for robbers, owing to the facilities for escaping among the forests; about three months previous to our passage, a Turk, laden with money, was shot, and the robbers were afterwards apprehended, but were only compelled to restore the money: Ali Pacha's justice would have been more summary. A house which he built is still standing, and at no great distance from where the murder was committed. The Pacha took great delight in this romantic country, and retired to it sometimes to soothe his savage breast. The lawless state of Albania, ever since it has appeared in history, has compelled the most peaceable of its inhabitants, like the early Greeks, always to be armed; so that, now, arms may be considered as a necessary part of national costume. Their passion for fire-arms is so remarkable, that, although they may have to walk ten or twelve hours a day, they will voluntarily lade themselves with heavy guns, pistols, and yatagans: the seven men and three boys by which we were attended (or rather our horses), were all armed after this fashion. They presented a formidable group as they reclined, at the noonday's repose, under the

shade of a tree near the Mosheri Han, where we had pitched our tent on a fresh running stream. We were soon visited by a number of curious travellers, both Mussulmen and Greeks, who were not a little astonished at our luxury, and at the few travelling conveniences we possessed. I asked some of them if they were Christians: one answered boldly in the affirmative, and even began to rally his next neighbour for being a Turk, which the follower of Mahomed did not appear to resent. I showed the Christian a Testament, observing they were the words of Christ. He took it into his hand, and kissed it devoutly, and then made the sign of the cross. I translated a few texts for him into modern Greek, which, when written down with a pencil, he was able to read; and I much regretted not having a Romaic Testament to give him. The Mussulman was chiefly occupied in inquiring into the price and virtue of our pistols, watches, and other articles; and spoke, as well as the Greek, with great respect of London, where every thing of real value appeared to them to be made. These men I found were merchants from Argyro-castro, and therefore ought by no means to be taken as a criterion of Albanian intelligence. They were in frequent communication with the Ionian Isles.

After proceeding for about five hours towards the monastery of Zitza, we arrived opposite the fall of Glizani, which rolls over a rock about fifty feet high, and has one of the richest foregrounds I ever saw.

The river which forms this beautiful cascade is the Kalamas, anciently the Thyamis, and which Lord Byron unaccountably confounds with the Acheron. After a further distance, measured by one hour and a quarter, we came to the monastery just as the sun was setting behind the Thesprotian mountains. From the commanding eminence on which the convent stands, is that extensive panoramic view which Childe Harold so much admired: and although in his sober prose he appears to over-rate the scenery of Albania, yet the situation of Zitza is such as to call forth his powers of description,—not that the convent's "white walls glisten fair on high," for they are very grey walls, and concealed on all sides by trees, the cool freshness of whose shade is worthy of being sung. Here, indeed, having ascended from the sultry plain, the pilgrim would delight to rest; and if he has a Muse to awake, he may sing of the Epirotic flocks and herds, which graze at his feet in the valley of the Thyamis. He may tell how the rugged mountains, which extend for many a league, were washed from the plains of Thesprotia, as if the earth had heaved with the design of throwing them out of her lap. The vines next he sings, which grow in such abundance around "Monastic Zitza!" but if he must needs come to realities, he will find the wine which they produce very little to his taste, and the interior of the convent ill adapted to secure his comforts. The "Caloyer" is not "niggard of his cheer;"

but it consists in his wine and his fresh water. A civil reception, however, is hospitality; his poverty, and not his will, withholds the viands. I found provisions at the village: a lamb was purchased for fifteen Turkish piastres, and roasted whole in the midst of our nine Albanians. They soon raised their wild notes as they sat round the fire, and I felt a momentary thrill as the lurid light blazed upon their half-savage features. The monastery contains no records: and its history, like Albania itself, is sunk in oblivion. It probably owed its foundation to the Comnenian race, and its present poverty-stricken appearance to Ali Pacha. It was capable of maintaining at least sixty monks, but now scarcely six can be found to trim the lamp before the "Panaghia."

Written at the Monastery of Zitza, May 12.

At a quarter past six o'clock the following morning I left the convent, and descended past the village to the cultivated fields, and then entered upon a stony path between two rugged mountains. This issues into one of those long plains which form a main feature of the land of Albania. Through this plain, without a tree, the path continues for about three miles, and then enters a second, and others in similar succession, until it brings us within view of the site of Dodona, of oracular fame. The spot is marked on the top of a mountain by something like a grove; and the position corresponds well

enough to the description of ancient geographers. An Albanian Greek, who was conducting his son to school at Yanina, from Argyrocastro, pointed out to me the place where was anciently, he said, a temple (Naos): he assured me, likewise, that there existed no traces of either oaks, or fount, or shrine, but a few trees still distinguished the sacred eminence. A cool fountain, and a shady grove on the top of that mountain, where the votary might take refuge from the scorching heat of the plain, were enough to consecrate the spot. The idea of a deity presiding over it seems to be nothing more than the creation of a grateful heart for the sweet repose, which none can appreciate but those who have borne the burthen of the heat in the plains of the East. My new acquaintance turned from the Dodonæan oaks to his own prophecies, and spoke of the approaching changes in Albania: he expressed his astonishment that the Sultan should be allowed to keep possession of a country which any one of the European powers might wrest from him in a few days. But, I replied, the other powers would not consent that any one should do so. He confessed that there lay the difficulty: but, in the mean time, what shall we do? he added; our industry is oppressed, our commerce ruined, and our energies paralysed. What can I do with this boy? said he, looking affectionately upon his son: he must acquire some learning, and become a dragoman. In God is your only trust, I

replied ; you are a Christian. Monos Soter, said the Albanian, and galloped away across the plain.

As soon as we lose sight of Dodona*, the city of Yanina appears ; but, until it is almost reached, the greater part of the town keeps concealed behind a naked mountain. Its fortress and palace, projecting into the lake, first strike the eye ; and every step, for a while, unfolds more of the red-roofed habitations. We passed the trenches thrown up fourteen years ago by Ali Pacha, and began to enter the streets ; but the approach and suburbs of the meanest town in Italy may put to shame those of the capital of Epirus.

The history of this singular country, into which I have now securely penetrated, is one of the most obscure in Europe. It may begin with Alexander the Great, and end with the magnanimous Scanderbeg, until Ali Pacha throws the light of burning lava across its pages. The name of Pyrrhus, and the celebrity of the Oracle of Dodona, rescues Epirus from 120 years of oblivion. Then follows the Macedonian war conducted by Emilius Paulus, whose devastating army threw down the walls of seventy five cities, and sold 150,000 of the inhabit-

* Since my Journal was written, I have read Mr. Hughes's dissertation on the site of Dodona ; and, considering the numerous authorities there brought together, I see every reason for adhering to the popular tradition delivered to me by the Albanian traveller.

ants for slaves, in one fatal day. Through those cruel operations we are furnished with the guidance of a faithful historian—the only one who throws much light upon the ancient geography of Albania.* As the Roman Consul had his head-quarters at Passeron, a principal city of Molossia, and not far from where I now write, we may suppose this portion of Epirus to have undergone more than its share of cruelty and distress: but when the Roman history is closed upon this division of the province of Macedonia, we almost lose sight of it until the period of the Norman adventurers. The siege of Durazzo, and the approach of Alexius Comnenus, for a while called the attention of Europe to the coast of Albania; otherwise, George Castriot is the only name which rescues it from the oblivion of a thousand years. There are different opinions as to the origin of the Albanians. Some suppose they came from the Asiatic Albania, and the borders of the Caspian Sea: but it is by far more probable, that they derive their origin from the old Illyrians, and take their name from the city of Albanopolis or Elbassan.† Their language is harsh and guttural, and full of borrowed terms. They call themselves Skypetars, but are generally known to the Turks by the name of Arnauts; and this term also designates their language. They

* Tit. Liv. lib. xlv. xlv. See also Strabo, lib. vii.

† See Colonel Gordon's Introduction to his History of the Greek Revolution.

issued, in all probability, from their own country (the Illyria of the Greeks), about the period of the decay of the Greek Empire, and they soon spread themselves over Epirus and Greece. The most considerable of their tribes are, the Ghegs, about Scodra; the Toxides, about Tepeleni; the Zyamides, in Thesprotia; and the Chimariotes, which are described by Cantacuzene as the independent Albanian shepherds*: behind these we read of the Lyapides, the most savage of all the tribes. Their religion is neither Mahommedanism nor Christianity, but a counterfeit of both; and they pass without difficulty, if it suits their interests, from Islamism to Christianity, and the contrary. If the records of history enabled us to collect the sum of human happiness enjoyed in this country through a series of generations, it would doubtless be found to be comparatively trifling; and we are almost constrained to recognise the curse which has rested upon the land whose inhabitants appear to have refused the offer of the Gospel. If St. Paul preached round about unto Illyricum†, he must have comprised the province of Epirus; or if the word sounded forth from Thessalonica, it must have reached the Thesprotian plains. The Turkish yoke almost appears to have been reserved as a punishment to the generations that came after.

* *Ἀλβανοὶ αὐτονομοὶ νομαδῆς.* Hist. lib. ii. cap. 24.

† Romans, chap. xv. ver. 19.

Ioannina, pronounced Yanina, was founded by the Greeks, at what period I know not ; but it existed as one of the capital cities of Albania in the thirteenth century : its name is derived, I believe, from a church and monastery dedicated to St. John ; and perhaps this may have been founded as early as the reign of Justinian. A mosque now occupies the site of that church ; and the son of Ali Pacha has found a grave in a corner of the cemetery, which rises perpendicularly from the lake : beneath, in the rock, was the refuge of the tyrant himself, with his wives and treasures, — a place he appears to have perforated and made somewhat habitable : the vestiges of his rocky chambers and secret passages are still visible ; the recesses of his couches and cupboards. From the summit of the rock, is a comprehensive view of the lake and town : for the mere accommodation of 12,000 inhabitants, it is spread over by far too great a surface. There are, indeed, especially about the citadel, many vacant spaces where the ruins of the habitations, lying in heaps of stones, appear as if they had but recently ceased to smoke. The fortress where Ali Pacha had his residence is also battered on all sides, but still remains as a monument of his obstinate resistance, and of the impotency of the Sultan's troops. The spot may yet be discovered, where many a wretched being was impaled in full view of the city, whilst their piteous cries reached the ears of the trembling

inhabitants. There are the subterraneous abodes of captives and hostages, and the secret passage-vaults, half choked up with ruins: the shattered walls yet wear an aspect of strength, from whence the ghost of the aged despot almost seems to be hurling defiance. A canal, which is now fallen into disuse, communicated with the fortress; and a part of this is now the Pacha's residence: it is half surrounded by the lake, and a considerable defence of rock rising perpendicular. Here the ruling viceroy sits secure, hemmed in by the lake on one side, and by fortifications and canals on the side of the town. The streets are narrow and crooked; and all the animation of the place is confined to the dusky bazaar. The scenery around would be fine, if it had the essential ornament of wood. The outlines are finely drawn; but the lake is far inferior to any of those in Italy or Switzerland. The chain of the snowy Mount Pindus, which rises beyond the N.E. end of the lake, may compare with the Alps; but the mountains in the immediate vicinity, and I may include the island, have no beauties to excel those which a loch in Scotland can boast of, save the beauties of the sun and sky. An island in the lake contains the church and monastery — although it is much unlike one — where Ali Pacha was allured to take up his residence in order to complete the triumph of the Sultan's Vizir. The miserable chamber in which he fell, is shown, with the bullet-holes

still remaining in the planks of the floor: an adjoining room contained his wives, and a secret recess his treasures. At present, nothing can be more uninviting than this low spot of ground in the island, surrounded as it is by sedges and aquatic vermin. At Yanina, every spot is connected with the name of Ali Pacha: his memory, like a haunting spirit, claims every thing for its own: if there be a house of a better appearance than the rest, he either began it, or planned it, or was the cause of its comparative splendour. Signor Cherici, with whom, in company of thousands, we are lodged, excepts his Frank habitation; — he declares it to be his own invention from top to bottom; and, like its owner, *unicà nella città*. This personage, in his capacity of doctor and apothecary, may be said to be the Ali of the present day, substituting a milder kind of death for impalement: he was once consular agent for Austria, and is now an expectant of some lucrative employ from England through Corfù. In a little time, another house of reception will be fitted up by the British consular agent, and travellers will no longer be condemned to bear the scraping of the violin and the grating conversation of Signor Cherici.

LETTER IV.

To Mrs. W. H. Campbell, at Geneva.

Yanina, May 14. 1834.

IN your agreeable letter, which reached me at Corfù, you expressed a wish to know something of Ali Pacha and the Suliotes, and also to have some account of what a living pacha was like. Your romantic spirit seems to have imagined all these things better than I can describe them; and I should almost say, if I did not know to the contrary, that you had actually visited the capital of Albania: but the Institution you speak of, established at Yanina for the instruction of youth, ceased to exist long before the year 1800. It was short-lived; but, as long as it flourished, it might have done honour to a more civilised capital. There was, about twenty years ago, a motley population at Yanina, amounting to not less than 30,000, exclusive of the Albanian soldiers, but now it is little more than a third of that number. It contained sixteen mosques and eight Greek churches, but the whole was burnt by order of Ali Pacha in 1820. It is not possible that a city can flourish,

which is liable to be demolished about once in every ten years. Most of the houses are now built up of mud ; a few have ventured upon a more solid construction, but in the present state of Albania they cannot be worth three years' purchase. I have just come with my young party from paying a visit to Mahmoud Pacha. I regretted I had not your pencil to sketch the scene.

The Pacha of Yanina. — We proceeded to the residence of the Viceroy half an hour earlier than the time announced for our reception, in order to be first introduced to the prime minister. The approach to the Pacha's divan lies through a rude gateway belonging to the fortress ; and, after traversing an open space as uneven as a rough pavement can make it, we stood before a flight of steps leading towards the apartments ; the wide open corridor was filled with Albanian attendants, running one against another in wild disorder, and a rude magnificence pervaded the avenues to the chambers : perhaps a large barn fitted up for the accommodation of strolling tragedians may not be an unfit representation of the whole. We were shown, without delay, into the presence of the prime minister, who appeared to be diligently employed, like Deiocetes, in dispensing justice. We were politely invited to recline on his right : a line of Turkish figures sat along the lengthy couch, which ended in an

under secretary writing upon a parchment at arms' length ; and I afterwards discovered that this was our Bouyourdee, or passport, which was then preparing with all solemnity. Before the carpeted precincts stood scores of attendants and clients, or persons having come upon business from distant parts of the Pachalic ; amongst the rest, I espied my acquaintance from Argyrocastro, in whose eyes I had now acquired considerable importance. From this whole quadrangle of taciturnity, there issued continual clouds of smoke, which only permitted the curious eyes of the spectators to alight upon us occasionally. The man of state was handsome in his appearance, and affable in his conversation, a native of Thessaly, and spoke Romaic fluently. The indispensable chibouque was brought to each of us with speed, and coffee soon succeeded. After a few sentences of little import, the commander of the troops entered boldly, in a costume meant to be European : a solemn Turk, who wore the sacred green, at the same time sat down, and observed with more than usual scrupulosity all the forms of Mahommedan courtesy. A pipe and a thimbleful of coffee were soon a substitute for his conversation. After about a quarter of an hour spent in a cloud, it was announced that we were to go and see the sun. Three centinels, leaning on their spears, guarded the entrance into the Pacha's divan ; and, after passing the threshold, I had nearly stumbled over fifty pair of red slippers,

which as many slaves had left at a respectful distance from the couch. To pull the shoes from off the feet is equivalent in the East to our taking the hat off; therefore I considered those red slippers as fifty black hats, and recovered the equilibrium of my person and my meditations. The Pacha sat, as I find is the custom, in a corner of the divan, but the couches on either hand were empty. We were invited to sit down, which we ought to have done before the invitation was given; for that which would be considered vulgar and impertinent in our notions, secures greater respect in the eyes of a Turk; and I was strongly recommended, although I did not adopt the system, always to treat a Pacha or a Bey with the most sovereign contempt, in order to secure more certainly his consideration. The chibouque and coffee soon appeared again, and I discovered that the essence of my politeness would consist in smoking as many pipes of tobacco as would stupify my senses — for the greater the dignity of the person, the more the smoke to be inhaled: but to the ceremonies of a Turkish reception were also added those of the Greeks, which were far more agreeable. A quantity of preserved fruit is handed round for every guest to take a small spoonful, and this is supposed to be a preparative for drinking the cold fresh water which follows: this is handed from one guest to another in the same goblet, and is no doubt the cup of friendship (κυλίε φιλοτησια)

of the ancient Greeks. * After this slight quenching of the tobacco fumes, a signal was made by the Pacha, and the stage was cleared of all the numerous menial train as rapidly as it is sometimes done by the chorus of an Italian ballet ; and thus a clear course was made for confidential conversation. Two or three servants soon re-appeared, to replenish the pipes and bring the sherbet ; some handed the cups, and others followed with richly embroidered napkins : this last act of attention completes the Pacha's first list of honours conferred upon strangers ; if he wishes to go beyond, he must next ask them to dinner. The room displayed a kind of coarse splendour ; it was the same which Ali Pacha used for state occasions, having also built it. Mahmoud, the present Pacha of Yanina, is a man of about fifty-five years of age, and has been elevated (which is a common thing in Turkey) from the humble station of a domestic to the rank of Vizir. This ought to indicate talent ; but it does not appear he has yet displayed much in his Pachalic : but he has exercised that quality which the Albanians have been little accustomed to see, viz. humanity. Wishing to enhance the value of this, I endeavoured to account for the present tranquillised state of Albania by the mildness of his government. The wisdom of his Highness, I said to his interpreter, has effected what Ali Pacha could not do. The Pacha approved of

* See Dodwell's Travels in Greece, vol. i. p. 156. 4to edit.

these words; and, in return, expressed himself favourably disposed towards English travellers in general, but especially ourselves; at the same time observed, that their customs and religion did not permit them to travel in like manner. He spoke of the Lord High Commissioner with respect, and desired to cultivate with the "General" all kinds of good understanding. After a few such compliments as these, we *courteously* took our leave, and had no sooner re-passed the threshold of the chamber, than we were surrounded by eager faces to ascertain the extent of our generosity. I had committed the agency of the whole business to Signor Cherici, who professed to have distributed seven dollars among them; but three or four of the Chiboukees afterwards made an excursion to our lodging to complain of the niggardly donation: this made me suspect that my worthy agent had distributed the sum with *partiality*, having given himself the best share. The next morning we received the Bouyourdee, which entitled us to the protection and hospitality of all Agas and commanders between Yanina and our next destination, which was Prevesa.

LETTER V.

Yanina, May 15. 1834.

My dear Madam,

I SHALL scarcely feel to have accomplished the task of a faithful correspondent, unless I add to my sketch of the "Living Dog," some account of the "Dead Lion." The modern Nero of whom you have heard so much, was wont to compare himself with Napoleon — the rest of the world could never see the resemblance, except in the one circumstance of plundering, without shame, on a very large scale. The formidable Pacha appears in various memoirs and histories, under a diversity of names: sometimes you see him called the Viceroy of Albania; sometimes the Satrap of Yanina; again, the Despot of Epirus, the Tyrant of the Porte, and the unrelenting Vizir: but the simple name of Ali Pacha has prevailed over all those expressions; and I merely wish you to understand that they all mean the same man. You may see many curious details of his life in Mr. Hughes's Travels in Albania, and a highly wrought description of his person and court in the pilgrimage of Lord Byron; but in this letter you will have nothing more than a summary of the principal acts of his life.

Ali Pacha Tepelini — so called from the place of his nativity — was born in the year 1740: he was descended from a family which had held the office of Bey or Aga for as many generations as will reach back to George Castriot. His father, Veli Bey, died when Ali was but a boy; and his mother, a woman of bold spirit, but destitute of every humane feeling, was left in charge of Ali, and Shainitza his sister. Veli Bey also left another widow and a son; but Ali's mother, in order to secure him the whole inheritance, contrived to take away her rival and the son by poison. She then began to encourage her own son in every audacious enterprise — often exciting him to go and take vengeance upon some neighbouring village or district, for any real or fancied grievance. Not much time elapsed before the young Palikar rebelled against his mother's authority; and finding her disposed to become refractory, he shut her up in confinement, and began to act for himself. In the course of his depredations, he was taken prisoner by the Pacha of Yanina, but he afterwards obtained a high military command through the Roumelie Valessi Kourt. He narrowly escaped the vengeance of Ibrahim Bey, by letting himself down from a window at Berat; he afterwards entered the service of the Pacha of the Negropont. After a time he returned to Albania and assassinated the Pacha of Delvino, and again took post in his native town. From Tepelini, he made incursions upon the neigh-

bouring Beys, and often succeeded in wresting their authority and districts from them. His valour recommended him to the notice of the Sultan, when the war broke out between Russia and the Porte in 1787. His services during these campaigns finally procured for him the government of Triccala, in Thessaly; and it was from thence that he made a grand and successful descent upon Yanina. By a forged firman he made himself governor of Epirus; and as he had really obtained great authority among the rude Albanians, the Sultan thought it best to ratify his self-appointment: being thus raised to the rank of Vizir, and commanding a greater extent of territory than his predecessors, — for he could not endure a rival Pacha near him, — he began to appear as a modern Caligula: extortions, and oppression in all its varied forms, were exercised all over Albania. Yanina was daily the scene of every species of atrocity; and the sons vied with their father in the works of rapine, murder, and violence. But his inveterate enemies, who checked his ambition, and for ten years defied his power, were the Sulhotes: with a force which never exceeded at any time 1300 men, they repulsed his thousands; and if they had not finally yielded to his artifices and his gold, they might have secured their independence within the barriers of their native mountains. The possession of Parga, however, in some respects consoled the covetous Vizir; and I fear, the part which England

took in that transaction must remain as a lasting disgrace to her policy.

Parga was evacuated on the 10th of April, 1819; and less than 150,000*l.* was considered an equivalent for the country and household gods of the Parghiotes. The officer commanding the British garrison at Parga made known the fatal secret to the inhabitants, that they were to be delivered up to Ali Pacha, according to arrangements made with him unknown to them. It is impossible to paint their despair, when they saw the Turkish troops enter the place which contained every thing most dear to them. They began to disinter the bones of their relations, and even to put portions of their native soil on board the vessels prepared for them. All this was done under the "protection" of the British flag!

Ali having at length become obnoxious to the Porte by his tone of independence and his growing ambition, he was proclaimed a traitor, and Zurchid Pacha was sent against him with an army of 40,000 men. The Suliotes then offered their assistance to subdue their old enemy, upon the sole condition that they might be allowed first to reconquer their own country. The Porte appeared to agree to that stipulation; but it was soon discovered that there was no intention of adhering to it. The Suliotes then joined Ali against the treacherous Sultan: they turned the balance of the war at first against the Porte; and had they kept true to the Despot of

Yanina, the Ottoman forces would have been insufficient to subdue him. After an obstinate resistance, Ali was displaced from his stronghold, and took post in the island. There he had secured his wives and his treasures, and laid in a great supply of gunpowder, to blow himself and all that belonged to him into the air rather than fall captive into the hands of his enemy : but Zurchid Pacha, desirous of securing his head and his treasures, began to offer him terms for a capitulation ; and in this only instance — the last and most important of his life — he forgot his usual cunning. Driven to defend himself with about fifty of his followers, he listened to the Pacha's offers of procuring the Sultan's pardon, and allowing him to end his days in honourable retirement at Tepelini. Ali was induced to withdraw to a place in the island until the messenger should return from Constantinople. He was daily visited by emissaries from Zurchid Pacha, and he suspected no plot. But after a few days, upon taking their leave in the usual manner, and whilst the aged tyrant had his back turned, they drew their pistols and shot him in the room, which yet exhibits the marks of the murder. It is said that Ali had time to draw out two pistols and shoot two of the assassins, but he fell pierced with many balls, and his head was sent in triumph to be exposed at the gate of the seraglio. His treasures were dispersed to the winds, and his conqueror had to account for them at last with his head. Ali

Pacha was in the eighty-second year of his age when he was shot : his name will probably increase in awe and horror with posterity ; and the places which have as yet scarce lost the print of his footsteps, be pointed out with a superstitious awe by the generations yet to come.

I find I could go from this place to Salonika (Thessalonica) in five days, according to the following Itinerary. — First day, to Mezzovo, at the foot of the Pindus ; second day, to Triccala ; third day, along the Peneus to Larissa ; fourth day, to Platamona, on the coast ; and the fifth day's journey may be performed either by sea or by land. There is also a shorter road from Corfù to Yanina than going by Delvino ; that is, to land at Sayadez, instead of Santi Quaranta. If four days be allowed from Platamona, or Salonika, to Constantinople, the whole journey from Corfù to that city may be performed within twelve days according to the ordinary mode of travelling.

From Yanina to Prevesa there are three roads : the easiest by Arta, eighteen hours ; the second by Parymathia, which brings in the ruins of Cassopœa, thirty hours, and the third by the pass of the Variades and Suli, thirty-six hours. I have just determined to take the latter, the least frequented—indeed, scarcely known ; and I hope to be repaid for the fatigue and danger of passing the Suliote mountains.

I am, &c.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY FROM YANINA TO NICOPOLIS BY SULI.

Morn dawns ; and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak.

BYRON.

May 16.—FROM Yanina the path runs through the plains for about two hours and three quarters, having the Tzemerika, the harbinger of Mount Pindus, on the left, and a chain of naked mountains on the right, which screen the country through which lies the passage to Parymathia. The Arta road inclines to the left, leading to the “ Cinque Pozzi * ; ” and the path I followed brought me, after three hours and a half, from Yanina to the foot of the Kiriaki pass. In ascending this most steep and rugged path, the valley was gradually developed below me. It appeared like a rectangular basin fenced by the rough flanks of the

* The Cinque Pozzi (five wells) is a classical place in the history of modern Greek warfare. Marco Bozzari and the Suliotes distinguished themselves near there in many hard-fought battles.

mountains. These valleys have all the appearance of fertility; but the want of human labour, and the devastation of Turkish warfare, defeat the benevolent designs of Providence. At the top of the passage I found the ruins of the village of Kiriaki. A church has recently been erected among them, which is generally the first indication of the inhabitants returning to settle on their native soil, from which war, or some other evil, had expelled them. The name of village is given to a few miserable huts, scattered at wide intervals on the side of a mountain, in the shade of a few trees. Grey heaps of ruins are continually found to tell some woful story of Ali Pacha's destructive march; and a few wild-looking peasants, armed with pistols and a yatagan, surrounded by sheep and defended by many Molossian dogs, complete the picture. Such a village is Variades, which I reached after passing through another plain. The features of the scenery were new to me; barren rocks interspersed with patches of corn, a succession of green knolls with tufts of trees, the pathway winding through holly-bushes, hawthorn, and sweet-briar. It took us seven hours to go from Yanina to Variades. In these straits the Christians of Albania compelled a Pacha and his army to lay down their arms, in July 1821: and previous to the battle of Petta, fought July 16. 1822, Omer Vriones established his head-quarters at Variades. In the rencontre of 1821, the Turkish commander was made prisoner by the celebrated Marco Bozzari.

The fort in which he lay encamped with 1300 men, is now a heap of ruins. A little way beyond those ruins we gained the top of the passage, and from thence had an extensive view of the bleak chain of Mount Pindus; whilst in the opposite direction we could see the Sulhote mountains, with the valley called the Lago Bozzari, at our feet. Into this valley we descended, where fresh beauties opened at every step. It is fenced on the west by hills, rising one above another like the steps of a theatre; and the whole is surmounted by the high chain which conceals the valley of Suli. The lower hills are richly wooded, and the bottom of the valley is better cultivated than any thing I had as yet seen in Albania; after about three hours' march from the top of the straits of Variades, we pitched our tent on the side of a mountain, beneath the protection of a few cottages, and within an hour and a half of the village of Dervichiana. How fresh was the evening! how lovely the scene! by moonlight, too, I saw the deepening shadows as they fell over this now peaceful valley, and I could hardly believe it had ever re-echoed to the sounds of war. Here, secluded from the rest of the world, and before the Ottoman arms or the plundering Albanians invaded their peace, the family of the Bozzari ruled supreme, and Marco, tending his father's flocks, conceived those ideas of military glory which were afterwards developed in combating for the liberties of Greece. His father was assassinated, at the

battle of Petta, by the old traitor Gogos, at the instigation of Ali Pacha: but Marco first appeared as a leader in 1819, at the head of the Chimariot Schypetari, who offered their services to the Sultan to fight against their old enemy. They only asked, as a reward for their services, that they might be permitted to reconquer Suli, from which the rightful owners had been expelled for nine years, and were then living scattered over the Ionian Isles and the Peloponnesus: but Marco aspired to still higher glory than the mere conquest of Suli. As often as he heard his father, the Polemarch, relate the exploits of the first Suliote war, his youthful imagination would grow warm; and whilst tending his flocks in this delightful valley, he sung of arms, and accompanied his fine voice with the Albanian guitar. Obligated to leave his beloved mountain, when occupied by Ali Pacha, he went with his father and served under the French standard, until the events of 1819 opened his way for his return. He outstripped, says an Italian writer*, the zephyrs in speed and lightness; he was the first at wrestling and the discus; and although of diminutive stature, yet, when his azure eyes caught fire, and his long hair floated in the wind, when upon his shaven brow there fell a ray of the sun as he sat like the shep-

* *Compendio della Storia del Risorgimento della Grecia dal 1740 al 1824*; compilato da M. P. C. Italia, 1825,—a work written in an animated strain, but with a partial view of facts.

hard boy, the expression of his features was so remarkable and animated, that he might, continues his biographer, have been taken for a descendant of those Pelasgi, sons of Phaeton, who spread the arts of civilisation through Epirus. After a series of brilliant achievements in Albania and Northern Hellas, which materially contributed to the liberties of Greece, and thereby realised the wishes of the youthful warrior, he died like a Leonidas of Sparta. At the head of 600 Suliotes, by night, he made an attack upon the whole Turkish army. "If I am missing," exclaimed the intrepid warrior, "seek for my body in the Pacha's camp." It was no vain boast, for he penetrated through the Ottoman troops to the camp of Jeladin Bey, and, in the act of bearing him off a prisoner, was shot. Thus died the "Eagle of Suli," on the 21st of August, 1823. He was interred at Messalonghi, with all the honours the Greek chiefs could bestow; and there was not a citizen who did not drop a tear on his grave. The name of his family is left to future generations, with this his native valley, called the Lago Bozzari. I found an old peasant, who knew Marco well, and was connected with him by blood; Constantine, his brother, is now a colonel in the service of King Otho.

Before leaving the advantageous position I had chosen for my tent, I ascended the following morning to a height above it, to enjoy the view more freely; and reading, as I moved with slow steps, the

108d Psalm, felt that pure delight which, although momentary, would require a long time to express, if it might be expressed. It is felt when the mind is elevated to the tone of praise by the contemplation of nature's verdant and most varied beauties, through which is seen the great Author of them all. Around some distant cottages, the goats were browsing, and the landscape was receiving the morning blushes of light. I could scarcely believe this to be the country into which travellers dare hardly venture,—so tranquil the scenes, so hushed now the wildness of the peasants!

May 17.—We crossed the valley, and ascended to Romanotti, an important post which the Turks held, and where the Suliotes signalised their valour. A ruined fort, and a few heaps of rubbish where habitations have existed, yet mark the spot: it is three hours and a half from the place where I had slept, and on the corresponding side of the valley. A steep ascent, by a stony path, now led us to the first summit, where we found ourselves among ilexes and a few wild olives; and after refreshment near a spring which issued from the side of the mountain, we wandered from the right path, and for some time were lost. As soon as the error was suspected, we began to retrace our steps and seek the road, which was higher up the side of the mountain; but the hour which was spent in rectifying our footsteps brought into view some of the most picturesque

scenery I had ever witnessed. Having found the path (which was most rugged), we gained the top of the passage; and then the Ionian Sea, with the islands of Paxò and Antipaxò, burst upon the view in front. Soon after we looked down upon deserted Suli: it then appeared to lie in a deep basin; but when we had descended, it was found standing upon high vantage ground. The fortress of Kiaffa and the rock of Kungbi, with all that remains of the Santa Veneranda, reared their heads above the defile of the Acheron; and every rocky eminence about the roofless habitations is pointed out as the scene of some incredible act of valour. There stood Ali Pacha urging on his troops to dislodge a handful of Suliotes who had gained an advantageous post; there the heroines Despo and Tasso stopped the flight of their sons and husbands: there Zavella or Ciriaco rolled down the rocks upon the heads of the Mussulmen. Our faithful Suliote guide recollected the incidents of many battles fought over his native town; and his heart warmed at the scenes of his country's valour. He pointed out the rock in which, when a boy, he took shelter with the rest of his family from the fury of the battle; and he had not forgot how nearly they had all died for want of water. But when he turned to look at Suli, where not a house except one was tenanted — where every thing was mute — where he had listened in his early days to the sound of rustic harmony — he began to

weep, and I could only hear the words "Povero Suli!" and whilst I made my way over some broken ground to get to a herd of goats, he went to see if he could trace any remains of the house of his fathers. It took Ali Pacha ten years to subdue this stubborn peasantry. The first fall of Suli was in 1804: and perhaps the siege, with the awful scenery and name of the Acheron*, may yet find a Homer in modern Greece to sing them; and then the names of Zavella and Samuel the Caloyer, who appeared in the first war, will not be forgotten.

Foto Zavella (whose wife Mosco was almost equal to him in courage) fell captive into the hands of Ali Pacha in the early part of the first war, and he was set at liberty for the purpose of negotiating a peace between his countrymen and the despot of Yanina: he left his son as a hostage, promising to return if he did not succeed in his negotiation. No sooner had Zavella arrived at Suli, than he despatched a messenger to tell the tyrant how happy he was to have deceived an impostor like him: that he might put his son to death, indeed; but means would speedily be found of revenging the bloody deed. Ali detained young Foto for three years, and then

* The Suliotes are supposed to be the Selli of Homer, whom he calls barbarians, because they were dirty in their persons, and slept on the ground—"ἀνιπτοπόδες, χαλαιοὶ" it is remarkable that these two words should still describe the peculiar habits of the Suliotes.—See Strabo, lib. vii. tom. i. p. 475.

found it expedient to give him his liberty. He afterwards became a distinguished captain, and proved himself a true patriot. During his captivity, the Pacha made many attempts to win over the Suliotes. In 1802, they were induced to yield to some propositions; amongst which was one that young Zavella should leave Suli, and no longer remain in the councils of his countrymen. In conforming with this injunction laid upon him by the chiefs, in order to save the remnants of their flocks, he set fire to his house, declaring that the abode of the Zavella family should never be polluted by the Turks. His sister Caido went into the monastery of Santa Veneranda, where Samuel the monk had shut himself up with three hundred Suliotes, refusing to sign the treaty which cut off the right arm of Suli.

Samuel was the most extraordinary man that appeared upon the stage of this wild war: it was never yet known from whence he came; and the origin of the "unknown Caloyer" is still enveloped in mystery. About the year 1799, he came preaching among those mountains, and by his enthusiastic manner excited the feelings of the people. He generally repeated such passages as these: "The day of vengeance is at hand" — "Prepare slaughter for his children for the iniquity of their fathers" — "I will break the Assyrian in the land and upon my mountain," &c.: but he did not confine his efforts within the sphere of the prophet. He made two pieces of cannon, and directed them,

with his own hand, during the greater part of the siege. He went from house to house to console the afflicted and encourage the youth by visions of liberty ; and when the Suliotes were pressed for want of provisions, he made sallies from the strongholds, and more than once conducted a motley throng to Parga in spite of the vigilance of the enemy. He was generally accompanied in these expeditions by Foto Zavella and his sister Caido. It was not to be expected that a monk could display the judgment and military skill of a practised warrior ; but the presence of Samuel became of the greatest importance to the continuance of the war : he remained firm to his purpose, of never yielding an inch of ground to the Turks ; and when it was finally resolved in a council of chiefs to deliver up Suli to the Vizir of Yanina, Samuel would consent to no treaties : in vain did the chiefs urge that it was the only way of safety left for the remnant of their families and property ; for the monk had formed an inconceivable resolution : being in possession of the monastery on the Kunghi rock, he apparently consented to give it up and admit the enemy. The unsuspecting Turks climbed the steep and entered the monastery to the number of 600 ; and then the Caloyer set fire to the powder-magazine, and laughed as he dragged the 600 with him into eternity ! In their second war, which was waged against the Sultan rather than against the rebellious Vizir, the

Suliotas performed prodigies of valour: with a force seldom exceeding 1800 men, they resisted, and often defeated, the Turkish hordes of thousands: but Omer Vrioni, an excellent general, at length learned their mode of warfare, and gained several victories. The Suliotas, harassed by the Sultan, as much as they had been by Ali Pacha, made an alliance with the latter; but they were finally obliged to leave their town and beloved mountains in 1822; and the shells of their habitations now remain to tell the woful story of their wrongs and oppression. A solitary goatherd now watches the precipitous rocks and the ruins of Suli. He furnished us with a little of his curd-cheese; and, after remaining a while in the grassy valley, we descended towards the village of Samoniva, situated just beneath the fort of Kiaffa, and above the gorge of the Acheron. This village presents the same melancholy appearance as Suli, — a few roofless habitations, near which we pitched our tent; in the mean time, we sent the Bouyourdee of Mahmoud Pacha up to the Bey, the governor of the fort. He respected the parchment, and sent us down bread, with offers of other provisions if required: there soon followed seven armed Mussulmen, who were intended as a guard for the night: they served the purpose, and also that of keeping us awake by singing their uncouth songs until midnight, and then resuming the savage notes at about four o'clock in the morning.

May 18.—I awoke to look upon the island of Paxò, which was visible through an opening in the dark mountains, at the feet of which, though at some distance, rushed the Acheron. I saw the group of the seven Turks reclining near me; a large fig tree afforded a covering for the muleteers, and two or three shells of houses indicated that this spot had been inhabited: but the Turks have done unto Samoniva as they did unto Suli—they have spared none alive. Above me, on one hand, rose the tenantless and shattered monastery of Santa Veneranda, as Samuel left it, and his life with it. Perched on the top of a cone, it appears on all sides inaccessible, and the spectator ceases to wonder how a few individuals could hold out so long against such numbers of besiegers. On the other hand, I looked up to the fortress of Kiaffa, which Ali Pacha built to secure this dear-bought possession. I could distinguish with my glass the Bey watching our proceedings below, whilst he was performing all proper civilities by means of his guard, his bread, and a polite autograph. Escorted by the seven Mussulmen, we began our descent about seven o'clock, and were almost precipitated to the mill of Dala, which stands close by the torrent of the Acheron. We left the fort of Athelina on the right; and many a place distinguished, if not immortalised, by the valour of Ciriaco and the Bozzaris. From those sullen mountains towering above, the Suliotes rolled destruction on the heads of their assailants;

women and children aided in pushing the rocks, and they heard the thundering echo which announced that hundreds of their enemies were crushed beneath their feet. They then descended quick from the parched heights, and fetched the water for which they had so severely struggled.

At the mill of Dala our escort left us: we were supposed to be now beyond the reach of danger, which sometimes arises from a few remaining robbers who yet infest those mountains. Our passage of the Acheron reminded me of the description of that infernal stream usually given by the poets. I trembled not a little, lest at every step the horses, which were certainly not the "steeds of Mars," should roll our household gods into the torrent; but having "escaped" to the left bank, ("perumpere" would be a better word,) we ascended and descended by stony steps, and, after two hours and a half, arrived at the gorge from whence the awful torrent rushes out into the plain. I could distinguish it below me, deep in its narrow bed; but looking at it from its own level, it completely loses itself to the eye as it enters the defile. Half an hour further brought us opposite the ruined fort and village of Glyky.* The path now runs through

* Travellers who take the road by Parymathia descend upon Glyky, and then they must make an excursion to Suli, and return by the same road to Glyky, if they wish to see the scenery I have described.

the plain, of which the Acheron occupies a good portion. Some of its overflowings—for there are many—stagnate into marshes; and one of those must be taken for the Palus Acherusia. The largest is, of course, marked in the maps, but it is not clear where the Cocytus enters the darksome river. On the hills which screen the country of the Parghiotes from view, appear the towns of Turcopalogo, Croni, and Koronopoli*, whilst the opposite side of the plain, called the Fanari, is closed by mountains of a somewhat barren aspect; but the villages are more numerous than in many other places I had passed. Indeed, here are frequent indications of returning industry and population; the plain, sufficiently fertile, has come under the hand of cultivation. I considered this as a sign of approaching the coast; and the further I advanced towards it, the more evident were the marks of agricultural prosperity. At noonday we reposed near a village in the plain, from whence we could discover the path which was to conduct us


There was anciently, and is now, a port of Glyky, Γλυκύς ἄσπερ, into which, according to Strabo (lib. viii. p. 476. tom. i.), the Acheron flowed from the Acherusian lake: this cannot be less than six miles distant from the village of that name.

* Above the "sweet water port," Cichyrus was situated, which had formerly been called Ephyra. Neighbouring to Cichyrus was Buchætiom, besides these, are mentioned Elatria, Pandosia, Batiæ. If Elatria be Reguiassa, we might look for some of the rest in those towns of Kroni and others. Strab. lib. vu. p. 470. tom. i.

over the mountains to Regniassa. We left Parga on the north-west, at about the distance of four hours. I could not but recal to mind the fate of the Parghiotes once more, who, like the inhabitants of Suli, were obliged to say "*dulcia inquit arva.*" The part that England took in that transaction must ever bring dishonour upon her diplomacy. Parga is now in the hands of the Turks, but the former inhabitants are scattered over the Ionian Isles and the continent of Greece.

By a beautiful passage, which closes the southern extremity of the valley of the Fanari, whilst the Suliote mountains, with Parymathia conspicuous from afar, shuts in the north, I went towards Prevesa. The most luxuriant foliage clothes every part of this wide ravine,—the sycamore, the fig tree, the plane tree, and the ilex, in all the varied shades of green. Over the wide-spreading ilex was cast, as it were, a veil of wild vines, which hung like drapery from the topmost branches. It was one of those days when all nature is soft and still, but seems to be eloquent. The slight stirring of those tender leaves, the occasional gleams of light which penetrated that thick shade, the fields below standing thick with corn, the mountains towering in sober majesty above all—in short, the whole scene and hour—gave me that inexpressible feeling which, although often momentary in the experience of it, is lasting in the recollection of its enjoyment, because it partakes of something

which is more than earthly. We are not all of clay, and it would require nothing more than a susceptibility of impressions like these to prove it. After gaining the top of this pass, the Ionian Sea, with the islands of Paxò, S. Maura, and Cephalonia, burst upon the view; the foreground is varied with many a smiling vale and woody glen; and every object around assumes an aspect of more civilised life—the fruits of intercourse with the Ionian isles. After travelling for little more than an hour further, we came within sight of Regniassa, a town situated at the top of a cone-shaped hill. This is supposed to be the ancient Elatria, and is said to contain some fine remains of walls, a theatre, and other ruins. It was also conspicuous in the Suliote war: it was taken by Omer Vrioni out of the hands of old Bozzari, who found out his error when it was too late to redeem it; this happened in 1822. Not far from Regniassa we encamped in a grassy vale, with a few cottages around it: the Papas offered us his house, but we preferred his bread, which was bread prepared for the use of the church, and superior to the ordinary kind. We discovered a peasant bearing a lamb on his shoulders, which he had just slaughtered, and of this we procured our portion; besides these supplies, eggs were found in the cottages to the number of four and thirty. I estimated the distance from Glyky to this village at eight hours. It required six more to go to Prevesa, as we found on the following

day : in three hours we descended to the coast, still passing through thick shade and odoriferous shrubs ; nor do the beauties of this journey cease until the traveller arrives at the barren shore.  Let any one going from Suli to Prevesa as we did, turn from the path as soon as the first ruins of the aqueduct indicate the ancient Nicopolis, and let him make his way across the fields to the low chain of green hills which rise immediately above the theatre ; it appears at a distance like the outworks of a fortress of the middle ages.

CHAPTER V.

NICOPOLIS AND PREVEZA.

Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose.

BYRON.

WHETHER the tourist has come from "Pindus' inland peak," or has "hailed Leucadia's cape" from the sea, I shall suppose him to be viewing the ancient Nicopolis from the hills which rise just behind and above the theatre. From this station there is gained a splendid view of the Ambracian gulf, whilst the extensive ruins of the "second Cæsar's trophies" lie at the feet of the spectator; the bay of Preveza, with the scene of the battle of Actium, is comprised in the prospect. Here also it is at once observed how the "city of Victory" was so built as to have the advantage of the gulf; at the same time that it commanded the bay of Comarus and the Ionian Sea. But notwithstanding its eligible situation, and all the favours which the master of the Roman world could bestow upon it, Nicopolis never became a city of

much importance: it derives its greatest interest, in the eyes of the Christian, from being the residence during one winter * of the great Apostle of the Gentiles; and it is to be hoped that there was at that time a body of Christians in it. It is rarely mentioned in the three centuries which followed, but we find Julian the Apostate anxiously employed in restoring it to its original splendour.† It fell, like the cities of the Peloponnesus, under the fury of Alaric, but was again set up under the reign of Justinian. It is not difficult to trace, in the existing ruins, the works and repairs of those three different epochs. From the point of view I descended first to the theatre immediately below: this I found almost inaccessible from long thistles and wild grass entwined with stalks of corn. The brickwork of the theatre remains as solid as that in the "Domus Augusta" of the Palatine Hill, and is equal to it in regularity of construction, but it fails in the cement: the two portals near the "Scena" are constructed of stone, but so inferior in execution that I should judge them to be of the age of Julian. The form of the theatre is preserved, and much of the *proscenium*; and it appeared to me to be about the capacity of the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, which contained about 30,000 spectators.

* Titus, chap. iii. ver. 12.

† He also renewed the Actiac games, which had been instituted by Augustus. See note 78. in chap. xxv. of Gibbon's Decline and Fall, &c.

The principal remains of this city consist in the walls, which enclose a space of about a mile and a half in perimeter, and which I conceive to be the city as it was contracted by Julian: those walls are of that kind of construction called "*opus mixtum*," having the rough stonework regulated at intervals by a course of brick. In the middle of this rectangular space are several unintelligible vaults and buttresses. To the walls of this inner city are joined those of more ancient date, which, for about one third of the circuit, run on in the direction of the aqueduct, not unlike some parts of the walls of Rome. There occur in that line considerable remains of some baths, which I found tenanted by a few sheep and their shepherd. The walls of the Augustan city are still to be traced in a sufficient number of places to give the extent of the whole: masses of ruins rear their heads on all sides, and the whole cannot be comprised in less than a circuit of six miles and a half. The circuit of Rome, if strictly estimated by the *Pomærium*, was not more; and Athens is made equal to the extent of Rome by a writer of the Augustan age. It is not, therefore, improbable that the Conqueror of the Roman world may have intended his new city to rival the majesty of Rome. Nicopolis is now called *Palatia Prevesa*; but Prevesa the new is at the distance of one hour from the ruins, the road running through a continued olive grove: a few

Turkish sepulchres on the left hand side of the road first announce the approach to the town. Although Prevesa appears so conspicuous in the annals of the new Epirus, it is but an inconsiderable town of three or four thousand inhabitants; but it derives its chief consequence from its geographical position: placed on the limits of Albania and the new kingdom of Greece, it commands the gulf where the destiny of the world was once decided, and it stands in a central situation with reference to the most important of the Ionian Isles. Thus situated on the verge of three separate dominions — two of which, at least, are in a condition which cannot be permanent — there is no reason why it should not again become the scene of some mighty struggle. A few more years of decrepitude in the Ottoman power, or of vigour and union in the Hellenic kingdom, — and the attention of mankind may be fixed once more upon the Actian promontory. Meanwhile, let me describe things as they are. I had scarcely been in Prevesa a few hours before one of those scenes took place which characterise a lawless state of society, and exhibit the imbecility of a government. The shops and houses were all suddenly closed at the report of a pistol shot; and when I looked out from my balcony, I saw the streets crowded with angry Albanians, as if a general battle was about to ensue. Upon descending to inquire into the cause, accompanied by the English Vice-consul, I found it was a dispute, which surprised

nobody, but only had excited general apprehension for the consequences. Two Palikars having quarrelled, the one had deliberately shot the other, and then their respective partisans had begun to take part in the fray. I arrived in time to see one man limping away, with the blood oozing through the covering of his right leg, whilst the dying man was carried into the nearest habitation. The business of the police was not to bring the murderer to justice, but to facilitate his escape, lest he, in his turn, should be waylaid and shot by the friends of the deceased; and, in this way reciprocal vengeance goes on increasing, until one whole family or tribe rises in arms against another. I did not ascertain whether the murderer had been killed or not during the night, but I was assured that too many ambushes were laid for him by any possibility to escape: his only chance was to have taken refuge in some of the Consulates, which are generally considered to be inviolate. Having thus ascertained the extent of security for human life, I went to see the deserted harem of Ali Pacha, and the fortress which he built when he had discovered the importance of Prevesa as a possession. On the opposite side of the bay, there is a still more important fort yet remaining in all its strength: it is within gunshot of the line drawn for the Greek frontier. It may still be doubted whether Actium is included within that line or not. If it be near the windmill,

which stands opposite Prevesa, in the bay, it is still in the land of the Turks ; but if it be in the east promontory, which guards the entrance into the gulf of Arta, it belongs to Greece. I can hardly believe Actium to have been any other than the east promontory ; for thus a part of the famous battle might have been fought *without* the gulf. In that case, the bay of Prevesa, if it existed as it does now, was not considered as belonging to the Ambracian gulf, but to the Ionian sea. There are, however, certain appearances about that small bay, which incline me to think that the waters had gradually made some encroachment upon the low land, which, in ancient times, more clearly defined the entrance into the gulf: and this opinion receives some confirmation from the remains of Roman brick-work, yet to be seen upon as much of the land as is yet uncovered ; in some instances, too, coming so near the water as to be traced into it.* Those remains resemble in construction the ruins of Nicopolis: they are now surrounded by the trenches cast up by Ali Pacha, within which he had intended to defend himself against the Sultan's forces. A neglected Turkish sepulchre stands amidst these remains ; and it is said

* Since the above observations were made, I find a celebrated geologist alluding to some great physical change at a more remote period in the neighbourhood of Prevesa. Leucadia was, as Pythagoras thought, a peninsula, and is now divided from the mainland by some phenomenon.—(See *Lyell's Geology*, vol. i. p. 17.)

to contain the ashes of Ali Pacha's son, who betrayed his father on this very spot. The Anactorium promontory still wants a place in my cursory survey; but why should not that be the one opposite to Actium, so that the entrance into the "Sinus Ambraciacus" may lie between the two? As to the wall of a Hippodrome, on the site of Lord Byron's Actium, I met with no one who had ever seen it. I received great civilities at Prevesa, from Mr. Allison, in the absence of Mr. Meyer, the Consul.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM PREVEZA TO ZANTE.

And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot, —
The lover's refuge and the Lesbian's grave.

BYRON.

HAVING hired an ugly barge to take my party, and all the necessary accompaniments, to Ithaca, we left Prevesa at about four o'clock P. M. on the 20th of May, intending to reach Santa Maura in two hours, but the "Bonasso" made it seven. I had the recompense of witnessing the setting of the sun behind the mountains. I saw the last hues thrown over the Zalonga chain, and the golden rays which sprinkled the Makrynoros. Over the Berganti mountains (now Greece) hung the clearest moon I ever beheld; — the beams were thrown over the hushed waters, which nothing disturbed but the splashing of the heavy oar: the encircling mountains embraced a wide expanse of sea, and deepened in hue as the sun sank. The scene was so lovely, that even at eleven o'clock I scarce thought it time to leave it. We cast anchor at the fortress of Amaxichi,

and then entered a canal in a small boat, which scarcely found water enough to float upon ; but, by performing half the way on foot along the edge of the canal, and being punted over the Lagune, in half an hour we were enjoying the hospitality of Captain Macphael, the "resident" of the island. The deputy governors of the Ionian isles, appointed by the Lord High Commissioner, have the title of residents. Captain Macphael was for many years resident at Cerigo, where he had to deal with the Greek emigrants during the revolution. He is now laudably employed in teaching the 18,000 inhabitants of Santa Maura the means of improving their condition. He has introduced the most useful vegetables and plants, and built a square of cottages for the use of the poor, whose habitations were thrown down by earthquakes (these are of frequent occurrence in this island). He has also instituted a girls' school, which I saw conducted in a very orderly manner, and where the pure word of God is read and taught ; also a subscription library, which has now about ninety subscribers, most of them natives of the island. He further proposes to remedy the glaring defects of the canal, by cutting another to run just beneath the continent, past the fortress, where Veli Pacha intended to have lived in safety. It is necessary here to understand, that the passage between the island and the continent is often so destitute of water, that even small vessels cannot get through ;

but by cutting a deep canal the evil would at once be remedied. The error made by those who planned the present canal seems to be, that, instead of carrying it near the continent, where a deep course might have been found for the water, they have carried it across the bar, so that even my own boat of seven tons stuck fast in the mud for seven hours. This work is of great consequence, and ought to engage the earliest attention of the Ionian government ; for, until the passage between the island and the continent be made practicable, all vessels must sail round the promontory of Leucate. This beautiful island, the ancient Leucadia, appeared to me to rival Corfu in its interior scenery. The Olive Grove, within five minutes' walk of the " Piazza Nugent," is one of the richest imaginable : 10,000 barrels of oil are exported biennially from the island. At no great distance from Amaxichi, there are some remains of ancient walls, of the commonly called Cyclopean construction. These are probably remains of the ancient Lucas, as will appear from comparing Livy's description of Leucadia.* A few fragments of sculpture, scattered about the town, indicate that the arts of Greece have flourished here also in times of antiquity.

May 21.—At midday, as soon as our boat floated in the canal, we bade farewell to Amaxichi. The passage towards Ithaca runs close by the continent, but the

* Liv. lib. xxxiii. cap. 17.

island continues near, as far as the Pacha's fountain. This is a lovely spot, where the cool shade of vines, cypresses, olives, fig trees, and various shrubs, invites the passers-by to step ashore and repose. The plane tree, which overshadows the fountain, girths about fifteen feet. At no great distance from hence is an inlet of the shore, where the ancient town of Helomenos * stood. Issuing from between S. Maura and the island of Maganisi, the scenery becomes magnificent : it comprises the islands of Arcoudi, Ataco, the view of the mountains which rise above Patras, and the far-stretching cape of Leucadia, now called Cape Ducato. I was content to contemplate the Lover's Leap at a vast distance ; for " to glide beneath the cliff " would be to make the circuit of the island. I must leave the poetry of Leucate's rock, the lyre of Sappho, and the wild waves which play around the precipice ; but not the setting sun, as he sinks behind the island of Ithaca : — the expanse of water between that island and the far-famed promontory was illumined by a richer glow than Claude ever imagined. The mellowing tints fell in infinite variety on the more distant rocky isles, and the blue wave gradually deepened into purple, until the moon beams shed another and a tremulous light upon the easy waters.

On entering the *canal* of Vathy (if that be the proper name for it), I could have fancied myself on

* Thucydides, lib. iii. cap. 7.

the lake of Como. We arrived at midnight near the harbour, but were not permitted to set foot upon the island of Ulysses until six o'clock the following morning. The distance from Santa Maura to Ithaca is estimated at thirty miles. Vathy, with its small harbour and Lazaretto, occupies the end of the bay, which is of a parabolic form. — The island is barren towards the east, save that a few stunted vines are seen growing on the rocky surface. My first excursion, in that direction, was to a stalactite grotto, at an hour's distance from Vathy. The natural curiosity alone can attract the stranger; for there are many grottos of the same kind, in other places, which would more amply repay the trouble of a visit: of course, this one is called the Cave of Ulysses. It is nearly six miles from Vathy to the fountain of Aretheusa: this excursion was reserved for the cool of the day. Having been provided with horses, by the kindness of Major Parsons, the resident, we began by a gentle ascent from the port. The *road* — for it is worthy of that name — winds up the mountains among the lowly vines, and then over rock half covered with brushwood: this is the characteristic of the whole island, which is, therefore, for the most part, unproductive. The fountain, which, like all other classic spots on this island, has been rescued from obscurity by Sir William Gell, is at the top of a deep ravine, perhaps at a height of about 450 feet from the level of the

sea: it is a small basin, supplied by the constant dropping of water from the vault. I was grateful to Aretheusa for a most refreshing draught; and, as I sat on the broken arch in front of the fountain, I looked down the glen, whose rocky sides were clothed with leafy plants and odoriferous shrubs, and I caught a glimpse of the blue sea rolling at the foot of the defile: over head a bold rock, developing at first more space, but afterwards shutting up the ravine; and on the face of a cliff were marks of a cascade which sometimes rolls over it. I ascended far above the fountain, for a view of the isles and the mountains of Greece; and returned by a height from which is seen Cephalonia, and a wide extent of sea and islands. The only portion of Ithaca which appeared to me wholly cultivated is in the vicinity of the town. Here, amidst vines and olives, which grow round the scattered habitations, and the church where the remains of Captain Knox, the late resident, repose, I enjoyed the evening's freshness: the last blushes of light were falling upon the purple bay, and the boats seemed to glide like spirits of the water over the liquid plain of Vathy. The antiquities of Ithaca have been so accurately delineated by Sir Wm. Gell, and all classical allusions so fully employed by Dodwell, that I am content to follow their steps, without any hopes of adding any thing to their learned observations. The distance from Vathy to the little port of Opisaito is five miles across the

neck of the island. After four miles, the shaggy mountain which bears on its summit the "Castle of Ulysses" appears on the right. The remains of walls, which the above mentioned antiquaries describe, appear to belong to an early period: they mark the site of an acropolis in which the king of Ithaca may be supposed to have had his abode; if so, the three hundred suitors of Penelope were not averse to the fatigue of climbing up a very steep and rugged mountain. The footsteps of Ulysses are traced by the topographer, with the Odyssey in his hand, from a little bay to the south of the ravine which descends from Aretheusa's fountain; then by the mount Corika down to Βαθὺ (Vathy); and thence, nearly in the direction of the present road, to the ruins on the mountain. I should think not more than one fifth of the surface of Ithaca can be cultivated; the rest is rugged rock, starting through stunted trees — and yet how beautiful does even this appear in the light of an Oriental morning or a setting sun! The Ionian authorities tax these poor islands in all manner of ways: rights of passage, port dues, &c., without end. A demand of five shillings was made before we could embark at Opisaito for the next island, within two hours' sail.

May 23.—Our boat, with a glad breeze, left the diminutive harbour, above which rises the mountain where Ulysses hastened home. I saw before me two thirds the length of the island of Cephalonia, in the

form of a crescent bending over the waters; but I could only distinguish one portion of any extent which gave signs of cultivation: that was around the port of Samos, which I reached within two hours after leaving Ithaca. Whilst bathing in the ancient port, I could see the circuit still visible beneath the green waves. Cephalonia is the largest of the Ionian isles: its principal town (fourteen and a half miles across from Samos) is Argostoli. The ancient name of the island was written Cephallenia, and it contained, besides Same the capital, three other principal cities — *Pale* or *Pallæa*, *Cranii* or *Cranion*, and *Pronos*. The northern part of the island is now the district of Erisso: near the extremity of this is a bay called Fiscardo, a corruption of Guiscardo, which indicates the place where Robert Guiscard died on his expedition to the east. The southern promontory is Capo Scala, projecting from the district of Coronos, a corruption of Pronos. The western part of the island, which contains Lixure and the slight remains of the ancient Pallæa, hangs to the rest by a neck, admitting the port of Argostoli, a barrier of hills, and the gulf beyond them. From about the middle of the island, rises the stupendous Black Mountain, from whence Jupiter could once look from his temple reared on high over the isles of the Ionian Sea and a good portion of Greece. I began by visiting the fine remains of the ancient Same.

The vestiges of this city consist in its walls and

sepulchres: the walls must have existed long before Thucydides makes mention of the place; and the siege which Livy has described was, doubtless, laid against the massy construction which yet stands secure on the declivity of the Cyatis. Two mountains, with a deep valley between them, rise before the ancient harbour*: the one on the east is the highest; its summit has been fortified for an acropolis by Cyclopean walls, of the second period, which yet remain to a considerable extent; and this I take to be the citadel which Livy calls Cyatis. I measured, in the more regular and less ancient parts, blocks of twelve feet long and four and a half feet deep. I sat upon one at the eastern angle, and looked on Ithaca and the coast of Greece in the distance.

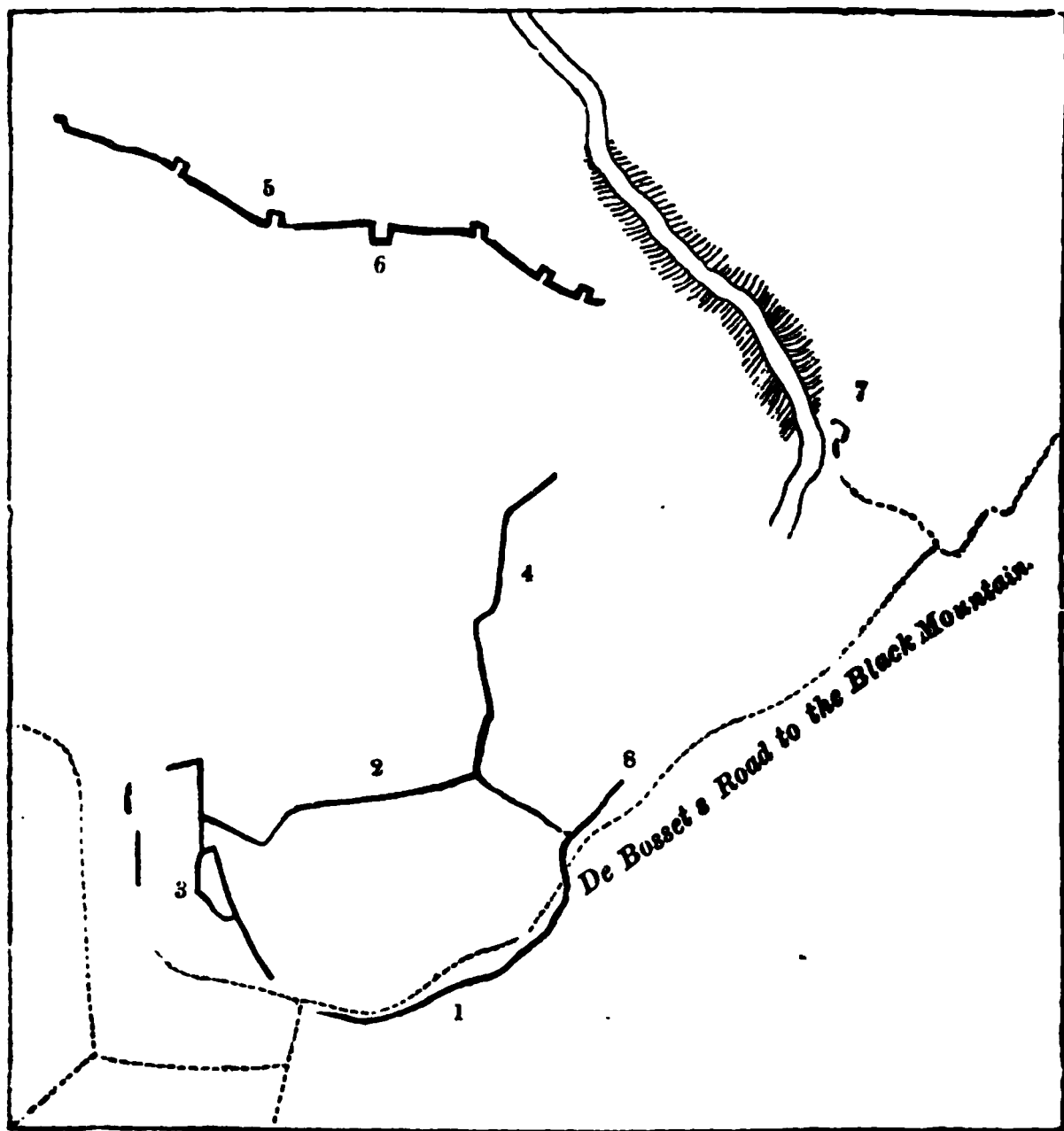
The outline of the acropolis is well marked, and preserved in continual portions of the walls which remain: but the walls of the city are evidently of a later date, and more advanced stage of civilisation. They are fine, regular cut blocks, put together with all the order of skilful masonry. They leave the acropolis in a northern direction, coming steeply down; and then, turning along the side of the mountain, they descend to the bottom of the valley nearly opposite the port, and they may be traced all the way with very little interruption. They then re-ascend the second mount, and run parallel and near

* Arcem quam Cyatidem vocant nam urbs, in mare dextra in occidentem vergit. — Tit. Liv. lib. xxxviii. cap. 29.

the line of tombs which were lately opened by the Lord High Commissioner: in one of them were found two small urns of alabaster. This second mountain must also have been formed into a citadel; thus throwing the more peopled part of the city into the valley and on the sides of the two mountains overlooking the port.

I found also some remains at a little distance from the ancient port: they appear to have formed part of an ordinary habitation, and are of brick, doubtless of the time of the Roman dominion. There are several coins of the city of Samos, having the letters S, A, M, worked into wreath; and, on the reverse, a head covered with a helmet. There are also medals belonging to Cephalaria before it was divided into four portions: on these is seen a naked figure sitting on a rock — perhaps Cephalus; and on the reverse a female head. Of the ancient Palæa, I understood there were few remains; of Pronos, there are vestiges of the acropolis.

Having examined the ruins of Samos, I went across the island of Argostoli, and was struck at finding a little Naples, with all the cleanliness of an English watering-place: but in the house of Mr. Tenison, the resident, we also found English hospitality. The site of the ancient Cranaï is visible from Argostoli: it was situated on a rugged mountain, overlooking the little bay, now like a marsh, and it still exhibits some most striking

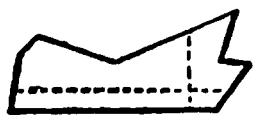


PLAN OF THE WALLS OF CRANII, IN THE ISLAND OF CEPHALONIA.

1. Walls of the Roman period, destroyed by Colonel Napier to build a dyke with.
2. The walls of the Asty.
3. Appearances of a more recent construction.
4. Wall connecting the Asty with the outer walls of defence.
5. Great walls defending the city of refuge.
6. Remarkable gate.
7. Sepulchres on the edge of the ravine.
8. The Agora.

remains. It requires four hours to see them with comfort and attention. I began by following the direction of a Roman wall at the foot of the mountain. This wall, although so miserably destroyed by Colonel Napier for the sake of the material, still preserves vestiges sufficient to indicate its use: it was evidently designed for defence on the low side of the city, as it was enlarged by the Romans; for it turns truly with the curved outline of the mountain's base: just above it are some steps, still visible, cut out of a piece of slippery rock which had come in the way of the ascent to the *Agora*. This was evidently situated in a flat portion of ground, lying not very high between the two sides of the hills rising above the line of wall just designated. In continuing the ascent by a ravine towards the upper walls, we come upon the sepulchres. On the face of a rock I traced an inscription ending with these words legible: ΜΗΤΗΡ ΧΑΙΡΕ. Close adjoining to this is a sepulchral chamber, hewn out of the rock, nine feet three inches by nine feet ten inches; and the height admits a person to stand upright. A sarcophagus within, sunk to a level with the floor, is of stone six inches thick and measures five feet seven inches (interior). By reference to the annexed sketch, it will be easier to understand the direction I took from the sepulchres towards the walls of the upper city. On arriving at the gate, I observed that the construction

of the walls changed into that kind called Cyclopean :



one block of this shape measured thirteen feet ten inches in length and six feet ten inches in depth. This

huge gateway or entrance is the only one that can be traced in the whole circuit of the existing walls. The ingress was defended by two towers, whose foundations are still visible. The immediate entrance was divided by a third tower, which thus formed a double gate (*πυλαι*); and the space before the entrance was considered to be sacred, so that the solemn assemblies of the people were sometimes held in it. The walls I am now describing run far beyond the limits of the *city*, properly so called; and they were made for the purpose of affording a refuge, in case of necessity, to the rustic population. When the inhabitants of the surrounding country had driven their cattle and retired within those walls, they were secure; and as their mode of warfare, in the most ancient times, was invariably to fly upon the cattle of the enemy unawares, every thing depended upon getting within the safeguard of the impenetrable wall. The vast space which now lies enclosed within those Cyclopean walls was not wanted for the ordinary population of the city, but for cases of emergency, when the people of the country were attacked by a neighbouring clan. In some places of the mountain of *Cranii*, the rock

is so abrupt as to require no walls; and in those instances I found no vestiges. From the large gate I took the direction which leads to the walls of the city itself—the *Asty* (Ἀστυ), and here I distinguished a specimen of Cyclopean walls of more ancient construction than the rest. The interstices between the unshapen blocks were filled up with small stones. After examining those remains, which take us back for at least twenty-five centuries, I sat down to look upon Argostoli with its canal, and the marshy ground at the foot of the mountain on which *Cranii* stands. But I conceive that in early days, instead of a marsh, the sea washed the base of the mountain; and this may account in some measure for the city being left partly undefended on the N.W. side. The town of Argostoli is modern, having being built by the Venetians in the course of last century; but the name is ancient, and taken from that which Strabo gives to the bay — Ἀργὸς σταλός. It was here where Lord Byron waited for some time before proceeding to Messalonghi. The improvements of Colonel Napier have given to this town the air of an English watering place. The bridge across the marshes is imposing as the traveller descends upon it from the Samos road. The quay on which the Cephalonians take their exercise in the cool of the day extends for a mile in length; and although they have some reason to blame the extravagance of that extraordinary

governor, they sometimes rejoice in their quay, and are proud of the mail-coach road and regular milestones with which he adorned their rude island.

In viewing the ruins of Cranii, I was accompanied by Major Macbean, and had the benefit of his judicious observations: and my thanks are due to Lieutenant Alcock, of the 95th, for a topographical sketch of the ancient site. Sir Thomas Maitland has obtained an honorary statue, which is soon to be permanently placed at the end of Colonel Napier's Quay. On Sunday, May 25., I preached to the garrison, from John iii. 14, 15. About 300 persons were present; and the soldiers had not heard a sermon for thirteen months, although the greatest attention was paid to having the prayers read by the commanding officer and the adjutant of the 95th. These gentlemen, with a good feeling which I cannot too highly commend, endeavoured to make up for the deficiency of the government at home, who can endure to send out British soldiers, with their wives and families, without affording them so much as the means of having their children lawfully baptised. In some instances, I supplied the latter defect for the time; and I trust, upon a proper representation of the case, a chaplain will be sent to officiate in the islands of Zante, Cephalonia, and Santa Maura.

From Argostoli I went to Metaxàta and S. Pelagia, eight miles distant. This journey brings the western

part of the island into view, and the currants are seen growing by the road-side. I was surprised to hear that Cephalonia exports more currants than Zante. At Metaxàta—a large village situated among olives, vines, and fig trees—Lord Byron resided five months. I embarked at six o'clock for Zante, and soon passed the "Scoglia di Giove," a huge fragment of rock, curiously riven asunder, and rising solitary out of the waters. This is said to have been a Jove, dependent upon him of the black mountain, Mount Enos. I saw the modern priest of the rock, the Proegoumenos, whose beard was long enough to have served at the shrine of the Indian Bacchus. Before it was dark, I could distinguish the bold rocks which rise on the east side of the island, and end in the long promontory of Santa Scala. The evening was lowering, and threatened a breeze too much: I watched the sun, with one section of his orb behind a black cloud, and the other dipped in the watery horizon, leaving a rectangular blaze of light, having almost the appearance of a mountain on fire. About nine o'clock the breeze blew full, and brought us to the coast of Zante, where we were shot at in good earnest by a guard-vessel—the fruits of regulations and precautions taken in the twofold wisdom of British and Ionian legislation with which these "Blessed Isles" are drugged. In approaching Zante, we neared a small rock, called the Scoglia di Trente Nuova, because upon it thirty-

nine conspirators against the state of Venice were executed ; the fortieth escaped. The whole distance from Argostoli to Zante, by water, is forty-four miles ; by crossing to S. Pelagia by land, we abridged twelve of the forty-four, and performed the rest in about six hours.

Locanda del Giglio, May 26. 1834.

LETTER VI.

To Mrs. Colyar, at Rome.

Zante, May 28. 1834.

I HAVE sometimes thought, since I despatched my last letter from Corfù, that you will think my passion for Cyclopean walls and old sepulchres is too predominant to admit of my ever finding room for any "useful information;" but conveyances are now becoming so numerous from Corfù to the rest of the islands, and English money (unless you prefer Spanish dollars) being the currency of the Septinsular government, there is no occasion for my interference. You may now hire your bark at Corfù, and land upon any of the islands, without restriction of quarantine laws. You need not pass by the island of Ithaca nor the promontory of Leucate, without being able to set your foot on the shore, as former travellers were obliged to do: but in ease and comfort you may see Samos, or ascend to the fountain of Aretheusa, or descend into the currant vale of Zante, without being shot at from a guard-boat. Your number of attendants must of course depend upon your own ideas of luxury in travelling; but, at all events, avoid an Anglo-Maltese or an Asiatic Greek. You had better purchase an English ham of Mrs. Suter, and secure

a bed (at least clean to begin with) from the same obliging matron: to every moderate person I would recommend a jug of brandy, some tea, and a little macaroni; but I have no advice to offer to those who cannot travel without Cayenne pepper and English mustard. I do not see how you can well proceed without a tea-kettle and some kitchen utensils, by the aid of which, gypsy-like, you may boil your water and cook your viands under a fig tree: but be aware of many bottles, or any thing of a fragile nature; and be not tempted by hot pickles, or Harvey sauce, unless you would know the Latin for luggage. Let your robes be as light as the drapery of the Zephyrs, but your mantle as thick as the folds of Minerva Medica. Take thick sandals for the rough mountains, and an extra covering for the head, to be a protection against the rays of an Eastern sun. Separate yourself from the creeping portion of Greek society by a mosquito curtain, and never refuse private letters of introduction. I have learnt most of these things in travelling through Albania, where neither you, nor any of your sex, are likely to follow me. As your curiosity about Ali Pacha and his dominions had been satisfied by our travelling friends at Rome, I thought it better (to use a homely phrase) to carry my Albanian goods to another market. But perhaps you would like to hear something of Zante.

Zacynthus was one of the islands which the poets say composed the kingdom of Ulysses, the "Laertia

Regna ;" but a more satisfactory account of it is to be found in Thucydides, who says it was first peopled by a colony of Achæans. There is a tradition respecting that part of the mountain rising immediately above the town on which the castle stands, and which appears as if it had been rent from the main mass. The tradition bears, that this effect was produced by an earthquake; and the ancient city of Psöthis lies now buried under the mountain. No one looking down from the Castle Hill upon this fearful rent, will doubt of its having been torn asunder by some violent convulsion; and it is evident that the surface has undergone a total change of its appearance. From the commanding eminence of the Castle Hill I viewed the whole island almost at a glance; the Mount Scopo, on which it is said a temple of Diana stood, together with the Castle Hill, encloses the town within a flat piece of coast. The extensive valley, filled with currant plants, and occasionally interspersed with a few cypresses and olives, is, perhaps, one of the richest scenes in Europe; the olives are thick enough in the broken valley which lies before the country residence of the Lord High Commissioner, to entitle it to the epithet of "Nemorosa," which Virgil gives to Zacynthus. About 9,000,000 lbs. of currants are annually produced in this fertile vale. They are accounted superior to those of Cephalonia, but inferior to those of the Morea. They are gathered in August, and spread out to dry for three weeks; and

for this purpose a plot of ground is levelled and kept dry before every house in the valley. Much depends upon this process of drying; a shower of rain will sometimes diminish the value of the article by one third, and a second entirely ruin the crop. An export duty of, I think, seventeen per cent. is laid upon currants from the Ionian Isles; but this is a mere trifle compared with the import duty in England. But when the Greeks begin to supply the British market from the Morea, the Ionian government will not only be compelled to lower the export duty, but England will reduce its tax and admit more of the article, without injuring the revenue*: the grand

* I find this has, in great measure, been done since I visited the island. The following return, kindly sent to me from the Custom-house, will show the practical working of the system recommended.

An Account of the Quantity of Currants entered for Home Consumption in the United Kingdom in the last four Years, distinguishing each Year, and showing the Amount and Rate of Duty thereon. —

Years.	Quantity	Amount of Duty received.	Rate of Duty.
	Cwt.	£	
1831	149,488	331,550	2l. 4s. 4d. per cwt.
1832	143,077	317,505	— —
1833	140,469	311,374	— —
1834	163,564	242,243	1l. 2s. 2d. per cwt. from 8th August.

The value of currants in the market, exclusive of the duty, is about 2l. 1s. 4d. per cwt.

result will be more plum puddings to join the roast beef of a reformed constituency. I cannot give you a better idea of what currants are as they grow, than by calling them dwarf grapes.

The pitch wells near Port Cheri, which Herodotus went to see, I reached in two hours and a quarter from Zante; there is only one well which shows the bituminous fluid floating on the surface. A small bay, near the end of the island, meets a little plain almost circumscribed by mountains; in this plain are the wells. I sought for some others besides those that are usually pointed out to strangers, and I found amongst the corn-fields a naked spot on which I could easily imprint my footsteps; the bitumen next appeared in small portions, and a strong odour impregnated the air around me. I perceived that the soft ground extended for several yards, and I concluded that here had existed formerly a large pit, which was probably the one Herodotus saw: it is about 600 yards from the coast. In returning towards the town, I was induced to proceed along the coast where the rocks scarcely admitted a passage; but I soon left my guide, and struck off among the olives and currant fields, and was lost amidst the beauties of the island.

The town of Zante contains about 20,000 inhabitants, which is more than half the population of the whole island. The English residents, but especially the garrison, owe much to the labours of Mr. Croggan, a

Wesleyan missionary, who had been in the island seven years: he had met with some success among the natives, and supplied the place of a chaplain to his countrymen. The coast of Greece, with the conspicuous Castle of Chiarenza, is well seen from Zante. I traced the mountains of Arcadia far away, and exclaimed, "'Tis Greece." Not a vestige of antiquity is to be found in Zacynthus, except a stone with a Greek inscription, which I *heard* of in a church in one of the villages. The Septinsular inhabitants were looking forward to the 6th of June, the day appointed for a general election of deputies to serve in the new parliament: the previous one had been dissolved for acting on a system too liberal. In the true spirit of Reformers, they curtailed the supplies, and refused to be bound by the previous acts of others, and thought they paid too highly for British protection; but sanguine hopes were entertained that the ensuing legislative assembly would be more pliant to the wishes of the Lord High Commissioner. Count Roma is now in Zante, having narrowly escaped his trial at Napoli di Romania: he is probably of the Russian party, which appears to be rearing its head in the new Hellenic kingdom.

I am just about to sail for Patras, from whence I properly begin my travels in Greece; but, as I shall have no chance of communicating with any of my correspondents until I reach Nauplia, I intend to keep a journal of my tour, which shall be at the service of my friends who desire to follow the same track.

CHAPTER VII.

VOYAGE FROM ZANTE TO PATRAS.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?

BYRON.

A MAIL packet is provided by the British Governor to run between Zante and Patras. In this I left the island on the 28th of May, when the garrison was preparing to celebrate King William's birthday. A dead calm, for the first hour, enabled us to contemplate the slowly receding shores. We hovered, for some time, about the coast of Elis, where the Castle of Clarentza stands. This castle was originally comprised in the old duchy, which extended over the greater part of Achaia: it passed into the royal family of England, through a marriage with the Hainault family, and gave the title which is still borne by the third son of the King of England. The present castle was erected by the Venetians, and subsequently received additions from

the Turks: it stood a siege, or rather an assault, in the late revolution. A brisk breeze now carried us off this coast of Elis, and past the Cape Conopeli, which we left on the right. We steered straight for Cape Papas, the most north-western extremity of the Morea, and anciently the promontory of Araxes; it is a low projecting tongue of land, which covers part of the entrance into the Gulf of Patras. On the opposite shores I could distinguish the situation of Messalonghi on the Ætolian coast. That celebrated place is now reduced to a poor village, the shadow of a name which so lately awakened the sympathies of Europe. Not even the house where the poet breathed his last is to be found; the enraged Turks levelled it with the ground. From Messalonghi commences a bold line of coast, gradually ascending to the height of Mount Kreonari, and nearly closing the gulf of Patras with the Mount Varassova. Those mountains are interrupted along the coast line by flat intervals, so that they appear to stand almost separate from one another, like the Curzolari Isles off Messalonghi. These were anciently the Echinades, called by Homer, "sacred."* They were supposed to have been

* Hom. *Iliad*. ii. v. 625. Ovid. *Metamorph.* vii. 588. Homer and Thucydides say that some of the Æchinadæ are joined to the continent by the accumulation of mud from the Acheloos. Some think Doulichion is one of the Æchinadæ; but Homer does not appear to say that. The French geographers now call those islands *Les Curzolari*, and

formed by the alluvial deposits of the Achelooos, and may be the separated parts of an old Delta. The coast from Cape Papas is flat, until it reaches to within six miles of Patras. At that point were situated the ancient ports of *Dymæ* and *Olenos*; the latter at the mouth of the Pirus, now Camenitza. Beyond the margin of the shore, we saw, as we approached, the mountain which Voidbià, the old Panachaicus, overlooks. The sunset was hazy, and shed but little of its summer hues upon my first view of the mountains of the Morea. They were, however, what I expected to find them—rugged and barren, but remarkably varied and singular in outline. In approaching the town of Patras, the illuminated houses of the English Consul and others interested in the welfare of King William IV. shined from afar; and after a passage of thirteen hours—sixty-five miles—I set my foot on the shores of Greece. The scene of landing was novel and gay: the port was crowded with spectators; the cafès were filled with brave Palikars, the sons of the modern heroes of Greece, rejoicing in their independence; and, amidst a crowd of loquacious attendants, the newly arrived Britons were borne off in triumph to the Albergo delle Due Torre.

Description of Patras.—The space between the old Patras and the sea is now rising into a city; and

Curzolari is the name now of the one nearest to the mouth of the Achelooos.

the town, which might before be described as "1000 yards from the open port," may now be said to lie on the shore. The number of inhabitants at present does not exceed 4000; but there is a constant succession of strangers, from its situation and easy communication with the Ionian Isles and the rest of Europe. Patras bids fair to become one of the most flourishing places in the kingdom: it is already furnished with foreign consuls. Near the house which is occupied by the British Consul, is an ancient curved wall of brick — most probably the remains of a theatre; and there is also a transverse wall which appears to have formed the proscenium, but the construction would argue a building of a low period of the empire. A kind of summer-house is placed near those ruins, which commands a view of the gulf, and the low ground in which *was* the large cypress tree mentioned by former travellers.

Patras, anciently Patræ, was situated, according to Pausanias, about eighty stadia distant from the river Pirus, and not far from the Glaucus. Its origin is enveloped in fable. It suffered in the Achæan war, but was restored to something like splendour under Augustus. That emperor appears to have observed its advantageous situation for the purposes of commerce and navigation. The Temple of Venus was near the old port, and of that port there are a few vestiges, consisting in some detached masses of the foundations lying

about thirty feet from the shore in the sea. Pausanias intimates that the Temple of Ceres, with the oracular fountain, was near the Temple of Venus and the port; and this corresponds so well with the site of St. Andrew's Church, where there are ruins of a temple and a fountain, that no traveller ever doubted of these being the identical objects pointed out by Pausanias. It may, perhaps, be necessary to mention, as no traveller in Greece can proceed without Pausanias, that he was born in the reign of Hadrian, and went through Greece during that of Marcus Aurelius. St. Andrew was raised by the inhabitants of Patras to divine honours, at a period when the Iconoclasts were waging war against the image-worship of the Latin church. "The siege of Patras was formed in the eighth century, by a singular concurrence of the Slavonians of Peloponnesus and the Saracens of Africa: the glory of the day, which really belonged to a prætor of Corinth, was ascribed to a phantom or a stranger who fought in the foremost ranks, under the character of St. Andrew the Apostle.* The shrine which contained his relics was decorated with the trophies of victory, and the captive race was for ever devoted to the service and vassalage of the metropolitan church of Patras†," but the whole of St. Andrew's

* Constantine Porphyrogenitus tells the story of St. Andrew's ghost fighting against the Saracens, at full length, in his *De Administrat. Imp. Orient.*

† Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. 53.

supposed relics were not kept from the Church of Rome; for when Thomas, the last despot of the Morea, escaped to Italy, in 1460, from the victorious Sultan, he carried with him, as a grateful present to the Vatican, the head of the Apostle, and received a pension for it of 6000 ducats from the Pope. A new shed is now reared over the consecrated site, and there will soon be added a row of pictures and a provision of wooden seats. Remains of the old pavement of the church are preserved, not very unlike the "*Opus Alexandrinum*," so common at Rome; and perhaps both were the work of the twelfth century. A grotesque "*Alma mater*," with a Gothic inscription around her, appears to confirm that date. The walls which enclosed the church and its immediate precincts are not demolished, and the ravages of the revolution have left untouched the huge piece of marble, covering the place where the relics of the Apostle are said to repose. It cannot but be painful to a Christian mind to witness those lying wonders again revived under the flag of Greek independence.

Patras was a dukedom under the Greek emperors. In 1408, it was bought by the Venetians; from whom it was afterwards wrested by the Turks in 1446. It was retaken by the Republic in 1558; and subsequently recovered by the Turks, who held it until the revolution. It was pillaged by the Albanians in 1770; and was the stronghold of the

Ottomans during the whole struggle from 1821 to 1828.

From the sea-beach are seen the fortresses which occupy the site of the ancient Acropolis and the *Archiepiscopal* church.* On the same place stood the Temple of Diana Laphria.—In the cool of the evening I went to see the remains of the Roman "Patræ." There exists a high, massy brick wall, which formed the extremity of the port. It is at least 600 yards from the sea, and directly opposite to those vestiges of the lower port, or mole, which I have mentioned before. Some large iron rings have been seen fixed in this massy wall. The port has been made by admitting the sea, ("Neptunus receptus,") into a vast recess dug out for the purpose, like Trajan's or Claudius's works at Fiumicino. At St. Catherine's well is a small rectangular ruin; not a temple, but perhaps a sepulchre, with an "Ædicola." The brickwork is not unlike that of the prætorian camp at Rome, of the age of Tiberius. Whilst we were looking at this ruin, and drinking the cool water at the well of St. Catherine, a crowd of gypsies, copper-coloured Egyptians, ran out from their hovels to beg, and pursued us like harpies for two or three fields' distance. I endeavoured in vain to catch the sentences which were fired in volleys over our heads. In continuing my circuit towards the fortress, which was so renowned in the first years of the revolution,

* See Dodwell's Greece, vol. i p. 119.

I saw the ruins of the Pacha's palace, and a Giaour in the act of building his house upon the site of it; a little further, a ruined mosque, with the low part of the minaret standing, turned into a barrack; a Turkish house,—perhaps the only one remaining,—with its private bath turned into a habitation for the triumphant Greek, the fortress, which but a few years ago contained the engines of destruction and a garrison of Mussulmen, dismantled and empty; the cross elevated, where but so recently the crescent glistened in the sun. Such are the vicissitudes of earth's affairs, for which there would be no accounting if we lost sight of an over-ruling Providence. Beyond the fortress, but descending a little to the right, is a valley in which there are fine remains of a Roman aqueduct. This valley was the scene of French duels and executions, when the army was quartered here under the command of General Maison. I felt for a moment the solitude of this secluded spot: the broken arches of the aqueduct of Augustus or his successors; their subserviency to the use of a Turkish conduit; the footsteps of a French army, scarce yet effaced; the nakedness of the surrounding country, where those old brick walls seem only to survive to tell the stories of past ages;—all these things suggest reflections to the mind at an hour when all is still, and all, save the deeds of former days, is strange and unknown around us. It was growing dark, and I had just time to repass some further vestiges of

Roman construction, but found no remains of the Hellenic city. By the setting sun I saw the Oxai, and as far as the island of Cephalonia. The two picturesque mountains of Chalcis and Triaphiassos (Kako-Seali) asserted their pre-eminence in the view from the corn-fields where Patræ once stood. Mr. Robinson, the Vice-Consul, lately dug up a beautiful column of Parian marble, which Captain Lyons took on board the Madagascar. I had the satisfaction of administering the sacrament of baptism to an English child at Patras, as well as at Zante.

One of the first acts of the new government was to make a law to prevent all persons within the dominions of King Otho from carrying firearms; and we found ourselves under the necessity of appearing before the nomarch of Achaia and Elis, with a bondsman, in order to procure a licence. Every person travelling with firearms, and not having his certificate to show to the authorities, is liable to be arrested: and the case really happened to an English traveller, who lately entered Greece from the side of Thessaly: it is, however, acknowledged, that firearms, carried by tourists, tend more to ornament and danger than to use and security. The land in the neighbourhood of Patras is now brought into cultivation to a great extent. Nine tenths of the territory of Greece belongs to the government. They offer it for tillage to any one who will agree to pay one fourth the produce as rent. There will, in

all probability, be a commission appointed for the purpose of valuing those lands, and setting them up for sale or lease at a regulated price. The capital can only come from foreign hands ; and investments of that nature should be encouraged. Some, indeed, have made offers to the amount of 20,000*l.* capital ; but owing to the extravagant or crude notions of the government on that point, none have succeeded. The remaining tenth of the land (it may be something more) belongs to individuals, chiefly small proprietors. It is charged with a tax of one tenth of its produce ; and the additional burthen of obliging the labouring peasant actually to bring his tithe, upon horses, from a great distance, to the collector in the town. Some of the meritorious patriots, or successful contenders, will and ought to be settled upon the public lands ; and it will be an easier process than under the Roman generals ; for although the valorous Greeks will be “ new possessors,” none can say, “ *relinquimus arva dulcia.*”

CHAPTER VIII.

A TOUR ON BOTH SIDES THE GULF OF CORINTH
AND THE ACROCORINTHUS.

The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side.

BYRON.

May 30.—From Patras to Vostizza.—We went from Patras to Vostizza by land, and sent our heavy baggage, under charge of Agostino, the Zantiote, in a boat hired for as many days as we pleased to detain it in the Gulf of Corinth, at two dollars and a half per diem, six men. By favour of a strong wind, blowing the right way, the voyage was performed in three hours and a half, whilst our journey took us nearly nine; but if the wind had happened to blow out of the gulf, the boat might have been as many days without reaching its destination. The path takes the angular direction of the coast, and runs in a low-lying track, having mountains on the right for the first three hours. The rivers Melichos and

Charadrus were nearly dry, and the streams all scanty, save where they are fed by neighbouring springs. We found tortoises in great numbers, basking among the oleanders which overspread the whole of this coast. At the entrance of the Corinthian gulf (called by the Romans "Fauces *," and by the Venetians the Dardanelles of Lepanto) stand the two Castles of Morea and Roumelia: the distance between them, across the strait, cannot be much more than a mile. A few Bavarian troops occupy the Castle of the Morea: the two promontories on which the castles stand, were anciently called Rhium and Antirhium. As we advanced, the town of Epacto (Naupactus) appeared more conspicuous, falling, as it were, from the mountain side into the gulf. It is surrounded by a wall which runs up the steep declivity, and ends in a citadel. The promontory of Drepanum is a low broad-pointed cape; near it is now a khan, at Psathopyrgo, where we reposed during the heat of the day. After leaving this place, the scenery becomes fine; but the cascade mentioned and admired by Gell and Dodwell was clean dry: we had, therefore, to imagine its magnificence. The path sometimes runs up among shrubs and flowers, "a wilderness of sweets," and gives a commanding view of the gulf: the scene then becomes magnificent. The Locri mountains rise majestically, closing in the blue waters, and curving away in the distance; the tops

* Tit. Liv. lib. xxviii. cap. 7.

of Parnassus and his compeers are discerned, and anon the eye is arrested by the near beauties of the coast of Achaia. Nor was it less enchanting (after ascending from the shore at Vostizza) to walk on the brow of the crumbling cliff, which rises abruptly from the coast, and witness the sun setting upon the Gulf of Lepanto. The large Platanus, which all travellers, from Spon downwards, have mentioned, is now blighted in one of its stoutest arms. The fountain, which pours its fresh waters through a dozen stone mouths, as in the time of Chandler, is, I doubt not, the one mentioned by Pausanias: its vicinity to the waves of the sea renders it remarkable, but the ancient Ægium contains no vestiges of its former state or glory. It supplied ships for the Trojan war, and was the seat of the general councils held by the confederate states of Achaia. The modern town is rising into some consideration, chiefly on the heights: several good houses have been lately built. I slept in one of them, quite new. Trade and industry appear to flourish in the infant streets, which contrast oddly with some half-demolished mud-walled houses, probably the remnants of Turkish power. I should think there are more than 2000 inhabitants now at Vostizza.

May 31.—From Vostizza to the Monastery of Megaaspelaion.—I found the distance from Vostizza to the rocks of Bura to be three hours; for the first

two we travelled in a maritime plain abounding with oleanders. Two torrents descend across the plain: the first is the ancient Selinus, a broad bed, but for the greatest part of the year left almost dry; the second has the same character, and appears to have been the ancient Cyrinetus, and is now called the Bokusia. Between these two river beds, but nearer the coast than where the path now runs, once stood the cities of Helice and Buris, which were swallowed up by an earthquake in the 100th Olympiad, and were to be seen in the age of Pythagoras under the sea with their walls inclined. Indeed, this part of Achaia is still subject to earthquakes: Vostizza has suffered more than once from the shocks; and many of the effects yet to be traced in the cliffs and rocks, may be safely attributed to igneous causes. The horse-path lies for some distance in the very bed of the Bokusia; but after quitting it and turning to the right, gently ascending, the scenery begins to soothe and exhilarate the spirits. It added no little to the enjoyment of it, to have the shade of the trees and odoriferous shrubs overhanging the path: the young plane tree and the green fir were intermingled with the oleanders, and sometimes overspread with wild vines. The unstratified rock of Bura is like an isthmus projecting towards the Mount Pheri. It is from this mountain that the torrent Bokusia descends, and finally falls into the gulf at about three miles distant from the Buraicus. We

enjoyed the shadow of the great rock of Bura for a while, and then continued our ascent. We soon gained a fine view of the gulf and the Mount Parnassus; and after reaching the top of the passage, the well-nigh panoramic view was completed by the addition of the Arcadian mountains. I did not note the distances from the summit to Megaspelaion in going, but in returning I did, and found them as follows:— From the monastery down to the bridge, across the Buraicus, thirty-five minutes; the torrent is here crossed; to a fountain newly erected, thirty-five minutes; pass a stream where the bridge is broken down, two minutes; to the top of a steep ascent, thirty-five minutes; to the summit whence is the magnificent view near eight trees, thirty-seven minutes; add three quarters of an hour for descending to the rocks of Bura, and the whole distance between Vostizza and the monastery will be estimated at six hours and nine minutes.

The monastery of Megaspelaion (called by abbreviation Spelaio) stands underneath an impending rock of prodigious mass, in such a manner as to be completely sheltered from above: the cellarage, and part of the lower buildings, are within the "great cave." The edifice is reared upon a high wall, which serves as a substruction, and at the same time forms, with the rock, part of the dwelling; this high wall, or buttress-like foundation, is only relieved by grated windows: the upper part is white, and "glistens fair on high," as

the stranger ascends by the winding path from the bridge of the Buraicus, or as it is approached, with still greater effect, from the valley of Kalybrita. If there exist any charters or documents which might throw light upon the foundation of this monastery, they are in the safe custody of the friars. I was told that the *Egoumenos* had taken them all away at that time to prove the right and title which had been disputed to two villages claimed by the monastery. It was, however, founded by John Cantacuzene and Constantine Palæologus; and if land should acquire its proper value in Greece, it will be one of the most richly endowed institutions in the East. It is without any history, until the late revolution. The Caloyer were about 450 in number, but are now reduced to 200, of which about one half are dispersed through the various neighbouring *Metochis* and parishes. Whilst the events of the revolution have caused this, they have at the same time thrown an interest over the monastery and the scenery around it. Germanos, Archbishop of Patras, first raised the standard of the cross in the Morea, in the vale of Kalybrita, on the 2d of April, 1821; and Megaspelaion became, like Grütli, the scene of a bold resolution to shake off the yoke of the oppressor. Kalybrita was occupied without delay by Germanos and his followers; and the Valvode, with 200 Mussulmen, capitulated without resistance. Petro Bey, of Maina, joined the insurgents on the 9th of April,

and thus began the dawn of a wild liberty in the Peloponnesus. In 1826, Ibrahim Pacha appeared upon the mountains directly opposite the convent, and summoned the monks to surrender: the *Proe-goumenos*, reclining on his couch, raised himself up to relate to me the answer, — “We surrender not to the Pacha until he has first recovered the whole of the Morea;” in a second parley they remarked to the messenger, that if the Turkish army succeeded in conquering a few monks, little would be the glory; but if the assault failed (which they intimated was probable), great would be the disgrace. A thousand Greeks were posted about the rocks when Ibrahim commenced his offensive operations: he attacked the monastery with the remnants of 10,000 Arabs, his Albanian cavalry, and the garrison withdrawn from Patras. The Turkish host rushed down into the defile and began to scale the ascent; “and upon that very cliff,” said my conductor, “we saw the Egyptians pursuing our chosen Israel; on that rock,” he continued (whilst his beaming eyes showed that he was no indifferent narrator), “was planted a battery: a band of Palikars, bold as lions, went round by that hill and stormed it; and our superior knowledge of the places, and the valour of the Greeks, defeated the Pacha’s innumerable army.” Ibrahim was called away unexpectedly to more important objects on the coast of Messenia. Greece owes much of her regeneration to the church: out of the convents issued

many of those valiant monks, uniting courage and patriotism, which they sometimes conscientiously joined to predatory warfare. I asked the Proegoumenos how they relished the new government. "We are," he answered, "like a person just beginning to take snuff; he sneezes at first, but after a while becomes accustomed to the pungent sensation."—"But you have laid aside your patriarch."—"Here," he rejoined, "is the royal ordinance for a general synod (showing me at the same time the *Ephemeris*), by which the affairs of the Greek church will in future be regulated."—"But surely," I observed, "this is the beginning of a reformation."—"Any thing but the Church of Rome," replied the venerable man: "you are not of that church; but adhere to the Scriptures, and whatsoever is found in the Scriptures, by this will we abide." I could not but congratulate the "Caloyer" on this happy disposition, and assured them that the Church of England was ready to give them the Holy Scriptures. I was next shown the cellar, which is the most celebrated thing, except the holy image, in the convent: the large stock of wine is stowed in immense casks: the chief merit of this wine appeared to me to be its coolness, and being a little more free from resin than usual. I visited the refectory, not remarkable for its cleanliness; next the storehouses and bakehouse, all remarkable for dusky confusion.

The pavement of the church is evidently of the same

date as the vestiges existing in the shrine of St. Andrew at Patras; there is a split eagle represented in both cases. The representation of the Virgin is not a picture by St. Luke, but an image: it is remarkable that the Latin church should have adopted his pictures, whilst it prefers statues in worship; and the Greek church, which wages war against statues, should have adopted his images. There is a dirty recess in the rock, near a still dirtier chapel, where this sacred image is said to have been found. The Panaghia is cased in a silver tabernacle, and several lamps of silver are suspended from the roof of the church. The interior of this vast pile of building seems to bid defiance to all straight lines and right angles: you stumble in the dark through winding passages, and up ladders, into an occasional glimpse of light; but a lamp was necessary to show us up to the guest chamber at two o'clock P. M. We found, however, the most cordial reception, and soon were made to drink of the "*poculum amicitiae*." The Caloyer appear to consider hospitality as a duty, and are not "niggard of their cheer;" they look for nothing again, but they admit no strangers within their walls after the sun has set.

I ascended to the top of the mighty rock, and proceeded for half an hour more above it, and then gained a summit from which I had a splendid panoramic view;—a deep valley lay immediately below me, closed by the rugged sides of moun-

tains patched with dark firs, and descending in precipitous projecting masses into a gulf below, which the eye reaches not. A green mountain in front of this valley rises like a wave washed out of it, sufficiently low and detached to open two sections of the Gulf of Corinth : beyond is distinguished half of Mount Parnassus, and Mount Helicon in front ; and the noble chain dedicated to the Muses is seen falling away towards Cithæron : then turning to the east there is caught a glimpse of the snowy Khelmos, which divides a portion of Achaia from Arcadia : continuing towards the west, the eye is led to repose upon the declivity of the green mountains which shut up the vale of Kalybrita ; through this vale, fenced high on both sides by wild and romantic rocks, flows a stream - the ancient Buraicus — which falls into the gulf near Trypia. The Erymanthus, of poetic fame, next rises majestically beyond the valley and its outworks ; above it and Mount Phloe stood a thick mass of bright cloud ready to receive the tints of the setting sun ; and, finally, on the west, which was partially concealed from my station, I could discern at immeasurable distance the mountains which run towards the Olonos.

We left the monastery amidst the salutations of the Caloyer on the morning of June 1., and descended on foot, past the zigzag gardens which run down in steep terraces from the building in a kind of concave defile. We returned by the same path as far as the

broad torrent in the plain; but if I had discovered the bearing of Trypia sooner, I should have followed the Buracus through a beautiful ravine which I saw in continuing my route towards the sea. Our bark was ordered to lie off Trypia, but I found it had gone an hour further down the coast to a place called Gomero, where there is a miserable solitary hut, with two or three fishing boats. This place or Trypia is, however, convenient for those who intend to cross the gulf to Salona, or even wish to proceed direct towards Corinth. After waiting for three hours and a half on account of the neglect of the captain in not providing himself with a proper certificate, we sailed towards the Bay of Crissa, and at the end of eight hours anchored at Galaxidi. The night was dark and tempestuous, and the wind contrary: we slept on the deck of our boat with an awning; and the following morning, at four o'clock, resumed our course. After beating around some small rocky isles, we approached the port called Scala di Salona: the Crissæan Bay is enclosed by low barren hills on one side, and a fertile plain lies under Krisso: a bolder chain of mountains clothed with firs runs out towards the Bay of Asprospiti. The mountains of the Morea are seen across the gulf in apparent great distance, because seen through a narrow opening of the gulf as through a tube. This I write on the deck of the boat in the Bay of Crissa.

June 2. — From Scala di Salona to Kastri-Delphi.

— Scala di Salona may rather be called a landing place than a port: it consists of two or three white buildings, which are seen to glisten from a good distance on the gulf. On landing, we found an abundance of horses, and some appearance of trade; and, what is the best sign of all, a flourishing eating-house, with bread, cheese, wine, and coffee. But nothing could induce the inhabitants of the Crissæan plains to put our English saddles upon their horses: they alleged that such small things would gall their sides; and we were obliged to yield to the prejudice. I remarked a small fragment of an ancient column, lying near the shore. A little towards the east is the port of Cirrha, to which Lucan applies the epithet of “Scopulosa;” it is now called Xeropegàdi (dry fountain): it was the port of Delphi, or perhaps more properly of Crissa. The Pleistos entered the sea at Cirrha.

Soon after quitting Scala, the plain of Crissa is seen at one view from a height; in the form of a Upsilon, it extends its branches under Krissò, and towards Salona: it is chiefly sown with barley and rye, but contains extensive olive groves.* In traversing it we disturbed great armies of grasshoppers, which almost obstructed the path. After an hour’s march, the path ascends to Krissò (Crissa), where the Pythian games were held in a Stadium below the Acropolis: perhaps this was upon the abrupt

* In the time of Sophocles it appears to have been pasture, for the poet calls it βοσπομα ακτη. — *Electra*.

precipice, as it is observed by Dodwell. Before reaching Krissò there is a good view of Salona, and the valley in which it stands: this was the ancient Amphissa, the first city of the Western Locris. I also saw Galaxidi, and the harbour where we had slept; in front of us were the cliffs which announced the oracular city: it required one hour and twenty minutes to go from Scala to Krissò, and an hour more to reach Kastri. Before arriving at Delphi, the curiosity is excited by the tombs hewn out of the rock: one I entered: it contained three circular niches or recesses, each having a sarcophagus, with a pillow of stone to raise the head; small niches were behind each, and a slightly elevated border in front. The roof is vaulted, and I remarked some veins of sulphur. These sepulchres are broken, and the entrance is rent, as if it had so happened by an earthquake. Not only on these western cliffs, but almost in every direction, there are sepulchres of the same description: they are not unlike those I saw at Crani, in the island of Cephalonia. In continuing to ascend the hill, Kastri and the cliffs of Parnassus, with the deep sombre valley beneath, burst upon the view: walls appear starting out of the hill in various directions; and the stranger is for a while bewildered, whether it be that his fancy strays too far, or he has not yet comprehended the extent and form of the oracular city. — I first sought out for the cleanest habitation in the place, and we were all kindly received beneath the Delphian cliff.

Delphi has anciently presented the form of a theatre, with lofty gradations beginning very low down the steep; and terrace walls may yet be traced up to the very top, rising in regular succession. The Temple of Apollo, with its precincts, doubtless occupied the higher part; but I cannot suppose the place where the small church of S. Elias now stands to be the actual site of that temple. It might, indeed, be comprised within the consecrated inclosure, and perhaps sustain on its convenient platform some important building; but the deity himself resided, I conceive, on the higher top, nearer the Pentathlon.* Indeed, there is every reason to suppose that the Temple sometimes meant the whole city, including the very outworks; and this may be all that is intended by Justin, when he calls Delphi a city without walls. I ascended to the Stadium, which I found to be accurately described by Dr. Clarke and other modern travellers.† On the summit above, I

* Pentathlon is the name which the Kastriotes yet give to the Stadium; and which was originally so called because of the five species of exercise commonly carried on in such places, viz. leaping, running, quoiting, darting, wrestling. These are all comprised in a Greek verse, said to be of Simonides,—

Ἀλμα, Ποδωσιν, Δισκον, Ακοντα, Παλην.

See West's Dissert. on the Olympic Games, sect. ix.

† Wherever I found an object of classical or local interest faithfully and fully described by others, I took no further notice of it in my journal than what was merely sufficient to remind me of its position and character; so that, with the help of what is already written, I might have a complete

traced a line of wall running up to join the precipitous crags of Parnassus; and this must have been a wall of defence. On the summit, too, are vestiges of a solid building, which appear to be remains of an Acropolis. Descending to examine the church of S. Elias, I found it to be little more than a hovel, built of broken materials of marble and sculpture of various kinds: within, I observed a piece of a Cippolino column inserted in the wall, and the two large fragments of cornices described by travellers. This Peribolos, on which the church stands, cannot be less than 500 feet in circuit. The wall, with the buttresses which support the platform, are, in the lower part, of regularly constructed masonry; in the upper part most irregular, and yet too slight to be called Cyclopean, or attributed to any remote period of antiquity. The constant repetition of those walls soon turns the stranger's attention to the more general features of the place: he looks up and down the slope, sees the concave bend of the terraces, and adjusts them with the general plan; he fills up the broad belts and intervals with marble edifices, and adorns the wings and parapets with innumerable statues; he sprinkles the deep valley below with groves and fountains; crowns the uppermost heights

knowledge of the localities and objects I visited. This journal is printed very nearly as it was originally written at the very places mentioned in it, and therefore it may serve for others, what I intended it to be for myself.

with Apollo's shrine*, and the bowers of mysterious counsel; and at length becomes astonished at the magnificence of Delphi. The Stadium, the upper walls, the remains of the terraces, and the supposed

* The site of the Delphic temple has been investigated by several travellers who had more time and learning to bestow upon the subject than I had. The Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles visited Delphi in 1833, and gave the result of his observations in a periodical Journal published at Corfu, which he very laudably set on foot and wished to encourage. His Lordship agrees with Mr Hughes upon the site of the temple, and adds some critical observations upon the words of Pausanias. The site, as Lord Nugent describes it, is "about midway (i.e. between Castalia and the Pentathlon), and on the side of the village of Kastri, on rising ground, where there is a large space, part of which is now built upon, and near it a Turkish fountain." But suppose this Turkish fountain could really be identified with the fountain of Castalia, what then? Pausanias does not say the temple stood either at or near the fountain, but only that the waters were said to flow under-ground to the most secret sanctuary of the temple. The hill has been searched over and over again to find a stream, but without success; but when Pausanias describes Delphi as situated on a height from which, on all sides, there is a descent by a gentle declivity, we recognise at once the terraces as they may now be traced. When he says the Temple of Apollo, the *ἱερὸν Ἀπόλλωνος*, comprises a large space in the highest part of the town, and there were many accesses to it, this immediately takes us much higher up the hill than the Turkish fountain, or even higher than the church of S. Elias, but, of course, more towards the village. I think, however, the platform on which the church of S. Elias stands was included in the "Peribolus," and there is plenty of room without encroaching upon the Pentathlon which is the only objection I have ever heard offered to this more lofty site. Lord Nugent, in "The Fragment of a Journal," has described the general features of Delphi with great accuracy and taste.

site of the temple, are all the objects that invite attention on the western side of Kastrî.

The last house on the eastern side stands within 250 yards of the Castalian spring. No "plane tree" now overshadows the fount; nor fig tree hangs drooping over it, except the withered stem: no clinging ivy clothes the naked rock; and few the "water-cresses" scattered in the fountain. There are three niches, one large and two small; the latter not adapted for statues: they are rudely cut. The descent into the basin, or reservoir, is by five steps; and where they appear to cease in length, there is an aperture, through which the superabundant water escapes and forms a rill which runs towards the Pteristoa. The reservoir is closed alongside the rock by a wall, which confines the water between it and the rock in a kind of canal about eighteen inches wide. I stepped across the fountain to look behind this wall, and observed a section of the canal to pass under the rustic chapel of St. John. This chapel is chiefly cut out of the rock, about ten feet by eight: but on one side there is something like a buttress, which preserves some stucco and traces of painting. Upon this the name of many a pilgrim, who has repaired hither to indulge his fancy, is written. The most distinguished I saw were, *Byron*, 1806*, and Sir Frederick Adam.

* On a column in the monastery of the Panaghia, Byron's name appears again in company with J. C. Hobhouse and

A small slab of marble, placed on the fragment of a column, forms the altar of this chapel ; and such is the present state of the fount of Castalia. But where are the rich tributes of the king of Lydia ? the spoils of Marathon, and Salamis ? or the sacred ensigns of the Amphictyonic Council ? Gone with the splendid superstition which prompted men to bring them hither ! And whilst the “ prophetic navel of the earth ” could rule the destiny of the then civilised world, it could not predict the squalid misery which now conceals the Pythia’s cave from the curiosity of the stranger. The fount appeared to me to play as languid as the spirits of the inhabitants ; and can only be made to flow by the enthusiasm of a casual visiter. *That* is sometimes kindled by the association of early years ; and it would be hard to say that it should be quenched : but the deliberate Faith of a Cræsus will no more approach this cliff ; although we have seen as splendid votive offerings at the shrine

————— Hope ; but the voice is now mute, which once sang, amidst these scenes, in such strains as these : —

“ Parnassus —— I look on thee ;
 Happier in this than mightier bards have been,
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot.
 Shall I unmoved behold the hallow’d scene
 Which others rave of though they know it not :
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
 And thou, the Muses’ seat, art now their grave ?
 Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
 And glides with glassy foot o’er yon melodious wave.”

of a saint, as at the Temple of Apollo. It is sometimes difficult to adjust the feelings between the painful reflections upon human weakness and the glowing pleasures of an elegant fancy ; but still I could not but wash my hands in " the pure dew of Castalia," and feel the poetry of the place !

I next ascended the staircase cut in the rock, which frightened Wheeler ; but I found it impossible to climb the slippery steep without taking off my shoes ;—a Delphian leading the way. We presently arrived at a stony level where the two rocks form a cul-de-sac ; and in looking up to the cliff on the west, I saw a circular hollow in the rock, which appeared as if it had been scooped out by the action of water. Here a cascade evidently falls in rainy seasons. The two cliffs, Hyampeia and Naupleia, are separated by this fissure : that on the east (which is on the right of any one looking at the end of the cleft), together with its neighbouring rocks, are the " untrod Parnassian" peaks : (Παρνησιαβες ὁ' αἰῶνος Κορυφαι). The two cliffs are the Phædriades. Aloft, in looking up the above-mentioned fissure, is seen another pointed cliff, which is supposed to make the 'triceps Parnassus.' These are, indeed, connected with a chain which joins with the Mount Parnassus : but in an ordinary way of naming mountains, they could not be brought under one and the same appellation ; for, from the top of those cliffs to the summit of Parnassus, with a valley and two lakes lying between them, the dis-

tance cannot be less than eighteen miles. Pausanias found it seventy stadia, to go to the Corycian cave, and this is situated on the west side of the valley : but it appears to have suited the Muses to extend the wings of Parnassus as far as the Delphic rock ; and those crags, from whence old Æsop was hurled, are well adapted to the superstition of the whole. A peasant of Kastri very readily offered to accompany me to seek for inscriptions in the exposed foundations of some houses. On a fragment half concealed by rubbish, I read the words ΑΠΟΛΛΟΤ ΠΤΘΙΟΤ. Pieces of marble and broken sculpture I saw in every direction ; and the rustic inhabitants brought me several coins, which were for the most part Roman.

June 3.—From Kastri to the Corycian Cave and Arrakhöva.—We passed the Pythia's bath at an early hour, and descended to the monastery of the Panaghia. This building, with its church, stands upon a terrace formed by a solid substruction of stone, of which there are fine remains : here is just space (and it preserves something of the form) for the Gymnasium. At about a mile and a half from Kastri, and a few hundred yards below the road leading to Arrakhöva, are many sepulchres which have been placed originally by the side of an ancient road, probably the one leading from Daulis to Delphi. The principal object which here attracts attention is a fine sarcophagus dug up about six years ago ; and it has lain in its place ever since, except those parts

of it which have been broken off and taken away. On the front is represented a wild boar chase ; either intending the slaughter of the boar of Erymanthus, or, which is more probable, the one of Parnassus, in hunting which Ulysses received a wound : on the back part are two Chimæras, with a candelabrum between them : the sides represent Mars with his steed, and a Bacchanalian subject : the corners are supported by Hermes or Caryatides : half the cover remains, on which is left the upper part of a female form reclining, but without the head. I could hear of no inscription.

In two short hours from Kastri, passing through currant grounds where industry appeared to flourish, I came to Arrakhöva. Yussuf Pacha made himself master of this village in June, 1823, and at the same time had a smart encounter with 500 Greeks posted in the defile of Triodos. Here also Karaïskaki gained, in return, an important victory in 1826, and sent the heads of four beys to Ægina. The village has now risen again, upon the ruins of 1823, to twice its original size ; and a large new church crowns the brow of the hill. The ever-green oak mentioned by former travellers is standing, but the cavern is filled up. The weather was too foul to admit of an ascent to the top of Mount Parnassus. The journey to the Corycian cave was sufficiently cold. It requires two hours to go from Arrackhöva to the foot of the mountain in which the

cave is ; but in journeying from Delphi, half an hour may be gained by turning off at fifteen minutes' distance from Arrakhöva.

The first ascent is so rugged, that it is frequently necessary to dismount. A valley, fruitful in corn and grass, is then to be traversed. On the east rose the Mountain of the Muses, shrouded in clouds, with patches of snow on his shoulders, discernible at intervals through the mist: on the west is a ridge black with firs, containing the celebrated cave: the ascent to it is steep, and requires about forty minutes from the place where the horses are left to graze. The view of the gulf grows at every step: and from the mouth of the cavern, or "the Forty Courts," are seen the mountains of Achaia, and even those of Arcadia in remotest distance. The entrance into the cavern is by an angular aperture not more than ten feet high, partially concealed by nettles and loose stones. The rock in which it is, exhibits a rugged surface, and a solitary old fir tree overhangs it at an angle. A small niche has been cut out of the rock on the right hand in entering; and there may have been a corresponding one, but the face of the rock is fractured. The interior is a spacious hall, which the peasants appear to think large enough for forty courts, for they call it "Sarand 'Auli." It is proportioned in length and breath, and appears as if it was supported by the stalagmites, like columns of nature's own order, whilst from the roof are suspended *the stalactites* capriciously disposed. In looking from

the upper end of it, the roof appears arched, and slopes towards the entrance. A delusive light, of a bluish hue, plays over the vault, and reflects faintly on the sides, which gives it the appearance of some fairy hall. The floor is strewed with stones, indicating circles which fenced round the bivouacs of troops — for this cave was often used during the revolution for a refuge, or an ambush. There were also ashes remaining within the circles ; but these indicated the recent presence of gipsies — the only nymphs and satyrs that now dance in the Corycian cave. At the end of the great hall, there is an ascent which leads to some smaller compartments. I went up the slippery way ; and, after many recesses and windings, where the stalactites formed the most singular combinations, I came to a steep descent, — the same, I apprehend, which is mentioned by Wheeler : this appeared to lead to an interior recess, but it was enveloped in darkness, and no one can know the depth. For want of light I was obliged to abandon the search. Issuing from the cave, I distinguished Galaxīdi, but the cloudy day prevented my view of the more distant objects. We returned to sleep at Arrakhōva, and took possession of a room in the house of one of the principal inhabitants. Mr. Leeves, the Church missionary, forwarded a school at this village, in which, I understood, they made use of the Testaments he furnished them with from the London Society. It would be interesting, by religious education, to call back the Muses to Parnassus with a song of

praise and thanksgiving for the knowledge of salvation. Then would the Delphian cliffs become a temple, not reared with hands, in which the true Deity delights to dwell, and the imaginary inspiration of the Castalian dew be exchanged for the real and happy influence of the dew of heavenly grace.

June 4. and 5. — From Arrokhōva to Asprospiti, and across the Gulf to Corinth. — At the distance of an hour and ten minutes from Arrokhōva, there is a hill on the left hand side of the road, with a stream running at its base, now called the Zimenos. On one side of the hill is a scooped valley; and in it the ruins of terrace walls may be traced all the way from bottom to top, the very model of the ancient Delphi. At the top lies a mass of ruins, which, on the east side, to any one looking from the glen below, presents an imposing appearance. Here, no doubt, stood the temple of the place and the Acropolis; and perhaps, by comparing the remains of this little Delphi with the great city of Apollo, something more might be ascertained as to the exact site of the Pythian temple. Herodotus mentions a city which lay between Panopeus and Delphi*, called Aiolida, and there is only the name of Cyparissos to contend with it; but as neither medal nor inscription has ever been found to verify the spot, the ruins near the stream of Zimenos must be left to future dis-

* See Dodwell's Travels, vol. i. p. 197. He refers to Herodotus, hb. viii. 35.

coveries. Behind those ruins rise the craggy tops of Parnassus; and, on the opposite side of the valley, mountains dark with Alpine firs. These continue nearly down to Stenè; and the whole reminded me not a little of the Allée Blanche in Savoy, as the tourist proceeds from Chapuis to Courmayeur, though on a smaller scale. The valley itself is filled with snow for many months in the year; and two new khans are now building on the Stenè side, to the great satisfaction of the inhabitants of those districts. A few minutes before arriving at the Triodos, we crossed a wall which is carried up on both sides of the path, as far as to the steep part of the mountain sides; and at intervals there are some ruined towers. Behind this wall the Greeks fought, whilst Yussuf Pacha and his Turks were manœuvring about the tomb of Laius. Descending by the stream, I came to the Stenè, where the three roads yet meet as in days of old. I felt a particular interest in lingering over this spot, until the muleteers disturbed me by their impatience. The noble drama of Sophocles dwelt forcibly on my recollection, and how my youthful imagination was warmed by that variety of glowing incidents: I had often pictured to myself the triple road and the sequestered lawn, and followed the steps of the devoted Œdipus to Thebes; and now the fable burst anew upon my remembrance, and I saw before me Cithæron and the shade of the murdered Laius. But the drama has a moral

withal : Laius paid the penalty of his crime in exposing the infant, and Œdipus suffered but too severely for the rash stroke of the "double-edged axe." I could, however, find no stones which particularly indicated a sepulchre. All now is still as death about the Triodos ; but it is there where travellers must decide upon the course they intend to take. If to pass over to the Morea, the road lies straight to Distōmo and Asprospiti ; but it is a great chance that a boat will be found there, unless precaution has been taken to send one to wait. The other road, to Livadia and Thebes, will be for those who intend to see more of northern Greece, and ascend as far as Thermopylæ. They may then return to Athens by the plains of Marathon, and so get round Corinth. In that case, I should say, it would not be worth the while to go, as Dodwell did, to Distōmo and Asprospiti, having to return to the Triodos.

Leaving this interesting station, which is now more commonly called Stenè, we came in a few minutes upon a corn plain, which I took for the (ναπη) lawn of Sophocles : the mountains on the western side of this are green ; but on the other, flat and barren, with some black firs on the tops. At fifteen minutes from the three cross ways (which led in former times respectively to Delphi, Daulis, and Ambrysus) we came to a Turkish fountain ; then succeed currant grounds ; and there is a ruined church on the left. The plain opens wider, and is occupied

by corn-fields ; at the end of it appears Distōmo, a naked village forty minutes distant from Stenè. This town was also destroyed by the Turks, but not without their suffering in return from the vengeance of the Greeks. Our mulcteers pointed triumphantly to the bleached bones which yet lie by the road-side. " Thus," exclaimed one of them, " will we ever serve the Turks." At Distōmo, as at Arrakhōva, the buildings are of stone, like the Scotch rouble-work, but more rude. This was the ancient Ambrysus. its ruins consist chiefly in large stones, which are strewed about in all directions: some of the largest have gone to fence the public fountain, which is copious in sweet water. Some traces of walls remain on the hill overlooking the village, and which is crowned by the hovel-looking church of St. Ehas: this was, perhaps, a part of the Acropolis ; but it must also have comprised the adjacent mount, which is higher, and contains also some massy remains of building. I thought I could trace a connecting wall.

The descent to Asprospiti (White House) is first by a narrow defile and a rugged path. After an hour it widens into corn-fields, and descends direct upon the sea-beach ; then turning to the left, in half an hour it reaches Asprospiti ; being, in all, two hours from Distōmo. This is supposed to be the ancient Anticyra. The vestiges of an old port are hardly recognisable upon a low, slightly projecting head-

land. The modern representative consists in a mud cottage, a mud house, and a khan now in building. The bay is prettily encircled by corn fields, from which rises an elliptical-formed mountain, covered with olives and other trees for half way up its sides, and the rest is rugged rock : one more insulated, in the shape of an egg, might be the mount on which the hellebore grew. If it could have cured impatience, we should all have been glad to have found some still growing ; for the coast was deserted by the inspectors and our boatmen had again neglected to procure the necessary certificates for landing at Corinth. I proposed that, as we were in the dominions of Greece, and intended to land on the opposite side of the gulf in the same dominions, we might go without a licence ; but the captain, still recollecting the summary proceedings of the Turks, drew his finger across his neck, intimating that he should be hanged if he attempted such a thing. I therefore contemplated for some hours the barren mountains which encircle the snug bay of Asprospiti ; and at five o'clock P. M. we sailed for Corinth.

We passed three small rocky isles, which run across the mouth of the bay, at sunset. The mountains appeared to fall in soft foldings into the bosom of the waters, until terminated to the view by the Cape Trakhila. The sun shed a glowing light upon Cape Avgò, the nearest land on the opposite shore, and I watched the changing shadows and hues as they fell upon the mountains of old

Sicyonia. Slowly moving over the placid waters, I enjoyed that soft delight which is seldom of long duration, but, like the keenness of appetite, is blunted at the first enjoyment. The purple waters were stricken by the beams of a bright planet which stood over the mountains; and in the contemplation of nature's stillness, which soon elevates the mind to the tone of praise, I laid me down upon the narrow deck, and counted the midnight stars. The sun rose upon Mount Helicon, and on the coast of Achaia: behind the rocky chain which bounds the gulf towered Mount Zyria, anciently Cyllene, and, like the corresponding mountain of the Muses, it had streaks of snow falling from its craggy tops. On the left lay the isles of Kalanisi: steering towards the headland of Heræum, the Acrocorinthus bore nearly due south. Mount Cithæron came in view at the end of the gulf, bearing east. The outline of the chain which screens the Bay of Ægina is broken and varied. The curvilinear sweep embraces a wide expanse of water, and the white sails flit in the distance like birds under the lofty summits.

In approaching the coast of the Morea, the village of Kamarea, once Aristonautæ, is distinguished on the edge of a green declivity, which lines the shore beneath the rocks of the ancient Donussa. The eye runs along the green margin as far as Vasilika, above which rise the rocks on whose flat top stood Sicyon.

The Asopus falls through the open cleft below, and a low line of mountain, gently undulating, makes the maritime limit of the old kingdom of Sicyonia. The Mount Geranion fills up the intervening space between the Corinthian and Saronic gulfs. The kings of Sicyon are enumerated by Pausanias, and they stand in chronological tables almost at the head of all the monarchies of ancient days. It is probable that an early colony from Egypt first established a kingdom on these coasts; but little more is preserved of its annals than the mere names of its monarchs. As we reach the shore, nothing remains conspicuous to the eye to dispute the sovereignty of the Acrocorinthus: but the once renowned Corinth appears now as a mass of barbarous ruins, save where regenerated Greece has begun to sprinkle her abodes over the desolation.

Landing on this silent shore, I found the old Lechæum vacant. A few beasts of burden were standing near the remnants of two or three habitations, and a group of peasants reclined on the sand. The ancient port may be traced in a kind of pond a little within the shore. We ascended among corn fields and wild grass towards the town; and, after a walk of thirty-five minutes, came to a low broken cliff which forms a natural wall, and has probably been used as such ever since the days of Cypselus and Periander. We easily surmounted this cliff, and then traversed the stony lanes which wind among the

ruined habitations: these conduct to the upper side of Corinth; and here some new houses have been built, and a street is almost formed. In the midst of these is an inn established by a villanous Cephalloniote; but I ascended without delay to the fortress, lest I should lose the setting sun.

Corinth and its Citadel. — The ascent to the Acrocorinthus takes a S. W. direction from the "seven columns," and winds behind the rock, sometimes becoming very steep. On arriving underneath the cliff, the fortification walls, and the towers perched on its crags, have a picturesque and imposing appearance. I reached the first gate in fifty minutes; it required forty more to traverse the interior of the fortress, and ascend to the highest point of the eastern summit. After passing the second gate, which is plated with iron, we came upon the remains of a great number of houses. The wealthy Turkish merchants used to live here in times of peril, and found it the only place where they could secure their goods from the daring robbers of the isthmus. I observed a well and some marble fragments strewed around it. Continuing to ascend, we came to a platform in front of the barracks. This spot was enlivened by companies of raw recruits drilled by a few Bavarians — the action taking place near the fountain of Peirene! and whilst I quenched my thirst with the water, which yet does honour to the recommendation of Athenæus, I attempted a flight beyond the reach of

King Otho's garrison; but it was in vain: for the din occasioned by the hoarse drilling voices and the practice of the drum was enough to stun all the poetry of Bellerophon and his Pegasus.

Ascending from the platform by the outer wall, which overlooks the Saronic gulf, we soon struck off to the left, and gained the highest summit, on which stands a ruined mosque, surrounded by scattered fragments of antiquity. It was within an hour of sunset, and the atmosphere in the distance not so clear as to admit of the acropolis of Athens being distinguished. The mountains of the Morea were purpled with the shade, and occupied a section of the panorama towards the south and west, ending in the summits which overlook Elis, and closing the view with the gulf of Lepanto and the Sicyonian promontory. The island of Ægina is partially hid by the mountains of Epidauria; but its long rock is seen running gradually down to the waters, and so are the little isles around it, bearing S. E. The Sunium promontory I saw but faintly: Salamis lay east, and the Saronic gulf was just beginning to receive the mellow tints of evening. The low-lying isthmus seemed almost within my grasp, and my eye comprehended the track of St. Paul across it to the port of Cenchræa: the shortest distance across the isthmus is not much more than four miles. In front of my station, lying below the corn fields, was distinguished the western port of Corinth, the Lechæum, which did not contain a single

vessel except the bark which had conveyed me thither. Beyond a small bay, rise the mounts Oneion and Geranion, falling away to the west in the tongue of rock which ends in the promontory of Oliniæ. The "Dun Cithæron" bears N. E., the ridge of mount Helicon, N.; and the more conspicuous snowy tops of Parnassus, N. by N.W. Beneath this gigantic chain, I perceived the bay of Asprospiti, and the little islands which, on the previous evening, had overshadowed my bark. The intervening waters of the gulf—the blaze of "living light" which now was kindled behind the Achaian mountains—the solemn hue which hung over the Morea, and the stillness which began to pervade this vast and splendid panorama, filled my mind with delight and wonder; and as the pure tints appeared to make their way to heaven, after having shed their beauties upon earthly summits, I almost wished to be mingled with their essence, pure, and ascend to the still brighter glories of the invisible regions! These, or something like these, were the feelings with which I descended from the far-famed citadel; and, looking down upon the scattered ruins of the town lying at my feet, could only repeat, as if I believed not my eyes, "And this is Corinth!" The Acrocorinthus was always deemed impregnable until Mahomet II. battered the citadel from the pointed rock which bears S.W. of it; but if this were secured, according to the rules of modern tactics, the whole might be

defended against a host of enemies by a very moderate garrison.

Of all the porticoes, baths, theatres, and sixteen temples enumerated by Pausanias at Corinth and the neighbourhood, there exist but seven columns of a temple or portico, and some masses of Roman brick work, good enough in construction to be of the time of Hadrian. The columns stand as exhibited in the

			annexed sketch. The entablature
	S		still remains resting upon five of
●	●	●	them ; the one marked (6) wants
		●	a capital: there are vestiges of the
		●	tryglyphs. The material is a po-
		●	rous calcareous stone, and some
		6 ●	slight traces of stucco may yet be
		●	discerned in the flutings. When
			Dr. Chandler visited Corinth
			about seventy years ago, there
			were eleven columns standing,
			and the same number was ob-

served by Wheeler in the sixteenth century. Their heavy proportions have induced some architects to assign them to a very remote antiquity, and a name has been sought for in Pausanias' enumeration of the buildings of Corinth, which must be mere conjecture ; to others the massive proportions have appeared too forced to be genuine, and ought therefore to be considered as a mere imitation of some ancient edifice. If this be so, out of the many appel-

lations that have been given to these solitary remains, I had rather adopt that of the portico of Octavia, and consider the building of the age of Augustus. The streets of the modern town, except those that have lately begun to rise, are in a state very much resembling the ruins of Pompeii: the houses are all unroofed, the walls of many fallen in; but still they mark the line of the streets distinctly, so that the same inquiry appears to rise upon the lips in both cases, "But where are the inhabitants?" The city stands, and probably always did stand, upon a low cliff rising abruptly from the plains, and which may also have served, with some aid, as a wall of defence; there are, however, no traces that I could find of any construction. Near a Turkish fountain I saw some ancient fragments of marble, and a column stuck in the ground; and, at a very little distance from thence, some brick remains of a large edifice, which I would call the "Therma Hadrianæ." The population of Korintho will hardly exceed six hundred souls, and their occupations lie chiefly in the fields; so that, with the exception of a few new-made police officers, who are stationed for the security of the isthmus, Corinth during a great part of the day is a deserted village: such is the present state of that city which was once "the light of all Greece." Still it is not possible, nor yet desirable, for the Christian to divest his thoughts of those associations which arise from treading the

ground where Paul planted, and Apollos watered. I am moved, “*nescio quo pacto*,” by seeing the rock which was familiar to the eyes of the great Apostle for one year and six months; and in the dreary absence of “all them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus,” I would fain bespeak the balmy air to know where stood the humble dwelling of the tent makers. Tradition, which has been so busy in other countries, has not consecrated here a single spot; and, perhaps, nowhere in the Christian world are the Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians less known or cared for than in the place to which they were first sent: but a ray of light now breaks forth from the darkness of many centuries, and, before many years more have elapsed, the doctrines of Paul and Timotheus shall again be read and taught at the foot of the Acrocorinthus.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY FROM CORINTH TO NAUPLIA,
BY NEMEA AND MYCENÆ.

Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay.

ByRON.

June 6.—THE approach of some Bavarian troops, on their march towards Zeitouni, added wings to the feet of the Corinthian peasants, and loquacity to the rest of the population; but these signs of activity portended no zeal for the king's service, although the inhabitants had written upon their houses, Ζητω Οθων ο βασιλευς της Ελλάδος — “Long live Otho, King of Hellas.” The peasants fled in all directions, with their horses, to avoid supplying the royal troops. The publican and Cephaloniote did not remain an insensible spectator; but, taking due advantage of the confusion, raised the price of his horses, and despatched us secretly before the troops arrived. We were accompanied by three Greek guides, and one Turk, — perhaps the only one left in Corinth, but left

with the reputation of being more faithful and industrious than any two Corinthians. To him I was requested to pay the price of my conveyance, as being the most trustworthy of my conductors.

For the first half hour after passing the seven columns, we have the blue gulf of waters on one hand, and the Acrocorinthus on the other; but the bridges and villages between Corinth and Cleonæ, marked in the "Itinerary" of Gell, are now swept away by the "pugnaces Achivi:" gone, too, are the cypress trees, together with the village of Omar Tchaoutch. It took us three hours to go from Corinth to Cleonæ, which Pausanias says was on the road to Argos; and, according to Strabo, it was eighty stades, or ten miles, distant from Corinth. The principal ruins of Cleonæ, which are not many, recline upon a hill situated a little to the right of the path, and which is crowned by a holly tree. These appeared to me to be the vestiges of a temple; and, if so, what other temple can that be but Minerva's? This city has stood upon terraces, like most of those I have yet seen in Greece. From Cleonæ's Hill is seen the village of St. Basil, which some suppose to be on the site of the ancient Tenea.

Descending from the ruins of Cleonæ, among corn fields, we soon regained the path, and in less than five minutes arrived at a police station, and a khan adjoining. These are situated in the midst of a valley, and near some springs of water. Whilst I was seeking for

some remains of a temple of Hercules, which I understood to be in the immediate neighbourhood, an organ of government, sitting cross-legged on a newly erected shopboard, assumed all the consequence of Aufidius Luscus: he talked of his duties like a secretary of state, and insisted upon seeing our passports; boldly forbade us to advance a step further without his orders, and, like Cerberus, — for he had other two heads behind his own, — effectually defended the passage; but it was easy to see that, like Cerberus, he might be lulled to rest by a sop; and, eventually, his high sense of duty and his Grecian independence yielded to the touch of a single drachma, or the twenty-seventh part of a pound sterling. From the khan we struck off towards the village of Kutchuk-madi; and, at the distance of about three quarters of a mile, came upon a small rectangular enclosure, set round with blocks of stone, and a part of a column lying in the midst; but whether this be “the Temple of Hercules,” or not, I cannot tell. The distance from Cleonæ to Nemea cannot be less than three and a half miles in a straight line. Pausanias mentions two roads which led from Cleonæ to Argos; the one a short cut, with which no doubt the present road from Corinth to Nauplia coincides; the other was circuitous, passing over the mount Tretus; and this, I apprehend, went very near to Nemea, and was in the direction I am now following. The ascent of the mountain, which separates the valley of Cleonæ

from that of Nemea, and which is a branch of the Tretus, is so extremely rugged, that one may wonder how ever a carriage-road could have been made over it, which Pausanias intimates was the case.

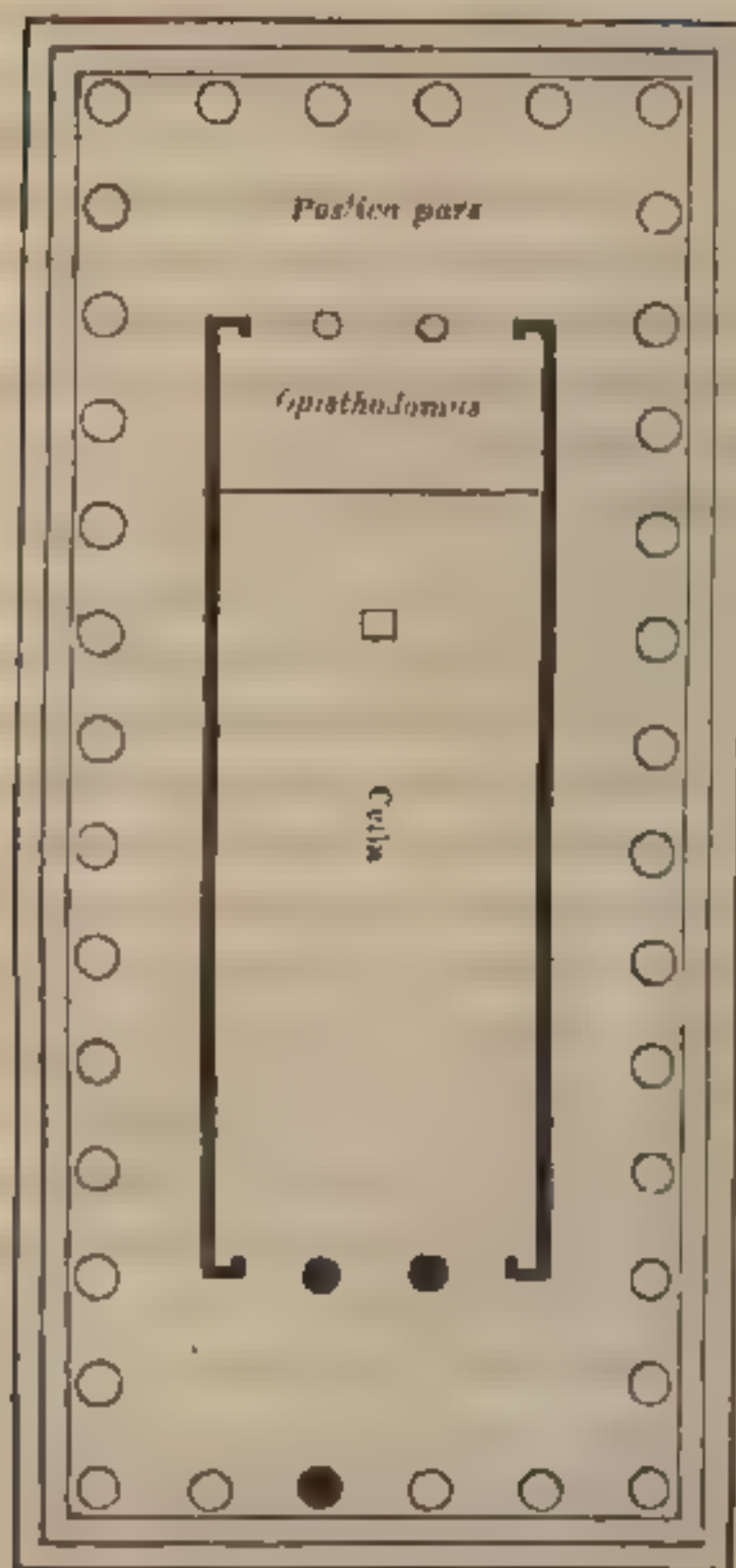
We soon arrived, after gaining the ascent, at some flat ground, covered with wild shrubs and brushwood, wherever the rocky nature of the earth permitted: but this can never have been any other than a wild uncultivated track, and no place could be better adapted for the abodes of wild beasts. I observed some caves in the ascent, which, coupled with the Nemæan Lion, are sufficient to help the imagination. After passing a track of rough stones, we approached an opening, which at once led us into the Valley of Nemea; and there, in the midst, as the lord of the solemn district, stand the grey ruins of the Temple of Jupiter: no trace of a human habitation to be seen near them. Before descending into the vale, we reposed near a fountain, supplied by streams issuing copiously from the hill side; I could find no other to dispute the title of the Fountain of Adrastus. Standing near it, and looking towards the temple, I saw the Mount Tretus on my left; Apesas, on which Perseus made his sacrifice, rose nearly in front. It is now called, as an aged peasant informed me, Mount Bernabò; and the corresponding mountain towards the north, Saint Nicòlò. On arriving at the temple, I found myself in a confined plain, fenced by low hills on the east and

west. The ruins themselves lie in the midst of corn fields, and the greater part of the vale is now brought under cultivation, by the inhabitants of the two neighbouring villages, Kutchukmadi and Aghio Georgio. The latter contains about 200 houses, and is situated beyond the foot of the Mount S. Nicolo.

At a little distance from the temple, and before arriving, there is a ruined church which has been built out of the materials of an ancient edifice. The outlines of the original are preserved, and show it to have been of a rectangular form, not ill answering to the *Ἐπιγυγὸς λ.θων* of Opheltes' tomb. At a little distance from this, I observed another smaller enclosure, which certainly does not so well answer to the description of the monument of Lycurgus (*χωμα γης*). the name of Propylæa contends for the ruined church and its heap (*χωμα*) with the (*ταφος*) Tomb of Opheltes. The position of these ruins, with reference to the temple, is certainly a reason for calling them, as Sir William Gell has done, the Propylæa, because every great temple in Greece had its propylæa. Pausanias, on the other hand, saw the sepulchre of Opheltes, surrounded with a stone wall; and he also observed the monument of Lycurgus, King of Nemea, both apparently in the neighbourhood of the temple, but as these are all the materials whereon to build an antiquarian discussion, it may be hoped that future travellers will treat the vestiges like Dante's ghosts, "*non regionam di lor ma guardi e passa.*"

The Temple of the Nemæan Jupiter has been measured and drawn by architects, so that any description of one less skilled would, in all probability, be inferior, if not altogether superfluous. The ground plan may, however, be roughly represented, without invading the province of the artist. The three columns marked in black are standing: all the rest have been thrown from their bases, and are lying in fragments. The lower part of the walls of the Cella also remains, and, upon two of the standing columns, a piece of the entablature yet reposes. The shafts of the columns, which are of the Doric order, were originally in twelve pieces; and this, I think, is an argument against the extreme antiquity of the building. The columns, moreover, appear to be in height seven of their diameters, a proportion by no means conformable to the ancient Doric.* The single column must be taken as the standard of measurement, for it belongs to the peristyle, and is five feet three inches in diameter. The temple is hexastyle, and may have had fourteen columns on the sides; but if all

* I find Colonel Leake accounting for these slender proportions by referring to a general principle which the Greeks appear to have adopted, viz. of placing their *Ionic* temples on a level surrounded with hills. And so sensible were they of this general principle, that these columns of the *Doric* order, situated, as they are, in a narrow plain, have proportions not less slender than some examples of the *Ionic* order.—*Leake's Tour in Asia Minor*, note to p.258.



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the intercolumniations be taken at seven feet and a half, there would hardly be space for so many. The material is a soft stone, made up of sand and small shells ; but it has been covered with stucco. I was struck with the propriety of Dodwell's observation* :—“ The columns have fallen in such regular order, that the temple evidently appears to have been destroyed by the sudden concussion of an earthquake.” Not a particle of the materials appears to be lost. The whole might be set up again as perfect as it was at the first ; but the effect would not be so striking as the ruins now are, — the solitary guardians of the valley where Hercules cut his olive club, and where the Nemæan games once made the “ reverberate hills echo” to the sound of revelry. These games were dedicated to Hercules, the slayer of the Nemæan lion ; and were prolonged after those at Olympia had ceased. A similar institution was transferred to the banks of the Tyber, where the Arcadian Evander is said to have feasted the hero-god in honour of his prowess, exercised with equal success against the monster Cacus. I could not but recall to mind the extraordinary combat which took place at the Nemæan games, between Creugas and Damoxenus, and which Canova has so admirably illustrated. The improper use which Damoxenus made of his fingers, partly caused an alteration to be made in the adjustment of the cæstus : the straps,

* Travels in Greece, vol. ii. p. 209.

which before were fastened round the palm of the hand, were brought over the fingers and tied upon the wrist.

Leaving the ruins of the temple, I passed an aged olive tree which is fast rending asunder the remains of the tomb of Opheltes; and after ascending the Mount Tretus, I saw, perhaps, the very cave which Pausanias alludes to as the retreat of the famous lion. That writer does not say that Nemæa is fifteen stades from Cleonæ, as some travellers have imagined, and thereby caused a topographical difficulty; but that the cave of the Nemæan lion, which was shown to him on Mount Tretus, was fifteen stades from Nemæa, which he calls a *χωριον*, or village; and Dr. Clarke, I perceive, has understood the passage in this sense. Some caves answering to this distance lie on the side of the mountain the farthest removed from the valley: one larger than any of the rest at once asserts its claim to the classic honour. These mountain passes are not less renowned in the history of the late revolution, than they were in the heroic ages of Greece,—substituting the Turks for the devastating lion, and Colocotroni for the victorious Hercules. In 1822, that general, together with Demetrius Ipsilanti and the brave Nikitas, defeated, with great glory, the numerous forces of Drama Ali: they made a Pacha prisoner, with 200 Turks; and 2000 were left dead among the mountains: they also took 400 Arabian horses, from 500 to 700 camels, and 1300

mules laden with baggage, which were all expedited to Tripolitza.

At the foot of the Tretus, we fall in with the road to Argos again, which runs through a gloomy glen in the bed of a torrent. After three quarters of an hour's travelling, the glen opens; and on the side of the mountain, left, I distinguished some remains of an ancient town: but the prospect of beholding the walls of Mycenæ within an hour and a half, turned away my attention from meaner objects; indeed, I am not aware there were any to attract it. Some armed Greeks rushed across the passage and accosted us in the voice of authority; but instead of any design of plundering travellers, their business was to prevent plunder. This was the first unequivocal sign I saw of Anti-radical associations in modern Hellas. We quitted the main path at the entrance of the plain of Argos, and after half an hour's ascent were surprised by "the treasury of Atreus."

This remarkable monument takes us at once to Egypt;—the shape of the door, the massy lintel, the pyramidical form of the vault, all indicate the "art of Dædalus."* Yet what can the whole mean, but a sepulchre? It has been so accurately described and measured by former travellers, especially by Dr.

* All the exploits of Dædalus are deeply involved in fable; but his travelling into Egypt, in order to instruct himself in the arts of that country, conveys real information upon the origin of the arts in Greece.

Clarke and Dodwell, that any details of the same nature would be superfluous. The same is true of the stupendous walls of the city. But who can pass by in silence such wonderful remains of so remote an age?

"The treasury of Atreus" wears an air of solemnity which at once compels assent to its pretensions of 3000 years of antiquity. The entrance is, indeed, dishonoured by an accumulation of small stones laid about it, piled against a wooden frame; but these are forgotten, when the stone, which weighs 133 tons, is discovered over the head of him who enters. I was surprised, after the unpromising exterior of the mound, to find myself in a spacious circular apartment, with a vault overhead tending to a point, admitting, by a breach at the vertex, as much light as served to discover the construction of the interior, which is of hewn stone. A square aperture on the right side, at about the centre, leads into a small compartment, which was probably the sepulchral chamber. The description which Pausanias gives of the treasury of Minyas at Orchomenos, appears to apply so well to this monument, that it has acquired the name of the Treasury of Atreus and his sons. A monument so called was seen by Pausanias at Mycenæ, and it consisted of some subterranean compartments; but there are reasons for believing it was situated nearer the fountain of Perseus than this monument is; and all the anti-

quarian reasoning I have seen is in favour of making this the *tomb* of Agamemnon, or Atreus, or Eury-medon: and as there are others of the same description still existing, though not so well preserved, we may furnish them with the names of Teledamus, Pelops, and Electra, who all had tombs about Mycenæ's wells.* If the one in question should be considered as the tomb of Agamemnon, as some suppose it is, it acquires a very great additional interest from the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides. The modern aqueduct, which ran over the top of the mound, and the few cottages which stood near it, are now in ruins, and there is nothing left to interrupt the solitude.

We passed over the extremity of a shallow glen, and stood before the Gate of the Lions. The site of a city that was built 1300 years before the Christian æra, and destroyed (except those genuine remains) near 2300 years ago, could not surely be contemplated without emotion. It is almost impossible to bring one's mind to believe that Homer sung of those very walls; and yet there are few antiquities so well authenticated, and none that I have hitherto

* All these subterraneous chambers are circular in plan, but have parabolic domes. Numerous buildings in Egypt, Sicily, &c. are constructed in a similar manner. See "the treasury of Atreus" illustrated by Donaldson, Supplementary Vol. V. to Stuart's Antiquities. It is not, however, here meant, that the "treasury of Atreus" resembles the monuments of Egypt in solidity, but only in the form.

seen so imposing. The mind, in reflecting with this object before it, runs back to the beginning of time ! but at least to the origin of human records. I stood for a while within the consecrated place, " before the King's gate" (προπύλαις) and surveyed the walls on each side, which are founded upon a rock,—“ the celestial walls of the Cyclops.” The top of the angular block on which the lions are sculptured is broken off. This Mr. Dodwell supplies by a flame, and reasons beautifully upon the sacred emblem.* Underneath the lintel, there is space enough between it and the accumulated earth to admit of a person creeping up behind the gate, and then the back part of the marble is discovered scratched all over with the names of travellers. The walls on either side of the gate *within* differ in their style of construction ; the one exhibiting a specimen of the real Cyclopean, the other approaching the Hellenic. This was perhaps a reparation, and may be dated at least 600 years lower than the original walls. I made the circuit of the Acropolis, which includes a space of 330 yards by 220. The construction of the walls often varies. A perfect mass, more regular than the rest, looking towards the treasury of Atreus, supports the terrace on which the Lion's Gate stands ; and it has evidently been made subsequent to the work about the gate itself : the polygonal blocks often appear under

* See Dodwell's *Observations on Mycenæ*, vol. ii. p. 229—248.

the more recent rectangular ones; and the little postern has not the same appearance of antiquity as the Gate of the Lions. The rock on which the citadel stood has also served the purpose of defence: sometimes it serves entirely for a wall; at other times the wall supplies a fracture, or completes an irregular winding. I ascended to the top of the Acropolis, where the vestiges are unimportant; and I completed my circuit by walking under the northern side, where the greatest length of wall is visible at one view. The ravine on the south side held the stream which issued from the fount of Perseus; and this is sternly overlooked by the three-pointed Euboia. The rock on which the whole Acropolis stood is nearly insulated, and the adjacent mountains wear a forbidding aspect. I could hardly advance my footsteps from the awful gate through which one might fancy "the King of men" had yet to pass on his way to the Trojan plains.

Mycenæ began to decline in power very soon after the war of Troy. It could only equip eighty men to send to Thermopylæ, and furnished no more than 400 at the battle of Platæa. The Argians demolished the "wide-streeted" city about 468 years before Christ; but they evidently saved the Acropolis, whose remains are yet so striking. The city must, of course, have extended towards the plain of Argos, about the present village of Kravâta. A wall has been traced in that direction; and perhaps some of the numerous travellers, whom Greece wi

soon see, may be tempted to make an accurate survey of the whole site. It was near sunset, and we descended to the village of Kravāta, and thence across a corn-field to a khan which stood on the edge of the plain of Argos. Our tardy beasts of burthen had not yet arrived from Corinth, and the son of Atreus himself could not have induced our "long-haired" Greeks to move their steeds across the plain that night. In the midst of a vain conflict, our tent and baggage arrived, the storm subsided, and our rest was undisturbed.

On the following morning, at half an hour's distance from the khan, I saw two small shafts of columns standing, and some other fragments strewn around them. At the well of Phonika (a small village of mud cottages), are some fragments of fluted columns, made into drinking troughs; and a little further I found similar remains. It is possible these might belong to an edifice which Pausanias saw on his road from Argos to Tirinthus, built to commemorate a battle which was fought on the spot between Proetus and Acrisius. Proceeding about three quarters of an hour further, we came opposite the walls of Tiryns, which we reserved to a future opportunity; and after a three hours' journey from the Kravāta khan, we arrived under the rock of Palamedes. The lions of St. Mark, which meet the eye on approaching the walls of Nauplia, soon drew away the thoughts from the heroic age of

Agamemnon. But whatever train of reflections might be awakened, it was soon interrupted by the noise of a little Napoli, and entirely extinguished by the trouble of finding a lodging in it. At length we sat down in the *Hotel Bruno* ; and before three hours had elapsed, we heard the whole city ring with the sentence of Colocotroni's condemnation.

LETTER VII.

To Francis Ingram, Esquire, at Rome.

Napoli di Romania, June 9. 1834.

It is only ten days since I left Patras; and yet I have been able, in that short time, to visit all the most interesting objects on both sides the Gulf of Corinth. I have traversed the ancient district of Argolis, and had time to survey the city in which I now sojourn. I have met with no more difficulties and interruptions than I should have had to encounter in a similar journey in any part of Switzerland or Italy; that is to say, none worth mentioning, or calculated to put a reasonable traveller out of humour; and except on the plain of Argos, we have never had occasion to make use of our tent. We generally found horses in abundance at the rate of four or five drachmas per diem. Excellent bread, fruit, eggs, and poultry *ad libitum*; and we ever found the Greeks less eager of drachmas and lefta than the Italians are of papetti and bajocchi. I have consigned some observations upon the places I have visited to my Journal-book, which I intend to show you when I return to the seven-hilled city.

Napoli, being now the seat of government and

the centre of Greek civilisation, has no longer any similarity to its former internal appearance. The features of the Palamidi rock ; the heights of Itchkali ; the lowly coast sweeping round by Tiryns, and the Lernæan marsh, with the citadel of Argos rising out of the plain ; the mountainous shores which flank the eastern parts, and the headlands jutting beyond the reach of the naked eye ;—these are features which must endure the same as long as the landscape remains undissolved ; but every thing that man and his institutions can change, is now changed at Napoli di Romania. Here is a royal palace—the same that was occupied by Count Capo d'Istria ; and a place d'armes furnished with Bavarian troops ; a new court of justice, called the Βουλευτεριον, situated above a square which is defended by pieces of cannon ; new streets named after the chiefs of the revolution, such as οδὸς Τψηλαντου and οδὸς Μιαυλος ; shops stored with provisions, and cafès about the port and in the public resorts. The part of the city known in Turkish times by the name of Bazaar, is now become a regular built street in European taste. But amidst all these improvements, such is the crowd of foreigners and Greeks either connected already with the government, or expectants of some “good thing,” that scarcely a house can be hired at any reasonable price, and the whole rate of living is about the same as at Paris or Naples. There are two reasons for not extending

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stream of the Alpheius. Driven from the Morea on account of his predatory acts, he retired to the Ionian Isles, where he served under Colonel (now General) Church, among the native troops employed in the British service. After those troops were disbanded, Colocotroni took up the trade of a butcher, and lived at Zante. At the news of the insurrection in Greece, he hastened back to his country, and was favourably received by Petro Bey, who had hoisted the standard of revolt in his rugged district of Maina. His military experience obtained for him an influence over his equals and superiors, and he was soon elevated by common consent to the rank of Captain. At Tripolitza, as well as in the plains of Argos, he showed some military skill; but created many doubts of his personal courage, which he has never been able entirely to wipe away. The plunder of Tripolitza and Nauplia, and his victory over Drama Ali, laid the foundation of his ample fortune, which for twelve years he continued to augment by various unjust exactions. The first provisional government that was established in Greece without him, called forth his opposition; and he endeavoured to thwart every arrangement of which he had not been allowed to become the director. Coletti caused him to be conveyed as a prisoner to Hydra, but his partisans forced the then feeble government to liberate him. He was subsequently named General-in-chief of the Peloponnesus against Ibrahim Pacha;

but, in this high station, he showed himself totally incompetent to perform any great enterprise. He was repulsed in the assembly of Trézène by a large majority of the members. On the arrival of Capo d'Istria, he was left in the nominal command of the troops of the Morea; but he continued to excite troubles and to commit outrages. After the death of the President, who appears to have won over Colocotroni to the Russian interests, he set himself in opposition to the commission of the Seven, and he succeeded in lighting up for a moment a civil war in the Morea. He was thus employed when King Otho arrived with his Bavarian counsellors. The Regency stoutly refused to court or accept his co-operation; perhaps having too little respect to the services which, however deformed, he had rendered to the cause of liberty. Dissatisfied, as may well be supposed, with the new government, he not only opposed, but endeavoured to subvert, or at least change, the Regency; and on this was grounded a charge of high treason against him. It was also added, in the indictment, that he had excited rebellion in the Morea; and the sedition among the Mainatts, which was raging at the time of his trial, was tacitly attributed to his machinations. His nephew, Coliopoulos, was placed at the bar along with him, on similar charges. The prosecution on the part of the Regency was conducted by a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Masson; who, in his capacity of

Attorney-general, pleaded in a Romaic speech of five hours against the prisoners, and astonished the Greeks by his eloquence in their language.

The first question for the five judges who sat upon this important trial to decide, was, whether the prisoners had attempted to *subvert* the Regency, or only to procure such changes in the constitution of it as might better serve, in their notions, the interests of their country: if merely the latter, then it became very doubtful whether such attempts amounted to the crime of high treason. The second question was, how far the accused had been *proved* guilty of exciting rebellion in the Morea. One hundred and thirty witnesses appeared in favour of the prisoners; and they chiefly endeavoured to invalidate the evidence for the prosecution, by throwing aspersions of the foulest kind upon the other witnesses: and although the Attorney-general appealed against this species of evidence, which did not speak to the facts he had established, the President permitted the 130 to expatiate upon the vices of their countrymen. There could be no *moral* doubt of the guilt of the accused upon the second charge, viz. that of exciting rebellion in the Morea; but whether the charge was *proved* or not upon satisfactory evidence, is another question. The treasonable attempt to *subvert* the Regency was so interwoven with political intrigue, that it may be doubtful whether the removal of Count Armanberg, or that

of his two colleagues, was not really the point at issue. The Russian Cabinet soon discovered that the Count was not disposed to tread in the steps of the President of Greece; and the British minister as soon saw that therein lay the interests of England. If Colocotroni had succeeded in his attempts without being accused of treason, perhaps his instructions, if he had any, would have gone no further than to pray the father of King Otho to substitute a President of the Regency in the room of the obnoxious Armansberg. To attempt to penetrate the secrets of Russian diplomacy would be the height of presumption; but it is not easy to conceive that a Peloponnesian chief would have been *offered an asylum at St. Petersburg*, unless he had done *that* state some service. Mr. Maurer, one of the German triumvirate, attempted to procure the recal of the British minister; and, for this purpose, is said to have tampered with a member of the Legation, who will probably have no reason to thank him. He pretended to reveal, at midnight, the awful secret, that the plenipotentiary of England was leagued with the President of the Regency to deliver Greece over to Russian bondage! but the British minister was fighting with a two-edged sword of diplomacy against Russian and French ascendancy: the danger of the former arising from the majority in the triumvirate, of which Herr von Maurer formed one; the latter, from the power with which he must

necessarily unite in order to gain the victory, deriving too much influence from the triumph. These political bearings of the state trial, which, no doubt, influenced more or less the members of the Hellenic Cabinet, reached the bench of the Judges; three pronounced the verdict of guilty, and left the President Polizoides, with Mr. Terzetti, in a minority. According to the 90th and 91st Articles of the Hellenic code of criminal proceedings, judgment is delivered upon a majority of votes, and the minority have no right to register or publish their opinions; or, in other words, to betray the secrets of the deliberation. All the judges are bound to sign the judgment of the majority, and the President to read the sentence publicly: but Polizoides and his colleague refused to become the organs of a decision which they considered to be unjust; and upon this a novel scene ensued in the "Bouleterion." The minister of public justice entered the court, and commanded the President to take his seat on the bench and read the sentence. "We will only yield to violence," answered the two judges, "and are ready to endure all things for the sake of justice." Violence was used, and the two judges were held fast upon the tribunal until they drank in the sentence of death with their ears. The crowd of Greeks were scandalised at this violent proceeding; and Polizoides, although in contravention with the law, and threatened with its penalties, was greeted with the title of Aristides. His real name is Anastasius: he is a

Macedonian, and is thirty-nine years of age: he took up arms at the beginning of the revolution, and in 1823 fought at Messalonghi: he was chosen as one of the Commission appointed for negotiating the Greek loan in London; and, after his return, he took an active part in the war of Western Greece. In 1826, he was engaged by the government to go to the continent of Europe and study civil law and political economy. After some time engaged in those pursuits, he returned home, and was named plenipotentiary at the fourth national assembly. Capo d'Istrias did not consider him a proper person to be placed in any official situation under *his* government; and he wrote, during that period, in a violent Journal called the Apollo. He speaks French, Italian, and German with equal ease, and is, perhaps, the best lawyer in Greece.*

Coliopoulos, who was condemned to death along with his uncle, is about fifty years old; he labours under the accusation of having entered into the plot laid for assassinating Grivas, commandant of the Palamidi, in order to get possession of that fortress: he was, however, named one of the Commission of

* Since the government has been transferred to Athens, I find Polyzoides has been preferred to the highest judicial functions. The sentence of death pronounced upon Colocotroni and Coliopoulos was commuted to twenty years' imprisonment: and, perhaps, the President, who thought the judgment unjust, may think it his duty to obtain a further mitigation of the punishment.

Seven ; and, above all, was one of the three commissioners sent into Bavaria to treat with the King. But I must leave for a while Greek politics and politicians, as I am just about to commence my tour in the Morea, having already hired eleven horses for the purpose at four drachmas and a half per diem. Farewell !

A TOUR IN THE MOREA.

'T were long to tell and sad to trace
Each step from splendour to disgrace.

BYRON.

Preparatory Observations. — GREECE was secure under the powerful protection of the Romans until the third expedition of the Goths, in the reign of Gallienus; and the first ruin of the cities of the Peloponnesus, as well as of Northern Greece, may be dated from that epoch. “The confidence of the cities of Peloponnesus in their natural ramparts had tempted them to neglect the care of their antique walls; and the avarice of the Roman governors had betrayed the unhappy province. Corinth, Argos, Sparta, yielded, without resistance, to the arms of the Goths; and the most fortunate of the inhabitants were saved, by death, from beholding the slavery of their families, and the conflagration of their cities.” *

The destructive march of Alaric, at the close of

* See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. xxx.

the fourth century, might be traced, like the effects of a baleful pestilence, from the Sunium promontory to the western coast. The ferocious invader was met by Stilicho, the general of Honorius, in 397; and after several battles fought among the mountains of Arcadia, Alaric escaped with difficulty into Epirus. Finally, the battle of Pollentia, where the spoils of Corinth and Argos were rescued out of the hands of the Huns, took place in 403. Justinian strengthened the straits of Thermopylæ, and restored the walls of Corinth: he also repaired the fortifications of Athens and Platæa. As early as the eighth century, the Peloponnesus began to be visited by the ruinous incursions of the Slavonic bands: indeed, those incursions have been traced back to the very age of Justinian, and their effects were felt down to the fifteenth century: memorials of them are yet preserved in the names of many places, which are pronounced to be of Slavonic origin.* Over those barbarian hordes, the Emperors of Constantinople held but a precarious sway; and the peace of the peninsula was frequently interrupted by the revolts and conflicts of those savage tribes. They were at length mingled with the Eleuthero-Lacones; and it was during their earlier invasions of the territory of Sparta, that the town of Mistra was built. The Laconians took the name of Mainotes, in the time of Constantine Porphyrogenitus.

* See, on this subject, the acute investigations of Colonel Leake, *Researches in Greece*, &c. p. 376.

(911—959) ; and they were only converted to the Christian faith by the zeal of Basil, in the tenth century. Forty cities were numbered in the Theme or province of Peloponnesus at that period ; from which also may be dated the final decline of such cities as Sparta, Argos, and Corinth. The industry of the inhabitants of the Morea in the manufacture of silk, kept up the population of the cities ; and they preserved the secret until the twelfth century. At that period, the Norman invaders under George the Admiral appeared (A. D. 1146) ; and after committing great ravages upon the cities of Thebes and Corinth, the silk weavers of both sexes were transported to Sicily. After the final expulsion of those northern invaders, Greece and the islands obeyed the sceptre of the Emperors ; and the Comnenian family, notwithstanding the losses sustained by the empire, “ continued to reign, from the Danube to the Peloponnesus, and from Belgrade to Nice.” Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, and the fifty islands of the Archipelago, were also subject to their sway. They governed the Morea by deputies chosen from the imperial family, with the title of Despot. The last of those were the two surviving brothers of the Palæologi, Demetrius and Thomas. Mahmoud II., having secured his more important conquests, was content to put off that of the Morea for seven years : it was achieved in 1460. The despot Demetrius followed the Sultan to Hadrianople, and Thomas escaped to Italy with the head

of St. Andrew ! The first interference of Venice with the Morea may be dated from their partition of the Greek empire with the French (1204). At that period, they made the conquest of Candia, Corfù, and many islands of the Ægean Sea. The Sanut family acquired the duchy of Naxos ; the Marquis of Montferrat occupied the cities of Athens and Corinth, and made an attempt upon Napoli ; but neither the Marquis nor the Venetians were enabled to make good their claims to their respective divisions of Greece.* The Morea, for the most part, remained under the power of independent Greek princes, or under the precarious authority of the Despots, until the conquest of Mahmoud. In 1687, the battle of Lepanto, fought by Thomas Morosini, gave the Venetians the possession of the Morea for twenty-eight years ; with this, and a few trifling exceptions, it belongs to Turkish history, until its first efforts for freedom, in 1770, when it accepted the fatal aid of Russia. In 1822, it found the means of declaring its own independence † ; and was ever independence “ in such humour won ? ”

* The history of this obscure period will be found in Ducange's *Hist. de Constantinople*. .

† See Colonel Gordon's excellent *History of the Great Revolution*.

CHAPTER X.

THE MOREA.

Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
 Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.

FALCONER.

THE only road on which a vehicle can move in King Otho's dominions, is between Napoli di Romania and Argos, a distance of about seven miles. At the end of the first two stands Tirynthus, a little to the right of the road, not far from some property belonging to old Colocotroni. The remarkable and astounding walls of Tiryns are built round an insulated hill which rises out of the plain; but it now wants the solitude which Mycenæ enjoys, on account of the high road to Argos running so near to it: nevertheless, when we arrive at the summit of the Acropolis, and look round on those rough walls and frightful towers, and direct the view towards the barren mountains, which, running in a north-east direction, join the chain of the Palamedes,—the vicinity of a public highway and the sound of human voices cease to distract the mind, now absorbed in

contemplation. Certainly, those walls are many degrees rougher in their construction than those of Mycenæ, and this is a fair argument in favour of their more remote antiquity: indeed, they are said to have been built by the Cyclops, for Prætus, whose reign is sometimes placed in the year 1379 B.C. The whole space enclosed is 220 yards by 60, and appears to have been only the Acropolis. The greatest height of the walls, at present, is forty-three feet: it may originally have been sixty. Some of the stones are two feet six inches long, and four feet broad. I went into the best and most conspicuous of the galleries, which can have been intended for no other purpose than that of securing the besieged, whilst employed in the defence of the walls. At regulated intervals, there are triangular outlets; one appeared to me to form an arch upon principle. There are some loose blocks of stone to be found occasionally, which have marks of cuttings; but for the most part those genuine relics preserve their character; and we look upon the military fortifications of a city, just as Homer, perhaps, saw them, and certainly as Pausanias found them. When those huge polyhedric stones are laid one upon another, without any attempt at squaring, and the interstices filled up with smaller stones, that is properly the Cyclopean wall. The first improvement in the style of masonry was to diminish the interstices by slight linear adjustment of the blocks; the next step was angularity, until it reached the Hel-

lenic contruction.* Tiryns, Mycenæ, and Cranii of Cephalonia, afford genuine specimens of each.

I left those sturdy relics, wondering how they had resisted the devouring power of thirty-two centuries, and then rode quickly across the plain of Argos: its beauties increased, the nearer we approached the city of Agamemnon. It appears to the eye as if it was enclosed by an amphitheatre of mountains, with a single outlet through the gulf: an abundant harvest stood laughing over the plain. The evening was fresh and balmy; the husbandmen returning from their labour appeared happy; the welcome trees, seen at a little distance below the redoubtable fortress, began to refresh the view: and thus we arrived at Argos.

Argos. — The towns of Greece have changed their appearance so completely since the evacuation of the Turks, that the descriptions of former travellers are now scarcely to be recognised. The palace of the Bey, or Vaivode, is levelled with the ground, or falling into ruin; the mosques have disappeared; the streets, which had contracted the gloom and filth of a Mussulman population, are replaced by new houses, doomed, perhaps, to as much filth, but certainly to less melancholy. Such is Argos, with the additional animation derived from the presence of all

* Whoever wishes to understand the various kinds of construction in walls, as far as they can be understood without seeing them, will do well to consult the Atlas which belongs to Micali's work, entitled *L'Italia avanti il Dominio dei Romani*, edit. Firenze, 1821.

the *unemployed* Bavarian cavalry, and from the residence of a few wealthy persons, of whom Colonel Gordon may be considered the chief. The town is now spread over a wide space, but much of it is still vacant; the streets are scarcely adjusted with reference to any general plan; many of the roofless habitations and heaps of rubbish remain to attest the calamities which this place has suffered since its first revolutionary struggle of May 5th, 1821* ; but a metropolitan-like church has risen, to assert at least the temporal triumphs of the Cross, whether its banner is destined to wave over ruins, or the habitations of a prosperous city. But the stirring name of Argos soon beguiles the thoughts, and carries them beyond the reach of objects so modern; and Inachus, who is said to have founded it, leading a colony from Egypt more than eighteen centuries before our æra, arouses the spirit of the antiquary. Its earliest history, if authentic, is connected with Assyrian and Egyptian commerce; its military history is immortalised in Homer; and we are indebted to Argos, its kings, and its localities, for much of the mythological fable which so early heats our fancy, without improving our moral conceptions. The tower in which Danæe was enclosed (*inclusa*) is now to be sought for in a cavern! the Cephissos, in a dry rill occasionally supplied from some hidden source; and perhaps the monastery which stands

* See Gordon's Greece, vol. i. p. 153.

half way up the Acropolis rock, on a separate precipice, may occupy the site of the Apollo Deirodiotes: but if we except a few remnants of polygonal walls below the theatre, and some of more careful compacture on the top of the rock, there is not a vestige left that can at all be supposed contemporary with "the King of many Islands and of all Argos."

In the freshness of the evening we visited the theatre, which, as described by travellers, has its seats cut in the rock. These, however, appeared to me to ascend to a height incommensurate with the expanse. The ground below still figures out the form of the orchestra. I should suppose the whole to have been a rude building; but the two flanking extremities, which Dr. Clarke thought so extraordinary, appear to have been necessary for enclosing the principal *Koulon*: without them, it must have been laid open to the plain and the city. He surely cannot allude to the brick ruins below, which are evidently the remains of a Basilica built by the Romans. The form of it is yet preserved, and we see the long hall with a tribunal at the end: this arrangement of a Basilica, near the theatre, is conformable to the precepts of Vitruvius. I could find no traces of any temple, either of Venus or Minerva, "on the top above the theatre." There is a small church, with some insignificant fragments stuck among the coarse materials. A little to the right, above, is a small edifice of brickwork, with a niche at

the end supported against the rock ; behind is a channel for admitting water, and there are indications on the inner walls of water having flowed through. This was, doubtless, a Nymphæum, perhaps made by Hadrian. I wondered whether this could be Dr. Clarke's oracular cheat ! The polygonal walls just below the theatre are very massive.

By the kindness of General Church, we were furnished with letters of recommendation to some of the Nomarchs and Eparchs of the Morea. The Eparch of Argos was the son of Petro Bey, and consequently the brother of George Mavromichalis, who assassinated Capo d'Istrias. I paid my visit late in the evening, and found both father and son, who hospitably entreated me to join them in their supper. I was glad of the opportunity of seeing the man who may be said to have first decided the fate of Greece ; for had he withheld his co-operation when Germanos reared the standard of revolt in the Morea, the revolution would have been inevitably crushed in its origin, and the attempt for ever registered as a rebellion. Petro Mavromichalis governed, or rather moderated, the untractable region of the Mainatta. It was customary with the Turks to appoint a Greek ruler in that district, for a Turk always found it impossible to collect the tribute. The Bey of Maina, therefore, in 1821, had to choose between the uncertain advantages of patriotism and the more secure possession of his delegated power. He chose the

former, and was successful ; but the faithful pen of the historian has unveiled some meaner motives. The old warrior wears the Albanian costume : there is something calm and simple, but nothing dignified, in his demeanour. His son, the Eparch, appeared affable and courteous : our words were few, for it was late.

June 10. — In the morning, after wrangling with an Argian landlord, who charged us eighteen drachmas for the use of four bare walls, and the rest in proportion, we ascended to the top of the Kastro. We first passed, leaving it on the right, a round-topped hill on which a solitary white edifice stands : this was, no doubt, the Phoroneus ; the more formidable rock was the Larissa. In the ascent to this, Pausanias enumerates many objects ; but not a trace of any one of them now appears. The top of the mountain is crowned by an extensive deserted fortress, chiefly the work of the Venetians. Beneath their paltry construction, we sometimes see the huge stones of the Cyclops, but they are evidently much less ancient than either Tiryns or Mycenæ. From the walls of this ample fortress, we look over the plain, which produces corn, and wine, and oil in abundance, interspersed with cypress trees. This plain of Argos, “so adapted to steeds,” is nine miles long and six in width. It is open to the sea between Napoli and the marsh of Lerna. On the other hand, north of the Larissa rock, flows father Inachus in a torrent bed :

his present name is Zeria, indicative of his hoary stream. Pausanias traces its source to Artemision, one of those mountains which separate the plains of Argos and Tripolitza. Beyond this, he places Mount Onoe, where Hercules killed (I think) the stag. Of the Charadrus I know nothing, for we did not go the Mantinea road, but by that which, according to the same authority, led towards Tegea. The path to Tripolitza by the Mount Parthemius runs under the barren rocks of Lycone and Chaon.

At the distance of one hour from Argos, the eye is refreshed by a gushing stream of the purest water, and the first inquiry is, Where does it come from? It issues from the foot of the Chaon rock, near two large caverns in which the ancients sacrificed to Pan and Bacchus. A chapel, now dedicated to S. Sophia, supplies the places of the two dissipated gods. One of these streams (for the water, immediately on issuing from the rock, breaks into two courses), Pausanias calls the Phrixos: the other retains the name of Erasinus; and the water is said, both by that writer and Strabo, to come from the lake Stymphalus, where Hercules destroyed the carnivorous birds. Its subterraneous course is estimated at fifteen miles.* It is now called Kefalania, and it

* Pythagoras cites the Erasinus as an example of those rivers which have deserted their channels, and have been re-born elsewhere, phenomena which have helped to produce changes on the earth's surface. See Lyell's *Geology*, vol. I. p. 17.

is used for watering the vineyards and turning the mills near its mouth. It enters the sea at Gephyri, or the bridge between Napoli and the marsh of Lerna. In the middle of this marsh there is a pool said to be unfathomable, which, in former times, was called Halcyōna. I could hardly distinguish the pool, and perhaps now it has its depth only in the imagination of the peasants. The Hydra, however, is no longer formidable to them: his heads are cut off; that is to say, the streams which burst from the lake and destroyed the crops are now dried up, and time has permanently accomplished what the labour of Hercules temporarily effected. This, too, is the place where Amymōne was stolen away by Neptune whilst she was employed in supplying the city of Argos with water; that is to say, the sea, encroaching upon the shores, swallowed up a spring of fresh water, causing a great loss to the inhabitants. Here, also, Pluto and Bacchus were fabled to have descended into the infernal regions. These are all names so connected with the fanciful mythology of the ancient poets, that one is tempted to linger over a baseless vision; but some convulsions of nature which have taken place beyond the reach of human records may be described through those splendid fictions.

The labours of Hercules were for the most part performed within the limits of Peloponnesus; and, when divested of fiction, they appear to point out some prince, or succession of princes, who, by means

of changing the courses of rivers, draining marshes, and perhaps clearing the mountainous districts of wild beasts which then infested them, improved the agricultural state of the country, and rendered many places habitable which had been previously abandoned.

Rugged rocks partially covered with stunted trees, without any redeeming glens or spots of fertility, is the character of the passage from the valley of the Erasinus to that of Hysiaë. Pausanias is our guide across the Mount Trochos, and points out a town on the left-hand side of the road, which he calls Cenchreaë. This can be no other than the vestiges which we found on the broad top of a hill about three hours and a half from Argos: several blocks of stone, having belonged to the walls, remain; and two small columns and some fragments lie under a tree. Soon after, the valley of Hysiaë appears, in which there was a city of that name, a colony from Argolis. The village of Araithyrea is but a name; and over stony paths we pursued our way until we attained a summit from which is discovered, not far beneath, the cold plain of Tripolitza. It was dark before we pitched our tent near a deserted khan, and under a village an hour and a half short of our original destination.

June 11.—I found it would save time to take in my way to Tripolitza, the villages of Palaio Episkopi, and Agios Sosti,—the site of

ancient Tegea. We arrived at Piali in an hour. The vestiges of ancient edifices in most of the Greek villages generally find their way into the walls of the church or the well's mouth; and in these two places I found a few fragments, which indicate that some marble edifice has once stood at Piali. Beyond a corn field stands the dilapidated church of Palaio Episkopi: its outer walls are nearly entire, and are composed of blocks, fragments of cornices and columns, intermingled with some regular brickwork; so that the whole is really neatly patched together. Some travellers had recently excavated and turned up a few broken shafts of columns and fragments of little importance. On going behind the church, I clearly distinguished a curved line of stonework, which had evidently formed part of a theatre; and with this, as a given magnitude, I traced, by the features of the ground, the proper continuation, and convinced myself of the fact. This, therefore, may have been the theatre built by Perseus the Macedonian; and the remains which still lie scattered around the church, or are inserted in its walls, will sufficiently attest its splendour. The church is surrounded by a wall, like that of St. Andrew's at Patras: the enclosure is spacious, and no doubt was held sacred: the whole may be as old as the epoch of the Crusades.

Across another corn-field is the village and church of Agio Sosti. A few pieces of marble in the walls

of the church, and two columns supporting the roof inside, are all that indicate this to be an ancient site. It is supposed by some to have been the Tegean citadel; and even if it were, supposing the city to have extended as far as Piali, it would not have been altogether larger than Mantinea, on the other hand, Mantinea had no citadel at all: the traces of Tegea, therefore, are, upon the whole, very slight; and it must be sheer conjecture to assign any of those remnants in particular to the famous Temple of Minerva Alea. From the top of Agio Sosti is a commanding view of the plain of Tripolitza. In three quarters of an hour we reached the once Turkish capital of the Morea.

The siege and sack of this city, in 1822, by the Greeks, forms one of the most important, but hideous, features in their revolution. Colonel Gordon calculates the number of slaughtered Turks at 8000. Ipsilanti performed all the preparatory measures, and then left Colocotroni to finish the operation. That chieftain did attempt to put a stop to the general massacre of the Turkish women and children; but he set the most prominent example of plunder, for the sake of which the massacre was continued. The heroine Bobolina, too, stained her hands with bribes and ravaged booty as deeply as any hero of Greece. In 1829, Ibrahim Pacha took vengeance on the defenceless walls. He left but one solitary habitation standing; and that, at the solicitation of a friend.

The town is now rising again upon and among its old ruins ; but the new government has turned its eye upon Sinano, as a more desirable residence for the Nomarch.

The three cities out of which Tripolitza, as its name (Τρεις πόλεις) imports, was formed, are not really known ; but Tegea and Mantinea may fairly be considered as two of them, and perhaps Pallantium was the third. The mountains which surround it are, for the most part, of a barren and unfruitful aspect. Even Mount Mænalion, the residence of Pan himself, has scarcely a tree visible upon it. The plain, which may rather be denominated high tableland than a valley, is 2600 feet above the level of the Egean Sea. The most distinguished peaks around it are the Mænalion, Parthenius, and Artemision. In a labyrinth of ruins, amidst which new houses are scattered as if on purpose to beguile the footsteps, we sought a shelter from the sun ; and after having explored the waste places, were directed to something like a street ; and above a café we found an unfurnished chamber by no means to be despised. In a little time we were visited by the Nomarch's secretary, to whom a letter of recommendation had been sent. He pronounced all around us to be in a perfect state of tranquillity ; and had he seen us a quarter of an hour after his departure, he might also have pronounced the English travellers to be in a perfect state of repose.

At half past two o'clock P.M. we proceeded towards the celebrated ruins of Mantinea. For the first hour the road runs along the plain at the foot of the Mount Mænalion, until it arrives at a prominent mountain, which descends into and gradually blends with the plain. This natural barrier, together with a wall whose vestiges may be distinctly traced, formed the frontier line between the Tegeans and their rivals. After passing this line, the road turns round the mountain and enters a more cheerful country. The eye is refreshed with vineyards and trees, and tall hedges fence the green path on both sides; and after passing the sluggish Ophis, the plain opens wide, and tempts the rider to redouble his speed. The monastery of Schipiana soon appears on the grey mountain which screens the plain of Argos from view; and at the lower end of the valley, overlooked by a mount called Grutzuli, and where the ground assumes a marshy appearance, are the singular remains of Mantinea. The walls are best preserved in that part which first presents itself on approaching from Tripolitza. Here alone appear three rows of stones above ground: the masonry is far more perfect and finished than any I had seen, but not quite out of the polygonal shape. The intervals of about thirty or forty feet, square tower project: there are about 118 of these in the wall circuit; and there were ten gates, well defended. The form of the city is elliptical, being about

miles in circumference. It is surrounded by a foss formed by the river Ophis, which, however, was nearly dry when I saw it. On the north side of the city, this river, after making the serpentine course which its name denotes, leaves the walls and discharges itself into a "Katabathron," or outlet. This, Agesipolis, King of Sparta, stopped up by an embankment, which caused the water to rise to the height of the "unbaked brick" wall, forming the upper part of the fortifications: the lower part of the walls, being of stone, as they are now remaining, resisted the pressure of the fluid; but the hardened clay gave way, and thus was Mantinea taken by water. It must, however, be observed, that if those walls were built after the battle of Leuctra (B.C. 371) as some suppose, they cannot be identified with those which the King of Sparta so successfully assailed; but there can be no doubt that they were built precisely upon the same plan. The Emperor Hadrian embellished this city much, in honour of Antinous, who was a native of Bythynium, a colony of Mantinea. Many and splendid were the works of art which adorned this city of Epaminondas. Pausanias enumerates works of Praxiteles, Alcamenes, and others; but of these, or the edifices which contained them, nothing is left. A small theatre may be recognised, near which is a well of excellent water: there are also some lines to be traced, indicating, perhaps, the original direction of the streets. The

surface of the city is partially cultivated, and I saw two ploughs at work in it. It stands in a most delightful solitude, where "where many a flower is born to blush unseen;" and if ever a road of communication is established with Argos, this valley would become one of the most desirable abodes in the Morea.

The place where Epaminondas saw the end of the battle, and then expired, was thirty stades from Mantinea, on the road to Pallantium. The road passed through a grove called Pelagos; and there the Bœotians came into heavy conflict with the cavalry of the Lacedæmonians and their allies. The grove was near the frontier line, and the place where the great Theban died was Scopè. With these indications it is scarcely possible to err. In returning towards Tripolitza, I bore them in mind; and in repassing the rock of Scopè, I thought it seemed to tell, in silent eloquence, the matchless renown of Epaminondas: but no pillar such as Pausanias saw now marks his grave; his only monument is the inviolable circuit of Mantinea's walls, and his pillar, the projecting rock which overlooks the naked land where once was the ensanguined grove. The splendid history of those classic days, mingled with the romance and poetry of Arcadia, gives life to these rural scenes. They still nourish large flocks of sheep, and the shepherd's reed is yet turned over all the plain. Pallantium, wherever it may be, revived

my recollections of poor Evander; and with him, Rome and the Campagna. Thus easily led by associations, I retraced the path to Tripolitza; and arrived in the cool of the evening, and whilst the sun was sinking behind the Mænalian chain.

June 12. — This morning, being provided with a better set of horses, and having exchanged our Polish muleteer (with whom we had set out from Napoli, beguiled by the heroic name), for a Greek one of Tripolitza, we took the path to Megalopolis or Sinäno. For the first three hours we travelled chiefly through naked valleys and rocky glens, leaving Pthana (a village which some have called Palantium) on the left, at about three miles' distance from Tripolitza. At the end of the three hours, we halted at a spring which issues from the root of a rugged mountain. I took this to be one of the sources of the Alpheius, or, to speak more correctly, one of the places where it re-appears before it again becomes invisible. There are other springs about the spot, which all run down into a marshy plain lying on the left; and this I take to be the ground, in the territory of Tegea, where Pausanias makes the river enter.* I did not go by the ancient Asea, where it again re-appears; but continued under the mountain, until we entered upon a

* Dodwell has traced the course of the Alpheios in Paucania, but evidently not in the Morea. See *Travels*, vol. i. p. 323.

wider plain, and had some wooded hills in view: an extensive grassy valley lay on our left. After this we passed a low rocky eminence, and entered a forest of stunted ilex.

Continuing through defiles, we arrived at the top of the mountains which form the N. E. barrier of the plain of Sinano. The name of the passage I understood to be Plithigla. A splendid scene here bursts upon the view. The Nomian chain of mountains rises opposite in all the beauty of romantic rock and forest; the mountain sides in every direction are smiling with corn or verdure; deepening glens and wooded knolls form a pleasing variety wherever the eye chances to alight: but towards the "sources" of the Alpheius an extensive forest girds the plain, which, in all its surface, exhibits scarcely any signs of habitations, except those that stand around the tall cypress tree of Megalopolis: not the hospitable shade of a tree, however, welcomes the sun-scorched traveller as he approaches the village of Sinano. A superior peasant invited us into the rustic gallery of his house, and spread his cleanest carpets. He professed to be glad to have the visits of such travellers as ourselves, but prayed that no more Turks might ever again reach his native plains. He said he could recollect the time when a party of travelling Mussulmen, instead of asking for a reception as we did, would have at once taken forcible possession of his house, ordered him to set before them every thing he had, and,

after heaping abuse upon both parents and children, would have taken their departure without leaving a parah for remuneration. He expressed his gratitude to the three great Powers; piously observing first, to God, for having given Greece a king, and delivered it from the yoke of the oppressor; "for now," he added, "we till the ground, and reap the fruits of our labour." It occupied us more than six hours to go from Tripolitza to Sinäno.

The city of Megalopolis renews all the recollections of its illustrious Theban founder — perhaps the finest character of all heathen antiquity. The vestiges which remain, although much concealed among the standing corn, gave me an exalted idea of the splendour of this once great city: it was six miles in circumference, and the stream of the Helisson ran through the midst of it. The theatre stood on the left bank, partly cut out of a hill; and it is the only edifice whose outlines may be clearly traced. I may, however, except a temple or portico which has lately been excavated. The whole "Cavea" of the theatre is to be distinguished, although the seats are overgrown with thick brushwood, which gives it a picturesque appearance. On each side of the Cavea are walls of a very regular construction, built for the purpose of sustaining the "proscenium" and "scena." On the opposite side of the river, with the aid of our kindly host, I found the newly excavated temple. Ten pieces of column shafts stand

upon their original basements, at an angle thus —



A female statue was found in the excavation.

His Hellenic Majesty spent four hours in going over the site of this ancient city, and intends to commence excavations on a large scale at some future time ; but if Cleomenes took away all the best things to Sparta, the labour will be attended with little profit, except that of discovering the plan of many of the buildings. I went over several fields of corn, stumbling over columns and fragments, which, although often broken and prostrate, have evidently never been removed from their original places. Colocotroni took away the stones on the upper part of the theatre to build a monastery with, which may be seen from Megalopolis, on the side of a richly wooded mountain.

We now continued our journey down the plain, which assumes the character of a valley, to the village of Bromesella, where the Hellison with another stream joins the Alpheius. Here we turned nearly at a right angle towards the north ; the shadows began to fall upon the Nomian mountains which close the plain on the left ; and, after an hour and a half's journey more, we turned off the path and ascended to the village of Maurias, where we set

up our tent for the night. This village bears S. of the mountains of Leondàri, below it is the glen of Vathy Rheuma, which Pausanias says contained a volcano. Ibrahim Pacha did not even spare this secluded spot; he destroyed the houses, and took away all the cattle, except one single cow. The peasants who came around us related how fifteen Greeks took refuge in a building on the hill above us, but were taken and put to a cruel death by the relentless Egyptian.—“And do you not feel grateful to that Providence,” I could not but observe, “who has delivered you from the hand of such an enemy, and given you peace and security under a government of your own?”—“We first thank God,” said an old man, “and then the three Powers!” We were soon supplied with abundance of milk and eggs. The outlines of the Lycæan mountains by moonlight, and their beautiful hues at sunrise, called forth a tribute of my admiration, and raised my words of prayer to notes of praise! But there is a work more wonderful in its contrivance, and more lovely in its aspect, than even the works of creation, and in the contemplation thereof the Creator's praise is turned upon redeeming love in thanksgiving and the voice of melody!

June 13. — Having descended again to the Alpheus, we proceeded along its banks among vineyards lying on their gentle slopes, and in three quarters of an hour arrived at the picturesque bridge

of Karitěna. The main arch reposes upon two rocks, its natural foundation; and the vault is half concealed by ivy. The river has here cleft its own way through the rocks, and continues to flow around the fortress in so deep a bed, that after ascending a few steps from the bridge it is lost sight of. The town of Karitěna now consists of about 100 houses scattered round the high cliff where Colocotroni's house and the fortress above it stand. From the summit of the rock we had a delightful prospect of the country of Elis, and looked back on part of the plain of Megalopolis: the Mount Taygetus rises in the distance beyond it: the village of Dragomani bears south; Florio, supposed to be the ancient Malpea, S. E.; and in the direction of N. E. we looked towards Gorthys, and the mountains which rise majestically above it. The whole scene is splendid, and worthy of the poetic fame which, not without reason, it once acquired as the favoured abode of the rustic deities.

The dismantled fortress occupies the whole summit of the rock, which rises between two mountains, and fills up the interval, except where the Alpheius has cleft its own passage. In the middle of the fifteenth century, Karitěna was one of the principal towns in the Morea, and cannot be far from the site of the ancient Brenthes. The fortress, probably the work of the Venetians, was erected for the purpose of defending this important communi-

cation between the maritime and the interior districts ; the modern repairs were made by the hero of Kari-tēna. Upon a lower platform of the rock stands his house—a small paltry building, not out of keeping with the condition and character of a brigand chief. A round tower stands at one end of it, and a square turret at a corner, with some small projecting batteries ; and close by it is a chapel. The house was occupied by an interesting looking-female, whom I understood to be the wife of Colocotroni's son-in-law : her countenance wore a tinge of melancholy, yet she opened the rooms of the castle for our inspection with unaffected civility. In one of the rooms, a sword and pistols were suspended on the rough wainscoting, and parts of a military uniform were lying in disorder. These, she said, were her husband's accoutrements, who had gone to Napoli to see his father-in-law ; and, until his return, she was left alone upon the fortress rock. The Greeks, who had voluntarily accompanied us as guides from the town, here began to show a little interest in the fate of their renowned countryman : they knew he had been condemned to death the previous Saturday, but they felt confident the King would commute the penalty for imprisonment. They already begin to tell of his narrow escapes and his bold adventures : they point out the caverns where he hid his few troops, and the stone on which he sat down and wept when he was abandoned by them : and, perhaps, in the

next generation, his name will pervade the district, and be associated with the spectres which haunt his ruined castle.

After laying in a store of provisions, we left Karitena, and descended by a most rugged path nearly to the junction of the Gorthynius and Alpheius: a hill overlooks their convergence, with a single tree growing upon it. Sir William Gell observed some vestiges of antiquity, and thinks the place was called Rhætea. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery in continuing to ascend by the river Gorthynius; its banks are lofty, and so clothed with green fern, that at a little distance it appears like rich vines. Plane trees almost meet in luxuriant foliage across the crystal stream; and as we advance, the rocks assume a bolder appearance, until they are over-ruled by the lofty mountains. After passing the bridge, we went up to the village of Atchicolo, thinking to find Gorthys there; but we ought to have pursued the course of the river for half an hour beyond the bridge: but having reposed at Atchicolo under the shade of wide-spreading beech trees, we were conducted by the Papas to the ruins of Gorthys. This ancient χωριον, or village, as Pausanias calls it, is placed on a very high precipitous rock above the river: some of its walls and of two entrance gates are standing, the masonry of which is striking and well compacted; it is of a polygonal construction, and may be considered, in the third degree, an improvement of the Cyclopean. There is a water-

course cut through the wall, and the gate has had its propylæ. There is a platform, on which a temple, perhaps of *Æsculapius*, has stood; but I saw no columns; and the Papas, protesting he knew nothing of either columns or temples, conducted me to the path I meant to pursue; and there in mutual ignorance and good-will we parted.

I proceeded in a westerly direction, and passed a rugged mountain, amidst wild holly bushes which sometimes tore the baggage from off our horses; and after half an hour from the place where I regained the path from Gorthys, came to a green plat which lasted ten minutes more: the whole I estimated at an hour and a quarter from Atchicolo. As this is a passage I have not seen described, — for travellers generally return by the Gorthynius and the *Alpheius* to reach A. Janni, — I continued to mark well the distances. The descent from the green plat to a dry torrent occupies fifty minutes; the path still lies among bushes, and a road branches off from the torrent bed to the left; in five minutes more a Top; houses appear on the right, and a fine view is obtained of a place called Kalyvia. A beautifully wooded defile now commences beneath a red mountain on the right. The path runs in the bed of the torrent, and in one hour from the "Top" reaches a delightful source of water, springing at the root of a plane tree. Proceeding now in a northerly direction, the village of Mades is seen on a height S. W.: some vines; and then a rough descent to a torrent bed surrounded by

much corn, twenty-five minutes. On the right a beautiful glen runs up towards a village situated on a mountain. Fifteen minutes from thence are vestiges of an ancient town, which may have been Buphagium; ten minutes further, I arrived under the village of Kokura, near a source; and it was now time to halt for the night. The range of mountains which we had continually in view on the S. W. exhibits a great variety of rural mountainous scenery; the foliage and corn-fields, richly intermingling, run up to the very summits; and in the distance we gain occasional glimpses of the blue mountains which bound the plain of Elis.

June 14. — Leaving the village of Kokura, after forty-five minutes we came to a source which descends from a rock. The Alpheius begins to be seen; and we soon arrive at Anazyri, one of the neatest villages in the Morea. At the further distance of three quarters of an hour we reach the village of A. Ianni, supposed to be the ancient Hærea of Arcadia. I saw nothing to indicate its antiquity, however, except some trifling pieces of marble in and about the church; but the situation is pretty; it overlooks the windings of the Alpheius, and looks well into the woody region of Arcadia. A. Ianni, sometimes contracted into Yanni, and expanded into Agios Iohanni, means St. John. The distance from Atchicolo, as I have traced it, is five hours and a half; but, perhaps, without the incumbrance of

much baggage, it might be performed in four hours and three quarters.

From the village of St. John, we descended to the level of the river, and in forty-five minutes came to the Ladon. It was unusually full of water; which was owing, as I was told, to the bursting of a fountain of the Limne, from whence the river issues. It flows, according to Pausanias, from the country of the Clætorii. Before joining the Alpheius, it makes a turn, and then falls into it at the "Crow's Island." The Hill of Palatia escaped my notice. We left the village of Belesh, near which Coræbus, the first Olympic victor, is supposed to have had his grave, on the right; and, in thirty-eight minutes, we came to the Erymanthus, which was fordable. It descends from the celebrated mountain of that name. After travelling for one hour more, close by the river, among plane-trees and partial cultivation, we selected the shade of the largest for the noonday's repose. The beauties of the banks of the Alpheius are almost unrivalled; and for three hours and a quarter we passed through the most delightful and varied landscapes. With nature alone, however, must the stranger hold converse, for he will see no signs of habitations, and seldom meet a human countenance; but, how eloquent is that nature, and how well it supplies the absence of mankind! On the right bank of the river, the path runs through, and under, and above,

the most luxuriant foliage. Oleanders mingle with the plane-tree, and the black and the green firs. The windings of the Alpheius (now become a majestic stream) glimmer through the thick shade, and lead the way towards Olympia; whilst the opposite banks break continually into the most enchanting scenery, with large wooded glens and defiles opening at repeated intervals. In passing opposite Palaio Phanaro, we inquired for the ferry, but could hear of none, nor, indeed, obtain any information at all about crossing the river, until we arrived at the village of Miraka.

This village consists of a few poor huts and a ruined Pyrgo, to show that the Turkish aga is now there no more. The position, however, is at once rural and classically interesting; it overlooks the Olympic vale, and perhaps occupies the very site of the ancient Pisa. From hence, with the fresh evening before us, we made our excursion to Andilalla, or Olympia; and what spot of Greece so interesting? —

If the love of Pisa's vale
Pleasing transports can inspire'

A descent by a steep path from Miraka leads into a small valley, richly wooded, and enclosed by picturesque hills: a small brick ruin is then passed, and, after a few paces, we turn through some corn fields, and enter the upper or eastern end of the far-famed vale. We must take for granted the names which investigating travellers have bestowed

upon the apparent sites of ancient buildings.* A little valley opens on the right, encircled by low hills, except at the extremity which communicates with the main valley, and this was the *Stadium*. The space, at least, is well adapted. On the left are the more evident appearances of the Hippodrome. The Mount Gronium rises overlooking the Alpheius, on the northern side of the vale, and nearly at the foot of it are the remains of the temple of the Olympic Jove.

This far-famed edifice was erected, according to Pausanias, on a consecrated piece of ground, called the *Altis*, an antique word, appropriated to the sacred enclosure, and made use of by Pindar; who farther tells us, that the hallowed area was set apart and dedicated to Jupiter by Hercules himself. The temple was built in the Doric style, surrounded by a colonnade: the whole was composed of a beautiful species of *marble* found in the country. Its height to the roof was 68 feet, its breadth 95, and its length 230. The architect was Libon, a native of Pisa. The roof was not covered with earthen tiles, but with marble brought from the Mount Pentelicus, and cut into the form of tiles. Recent excavations have thrown out more of this stupendous edifice than former travellers have noticed.

* For a topographical plan of Olympia, as well as of other cities of ancient Greece, Colonel Leake's *Morea* will be consulted with most advantage; his written descriptions are also all made with severe accuracy.

A great number of column shafts, broken indeed, but often standing in their original places, serve to indicate the plan of the whole. With those remains, and the detailed account given by Pausanias, it would not be difficult to restore it, but the splendid statues it contained can never be restored unless brought to light by future excavations, when a few of these works may be recovered. The Doric columns which yet remain are more than seven feet in diameter. They are of stone, which is entirely composed of shells, and they have been covered with fine stucco, to make them appear like marble, for which they seem to have been mistaken by Pausanias, unless he meant to call the material "marble of the country." A quantity of fragments of real marble, of many kinds, have been turned up in digging, and they now lie scattered within the precincts, ready to furnish the architectural student with authority for his restorations. That part of the pavement which was immediately in front of the marvellous statue, was composed, we are told, of black marble, and surrounded with a circular rim of Parian marble, raised about it like a step, on purpose to contain the oil which was poured into it, to preserve the ivory from injury; for, owing to the marshy nature of the Altis, damp arose out of the ground, which it was necessary to provide against. I found several pieces of black marble which appeared to have belonged to a pavement.

The Pelopeium Metroum, and Temple of Juno,

and a variety of other objects which once embellished the vale, I leave to more diligent observers. I saw no other ruins, except some Roman sepulchres of a curious shape, and some small masses of brick-work. I rather was inclined to look over the rich and classic region, and people it anew with the assembled thousands that came to celebrate the great games, which even Paul the Apostle did not disdain to allude to. Long before the day that Herodotus, in reading his history, drew tears from the boy Thucydides, to the time when Theodosius put an end to the games of Jupiter, this Pisæan vale had honour and sanctity in the eyes of successive generations. For near 800 years it regulated the very march of time, kept alive the hopes and fears of the most civilised nations on earth, and inspired an emulation, which the reward of a "corruptible crown" could hardly be thought to create.

Happy he whose glorious brow
 Pisa's honor'd chaplets crown;
 Calm his stream of life shall flow,
 Shelter'd by his high renown;
 That alone is bliss supreme,
 Which, unknowing to decay,
 Still with ever-shining beam
 Gladdens each succeeding day.

*"Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown,
 but we an incorruptible."*

The prize in the Olympic games was a crown

made of the branches of a wild olive; in the Isthmian, which were dedicated to Neptune, of the branches of a pine tree; in the Nemæan, celebrated in honour of Hercules, it was a crown of parsley; and in the Pythian, in honour of Apollo, it was of laurel. The crowns, which long since faded on each successive brow, might be renewed out of this lovely vale, where the bounty of nature still causes to flourish in the midst of the solitude, the wild olive, the laurel, and the pine tree. It is this solitude which now inspires our veneration, as if it proclaimed its final victory over the vain revelry which once struck its reverberate rocks, and the crown which it wears at sunset, as I now see it, is the glorious light shed over the varied tops of the mountains that close it in! Wrapt in some such train of reflection, I returned to Miràka,

Through the famed Altis of Olympic Jove.

We found our tent disposed in a position which combined the tastes of the Greeks of Tripolitza, the Suliote sergeant, and Agostino of Zante. It was situated near enough to the village to have free access to the merriment; it was upon a cliff high enough to enjoy the mountain air, and it stood under the luxuriant shade of a fig-tree: near the door was the edge of the cliff, upon which we could sit with feet suspended; the delighted eye ran among the valleys until it reposed upon an opposite ridge; a

single tree stood leaning from its summit, and as the sun sank behind it, it appeared like an object floating in an ocean of "living light." On the following morning, from the same spot, I saw the sun rise upon the renowned vale. The light broke first upon the rock Typœum, which recalled to memory the boldness and fate of Callipatira, the luckless female that paid the penalty of looking on forbidden objects. Our preparations being made for crossing the river, we descended from Miràka to the only place where it is fordable, even in the dry season. In three quarters of an hour we arrived on the left bank, escorted by half a dozen of the villagers ; and out of the ten horses, with their burdens, living or lifeless, not one was rolled in the stream ! Our principal guide was an old man, who, having left his shoes on the right bank, accompanied us barefoot amongst thorns and briars nearly up to the site of Palaio Phanáro. This village, which now only exists in a few ruins, is supposed to mark the site of the ancient Phrixos. We travelled among oleanders, firs, and plane trees for one hour and twenty minutes, and then passed through a rock rent, where marks of an earthquake may be observed. Forty minutes beyond, the river banks unfold themselves in a plain, which is enriched with shady trees, and brings, in looking back, the pointed mountain of Palaio Phanaro into full view. A pretty glen soon opens on the right, and after twenty minutes we arrived at a few huts,

which the peasants called Kotsukera. The path now leaves the river banks and takes a S. E. direction ; the village of Asprospiti appears on the opposite bank, and in five minutes a fine view of the Mœnalion chain is obtained : we then descend again to the level of the river, into a beautifully wooded glen, which occupies ten minutes : the path continues to ascend and descend among fern and fir trees until it places us opposite the river Erymanthus, in thirty-five minutes. We had now reached a brook, and sought the shady repose which a few laurels overhanging it afforded ; and here we reared our Sabbath altar.

At the distance of half an hour from our place of rest, we finally left the Alpheiüs, nearly opposite the " Isle of Crows," and in one hour and five minutes ascended to the village of Tzaka. From this elevated station there is a splendid view : the Mount Olonos is distinguished by its isolated top ; the chain of the Erymanthus is seen in all its towering majesty, and towards the east are a number of peaks which run to join the Mœnalion. The village of Tzaka is built among walnut and other broad-leaved trees, and its situation, if one may judge from the goodly appearance of the inhabitants, is most healthy. We still continued to ascend from it for twenty-five minutes, and in thirty-five more arrived opposite a monastery nestled under a rock : in thirty-five minutes more we passed a bridge in a cultivated valley, and then achieving a steep ascent, which

cost an hour, we followed the path as it wound round the hills until it alights upon AndritzĚna. I thus calculate the distance from Mirāka, including the fording of the Alpheius, at ten hours, or thirty miles.

AndritzĚna, which was entirely destroyed by Ibrahim Pacha in 1825, has now about 300 houses: about a third of them form one street; the rest are scattered on the mountain side, and produce a picturesque effect: there are also habitations on the knolls above, called Upper AndritzĚna. The valleys beneath are fertile, and in a higher state of cultivation than is usually seen in the Morea. Corn and wine form the chief productions. Our room, which we procured for a lodging, was soon filled with visitors, who considered it a sort of duty to bid strangers welcome. In return for their civility, it is expected that the strangers give some account of themselves, and answer to the question, which has been faithfully transmitted—"Is there any thing new?" Our querists, though living in a region so secluded, were well acquainted with the politics of the day. The chief speaker discussed the merits of the separate treaty which Russia had made with the Porte, and was not unacquainted with the quadruple alliance: he tendered his thanks to England for the interest and part she had taken in their struggle for independence; and to this sentiment all the rest, like Homer's Greeks, "murmured their consent." Amongst the number, I observed several young palikars, hand-

some in form and feature, and who appeared to pay due deference to the Mercurius of the party, a respect which his superior knowledge had secured him. This I was soon enabled to account for; he had lived a good while at Napoli, and had held an inferior office under Capodistrias. He spoke Italian, and had some knowledge of European literature. "We are now," he said, "beginning to reap the benefit of our independence; the fields which you now see cultivated around us were, but a few years ago, a wild waste: the faces which now smile, and the eye which is now brilliant, were, but lately, dull and melancholy. It is true we must still labour and toil, but then our labour is for ourselves." "It were well," I replied, "that you also laboured for the meat that perisheth not;" a sentence which he comprehended and assented to; and after a few observations more, we were left to our repose. The town of Fanari, which stands on the top of a mountain, one hour and a half from Andritzèna, is still in ruins.

June 16.—At twenty minutes past six o'clock we ascended to the upper town, and soon came to the place where the two roads branch off respectively, leading to Amphelone, and to Bassæ or "the Columns." Taking the latter, the Mount Analipsi soon appeared on the left, and afterwards the Palaio Castro of Fanari, perched on the summit of a high mountain. The path winds down glens, and round the sides of mountains, amidst the shades of spread-

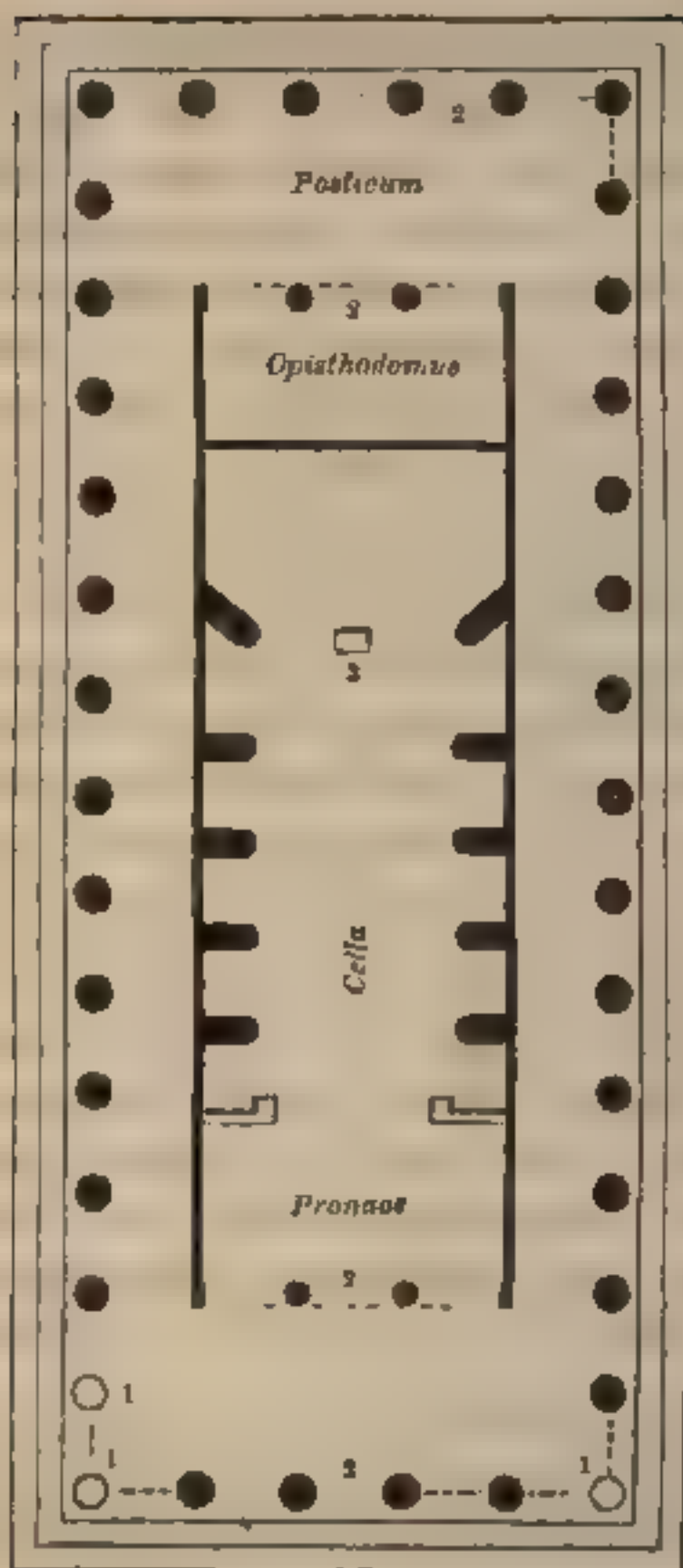
ing oaks ; so that the journey becomes delightful to those who travel it in the summer. At the end of one hour and twenty-five minutes, the Gulf of Arcadia comes into view. After proceeding fifteen minutes further, we discover the village of Vernizza, in a valley only separated from the coast by a thin chain of mountains. After a steep ascent, we came down immediately upon the beautiful Temple of Bassæ, having been two hours and five minutes from Andritzēna.

The singular situation of this temple, the celebrity which it has acquired from the marbles now in the British Museum, taken from it, renders it an object of breathless interest to the traveller. He hastens up the rough ascent—looks around the rocky seats, but looks in vain, until he alights almost upon the top of the Epistylia. Standing in front of the portico, I first took a view of the interesting objects which are seen from the site. A portion of the gulph of Arcadia, with the extremity of one of the Strophades, lies W. and S. W. by W. Veering round towards the east, the eye is arrested by the mountain of Ithome, rising like an immense wave out of the plain of Messenia. The Bay of Coron describes the limits of the Morea in that direction, and the snowy peaks of Mount Taygetus bear S. E. On the east are the Nomian mountains, but the Mons Lycæus, or Dioforti, is concealed from the view by the nearer summits.

Behind the temple, N., are some rocky eminences, the last of the Mount Cotylius, with a sprinkling of aged oak trees. A few sheep were feeding below the peristyle, and a shepherd, from his temporary hut beneath the shelter of a rock, brought us, unsolicited, of his rustic stores. The temple was erected by the architect Icthinus to Apollo Epicourios, or the Helper; because he averted a plague which infested the people of the district of Phigalea. It is remarkable for the elegance of its proportions, and the beauty of its ornaments, as the bas-reliefs in the British Museum sufficiently attest.* If we except the Theseium at Athens, perhaps there is no temple in Greece remaining so well preserved. A rough sketch of the ground plan is all I shall venture to substitute for an architectural description.

In an hour, by a rugged path, we descended from the temple to the village of Schleru, so called, as some have thought, from the *roughness* of the mountain (*σκληρας*). From hence we made an ascent to the top of the Mount Lycæus, which occupied us one hour and a half on horseback, and half an hour on foot. This mountain contends with the Mount Tetræze (a peak in the same chain, bearing S. by E.) for the honour of Pan's divinity. It is situated in a

* The Phigalean marbles were discovered in 1812 by a company of artists and amateurs. For a pleasing, as well as instructive account of the excavation, see Donaldson's illustrations in the supplementary volume of Stuart's Antiquities.



central part of Arcadia, and so isolated as to make the panoramic view of the distant objects complete. Although the atmosphere was not very clear (it was about mid-day), many of the distant mountains and promontories of the Peloponnesus were brought into view. Looking first towards the Gulf of Arcadia (the ancient "Cyparissius Sinus") I distinguished the Isles Strophades, bearing nearly N.W. After running over a line of blue ocean, the eye reposes for a moment upon the Cape Katocholo, and even reaches the Mount Olonos, rising out of the plains of Elis. A nearer object, in the same direction, is the point of Palaio Phanaro, overlooking the Alpheius, at the place where we crossed that river; and this directs the view to the vale of Pisa and the whole district of Olympia. The blue hills, which form a soft barrier to Elis, bear nearly N., and the towering Erymanthus, with its peak, raised like a human finger, succeeds by a few more points to the East. The high chain is interrupted in the N.E. direction by the nearer mountains beyond the Alpheius, and then comes the lofty Cyllene; but, veering round to the east, a sea of mountains gradually falls away into the plains of Sinano, E.S.E., and the snowy tops of Taygetus rise into the clouds on the south, and then descend in graduated slopes to the plains of Messenia: those plains are partly hid from view by the nearer mountains, but the eye catches the summit of the Mount Ithome. To com-

plete the panorama, a monotonous chain, of not high mountains, bounds the prospect from Ithome to the Arcadian gulf. "In Coron's bay" I saw no "galleys light," and was left to imagine the haunts of the Corsair about that solitary shore. The undulated surface immediately below reminded me of the view from Rigi Culm; and a few passing clouds threw fitful shades over the waving sides of the mountain. Such were the scenes which the Lycæan Pan saw when he looked over his own Arcadia. The sound of his pipe is still heard at the root of his mountain; and it is to be expected that he will again have many flocks and herds to survey and tend. On a peak, about 100 feet lower than the summit, are some remains of a castro, and this often presupposes a building of antiquity. The pastoral god might have had an altar here, or an *ædicula*. After the first half-hour's descent we found a shepherd "*lacte abundans*;" and in one hour and a half from thence, descended to the village of Amphelone: there, under the shadow of a large walnut tree, we were glad to repose.

Amphelone is situated in a deep, broken valley, abounding in streams, springs, and pasturage; and the same kind of scenery, admitting of the richest variety, continues for two hours in the direction of Leondari. The shade of trees overhanging the path, the thick-wooded sides of the more lofty mountains, the innumerable springs, and the fertility of the

deep little valleys which occur on every side, render this pass, whence issues the Neda, worthy of the reputation of the old Nomian regions. On gaining the summit of the passage, a magnificent view bursts forth from the plains of Sinano: the fine forests which lie at the distant extremities, are girt by a low barrier of mountains, and overlooked from afar by the huge Taygetus. In about twenty minutes, by a steep descent, we came down to a newly-built village, which appears to have grown out of a *Dervouni*. A group of children at school, under the primitive roof of a spreading oak, first attracted our attention, and led us to a spot, which was too inviting to be passed by that evening. The teacher of this little throng appeared to be a peasant, who, having acquired the art of reading, was teaching it to others for the pure love of communicating his knowledge: this is a prominent trait in the Greek character,—their love of learning, and of being in any way engaged in the pursuit, is remarkable. In ancient times, it made them all orators and poets, and it is devoutly to be hoped, that henceforth it will make them enlightened Christians. The tattered books which these children used, contained sentences chiefly of a religious nature, and various portions of the gospels; and when I asked them to read, they readily complied with the request, and the rustic school-master smiled at the result of his labour. At a little distance from the school, I saw a company of men

listening to one who was reading aloud, and I then thought I had alighted upon a reading community ; but the document turned out to be an edict which the Nomarch had just issued, enjoining certain restrictions upon the use of common pasturage, and to check the practice of one turning his horses or his cattle into his neighbour's field : this system the Arcadians had, of course, derived from their former masters, the Turks. I shall not soon forget the oak tree and the rural scenes of Dervouni.

June 17.—We now left the Nomian mountains and proceeded towards Leondâri. For the first hour the scenery was lovely, and during the second almost equally delightful. The Chimpârrou, whence issues the source of the Alpheius, rose frequently conspicuous beyond the plain. I turned aside to see the now ruined Pyrgo of Delhi Hassan. It is situated upon an eminence sufficiently high to command all, without losing any of the beauties of, the plains of Sinâno. In this neighbourhood Mr. Dodwell found the vestiges of Lykosoura ; but he would now find no Aga of Delhi Hassan to interrupt his search. The town stands in lonely ruins, and the fragments of marble inserted in the walls remain as the only monument of Turkish barbarity. In four hours and a half from Dervouni, we reached Leondâri. This town still presents the miserable remnants of Turkish devastation : a few habitations are rebuilt, and even a street formed or forming ; but in the uneven valley,

which is screened, by some low hills, from the view of Sináno, I found nothing but ruinous heaps of stones and battered walls. We reposed under the portico of the church, which also served as a school for children: from it is seen the cone-shaped hill, at the base of which Leondári stands. There are the remains of some fortress walls, coeval with the Venetian times: the building must have been extensive, and capable of offering a stout resistance; indeed, we know that Leondári was a considerable town in the fifteenth century. The portico of the church is supported by some marble columns, evidently ancient, and, as I was informed, were brought from the ruins of Megalopolis; but Leuctron was nearer, and may have stood upon the very spot. My conversation with the Papas led me to speak of the church, which he said was founded by the Emperor Andronícus: this would be in the fourteenth century, which I thought highly probable. The pavement inside has some traces of tessellated work, very like that which I saw at Megaspilion. The Papas would hardly allow me time to examine it, but hurried me to an inner sanctuary, where I thought some object of greater interest awaited me. I found a naked altar, with a book lying upon it, which I opened and began to read. It contained one of the gospels, and some prayers taken from St. Basil. The priest took this opportunity of appealing to my generosity; and, for the value of a

single drachma, I was put into complete possession of the church, and left alone to pursue my reflections. From Leondāri, to a village situated on a hill to the left called Peribolia, I found to be five hours. The details given of this route by Sir William Gell are most accurate: it offers much rural beauty, and occasionally are found slight vestiges of ancient villages and temples. The path runs between the mountains Cerana and Chimara; and the village of St. Basil is seen high up the latter on the left. The latter part of the journey lay through a country not agreeable in its aspect, nor was the spot which we were obliged to adopt for the night, near Peribolia, at all enchanting; but a most glowing sunset, a blaze of unclouded light in heaven, more than recompensed the dulness of earth.

June 18.—I was more pleased with the scene when I saw the early sun-beams glittering in the Eurotas. This river winds through a valley in which there is corn, pasturage, and some vines: at the end of an hour and a half, it runs among mountains, and the path frequently ascends its banks. At about an hour and a quarter short of Mistra, we ceased to follow the river, and, turning to the right, soon gained the top of a low passage which commands the first view of Mistra and its celebrated plain. The enraptured eye runs too eagerly to and fro over the actual scene to allow the spectator (for a while) to realise the idea that he is approaching the land of Lycurgus,

and Leonidas, and "many a worthier son than he" of Sparta!

Mistra is situated under the huge rocks of Taygetus, and near a large cleft, which exhibits strong features of the mountain having been riven asunder by some earthquake or convulsion. The town is, or rather was, divided into Upper and Lower Mistra: the upper part runs down the steep declivity of a conical mount, which is crowned by the castle, and the buildings even now, in their ruinous state, produce a very striking effect. When those houses of the upper town touch the stream of Pandeimonas, the rest of Mistra runs at the foot of the castle hill, towards the south; and, being interrupted by the slight projection of the mountain base, the habitations are again resumed, and that portion appears almost like another town. The whole resembles a picture suspended from the Taygetus, which, running out towards the south in high rocky peaks, limits the prospect with that part of itself which is called St. Elias. The plain, rich in olives and in fruit trees of all descriptions, extends far away towards the Gulf of Kolokythia, the upper end being closed in by low hills projecting from the Taygetus until they join the banks of the Eurotas. But, although Mistra is thus situated under the cool protection of a snow-topped mountain, and elevated above the plain, it is accounted unhealthy; and the ravages of the Turks, joined to a recent decision of the Greek government, that "Sparta shall be rebuilt," have decided the fate

of this city. Mistra "fuit." A few houses have been built since the disasters of 1825 ; but the greatest part of the town is a melancholy mass of ruins, without any chance of being restored.

The city, which is said once to have contained 20,000 inhabitants, will now dwindle into a village, and its dismantled fortress will be left upon the hill to point out the vicissitudes of the modern Lacedæmonia. It was, in all probability, built when old Sparta was abandoned ; and the lofty hill on which the castle stands might be thought more adapted to the warfare of the lower ages than the low mounds of Sparta. It is found in documents of the thirteenth century with the name of Myzithra, and it is called one of the chief places of the Peloponnesus. It was established as an episcopal see at an early period of Christianity : the Byzantine writers, after the revival of letters, especially Pachymer, will tell the rest. We took up our quarters at the house of the Papas, which is kept cleaner than usual, for the reception of strangers. In the cool of the evening he guided us to the ruins of Sparta.

Having crossed the Pandeleimona and the Trypè, by a bridge, we arrived within an hour at a little church of the Panaghia, which stands within the limits of ancient Sparta : in it are shut up several fragments and inscriptions, dug out of the adjoining fields, which the Papas unlocked to view. In examining the fragments, especially the inscriptions, I found many in

honour of the Emperor Antoninus, with the title of Soter ; from which I conclude that he had conferred great benefits upon the old city. On a small Hermes I found the word ΕΤΝΕΦΙΒΟΙ (*sic*), and the name of Damocrates. I then proceeded towards the hill, which is partially surrounded with some ruined walls ; and this was probably the city of Sparta contracted to its narrowest limits, previous to its final depopulation. Some suppose that these walls were the work of Julian the apostate : they might have been hastily got up to offer a feeble resistance to the tremendous scourge of the Goths under Alaric ; but then we learn that Sparta, as well as Corinth and Argos, surrendered to their victorious arms without resistance. But, whoever made the walls, they must be considered as belonging to a low period of the empire ; and the more ancient theatre has been made subservient to the fortification of the hill. The theatre, indeed, is the only object that can, with certainty, be accounted a remnant of ancient Sparta : it contains, or rather it exhibits, but little of its old materials ; the form is perfectly preserved ; and Colonel Leake has remarked, that, whilst the proscenium is Roman, the rest is of Hellenic construction. The institutions of Lycurgus certainly admitted of no theatre ; and it would be difficult to say that this was made at any period earlier than Roman ascendancy. *

Sparta was a city built in a semicircular form,

* Comp. Thucid. lib. i. c. 10.

having the Eurotas, with a projecting mount, the last branch of Taygetus, for the chord or diameter: a group of five hills, more marked than those of Rome, rose about this mountain arm, and some low marshy ground lay near the Eurotas, called Limnæ. The five hills have nothing in common with the five tribes into which we know Sparta was distributed; but a very successful attempt to fix their localities has, I think, been made by Colonel Leake. He has not so well reasoned upon the hill which he chooses for the acropolis. The words of Pausanias would almost intimate that Sparta, as she had no walls, had no acropolis at all, but only that the highest of the hills was so called by the Spartana. Now, certainly, to an ordinary observer, the hill against which the theatre was backed, with all due allowance for the accumulation of stones, is the highest; nor can I think that the Agora would ever be placed on the top of a hill. But, proceeding from the theatre with Pausanias, we may feel our way to the tomb of Leonidas: it must, however, be sought for, amidst stubble and a stony soil, with the somewhat vague direction of being "opposite to the theatre." Of the Roman remains, we find traces of an aqueduct; some masses of cemented material, that might be pressed into Thermæ; and a few others quite unintelligible.

Beyond the Eurotas, at the western extremity of what may be called Sparta, is a low chain of

hills, ending in an eminence called Mount Menalium. There was only the distance of a stadium and a half between this cliff and the nearer part of the city, or, as Livy says, the walls of the city. Polybius describes the attacks of Philip upon Sparta, B. C. 218, and Livy relates the expedition of Quinctius against the tyrant Nabis; and both these writers accurately enough describe the eastern limits of the city. The Eurotas, therefore, served as a defence, and covered nearly one half of the circuit. The mount, called the projection of Taygetus, amply covered the five hills and all the best part of the city; so that the enemy, before he could attack Sparta "without walls," must get into the plain, and have Mount Taygetus in his rear: but even in this direction there are many streams, flowing sometimes in heavy torrents, especially the Cnacion. The valour of the Spartans being their only walls, may thus be thought a slight bravado; for the position, considering all things, would be very little benefitted by walls; and neither Philip, nor Quinctius, nor Philopœmen attempted to attack Sparta on the side of the plain. It is not easy to decide in what direction the cavalry of Epaminondas advanced.

The five hills, in their present state, are chiefly covered with a species of wild grass; the Theatre Hill, however, has corn both on the hollow top and on its sides. The plain below, towards the north, is also corn; but about the rivulet called Trypiôtiko, anciently the Cnacion, tobacco fields and

other plantations begin. The sun was now setting ; and in returning to Mistra I enjoyed the beauties of this extensive vale, on which Nature appears to have lavished all her bounty : and yet, as if to counter-balance the indulgence, it is bordered by a lawless tribe of barbarians, whom ten centuries have not taught to gather in peace the blessings which Providence has poured at their feet. The Mainatts are supposed by some writers to be descendants of two Slavonic tribes, the Milengi and Ezerites, who, in the ninth century, dwelt on both sides of the Mount Taygetus, and owned allegiance to the Eastern empire : Constantine Porphyrogenitus, however, considered them to be of pure Greek origin, and he affirms that they were only converted to Christianity by his grandfather Basil, the Macedonian, in the ninth century. Their language is thought to come nearer to the ancient Greek than any other dialect. If this latter view be the correct one, and they be the lineal descendants of the Eleuthero-Lacones, they stand in the same relation to the rest of Greece as the native Welsh do to England. Whilst I write, the Mainatts are in arms ; and within a march of eight or ten hours, I might see them, from their low rude towers, hurling defiance against the Bavarian troops, sent in vain to reduce them to order.

June 19th. — At five o'clock I ascended to Upper Mistra. I took my station upon the ruined walls of a house, and I had in front a high barrier of mountains, which, running down from Mount Parnon,

reaches far into Laconia : behind these the sun was rising. A projection of the Mount Taygetus obstructs the view S. W. On the north I saw some elevated ground just high enough to close in the nearer objects, and then it softly subsides into the valley of olives, orange, and all kinds of fruit trees. The bright stream of the Pandeimonas runs towards me. Behind me are the shattered walls of what once was Mistra, running up the hill, and telling of Turkish devastation up to the very summit. Now the first light has struck against the fortress ! and in the plain I discover trees of greener hue intermixing with the olive and the gloomy cypress. At this delightful hour every instant brings with the first beams an accession of beauties. Now every object is suddenly changed from shade to light, from light to dazzling brightness ; while the gleams play through the shades, and alight upon the purling streams, which had remained, without them, undetected. I could say it was one of the most enchanting spots I ever beheld, were it not for the desolation, and with that the unavoidable association of misery, *immediately* around me. Through the kindness of Mr. Lutris, the secretary of the Nomarchy, an abundance of fruit and yaourt was presented for our breakfast. Previous to our departure I paid him a visit, and he informed me of the decision to make old Sparta the capital of the province : the subdivisions, also, are to retain ancient names wherever it is practicable ;—Amyclæ, for instance (about an hour and three quarters from Mistra), will

be Amyclæ still, and lose the Slavonic name of Slavokhoû. The Nomarch was absent among the rebellious Mainatts ; and, as the Eparch gave me no encouragement to visit the gulf of Láconia, I turned my steps towards Napoli.* We left Mistra at six o'clock P. M., and returned to the little plain of Papiote, passing some remains of an aqueduct, in all probability contemporary with the walls at Sparta. Our road lay along the Eurotas, as far as a bridge, which is crossed at some risk of stumbling either up or down the steepest arch one ever met with. An ascent now begins, and continues for an hour : occasional glimpses of Mistra are obtained, and of the villages Bordhonia and Longcastra ; the last view is caught at the distance of two hours and three quarters from it. We then descended to the Han at Kravăta, now ruined : a shady tree near a brook was our substitute. This name of Kravăta is taken from a powerful Greek family which once flourished at Mistra, but, having been induced to join the Russian invasion of the Morea, the whole family was involved in ruin : there was, however, a descendant left to take a part in the late more successful revolt. The whole distance from Mistra to the site of the Kravăta Han we estimated at four hours and a quarter.

* It would have made my tour in the Morea more complete to have gone from Ampheone to Messene, and then by Nisi and Kalamata to Mistra, and this would have required two days more : but, having seen Mantinea, the walls of Messene might not, perhaps, recompense for the loss of the *Nomian mountains* on the side of Leondari.

The path we now pursued lies in the bed of a stream overshadowed with plane trees: proceeding for an hour and a half it turns more westward, having continually on each side a low barrier of mountains covered with copse. Continuing for an hour and twenty minutes more, the ravine opens at a grove of ilex; some tillage appears on the banks, and a glen, with a brook dividing it, opens on the left towards Mount Parnon. In fifteen minutes more we quit the stream, and, by a few minutes' ascent, arrive at the church of Arakhova. A mountain rises N. E. of this village, which is clad with vines and a profusion of fruit trees; the whole forms a hollow bend, like the "cavea" of a theatre, and the vineyards rise one above another not unlike the steps. After an hour's ascent there is a splendid view of Mount Taygetus and the continuous range of mountains to the west; also beyond them is distinguished the barrier which separates Maina from Bar-dounia: an insulated peak is the most distant visible object on the south. From the same spot are seen the mountains which rise between the plains of Tripolitza and Sinâno: a glimpse of the Nomian chain is caught, and of the more distant tops which overhang the Alpheius; nor are the summits beyond Nemea unseen, which were just receiving the last hues of sunset. The Mount Parnon rises immediately in front of a bleak mountain. After proceeding for a quarter of an hour further, we caught the first view

of the Argolic Gulf ; and in about half an hour more descended to Agios Petros : the distance from Sparta is thus estimated at nine hours.

The large village of St. Peter is situated on the pendant hollow of a mountain, and its houses are scattered far and wide among tobacco grounds, with most inconvenient paths to get from one place to another : one part of the village alone seems to an ordinary eye practicable. So well are the knolls and slopes covered with cultivated grounds, that we only found one scanty platform large enough to contain a tent ; this was nearly in front of Mount Farnon ; and a deeply-wooded valley fell down on the right, upon which the light of a full moon was beginning to take repose. Upon numbering the heads of men and horses, we found a Greek of Tegea missing ; and I wondered at the indifference with which his comrades informed me that he had fallen sick on the road, and they had left him. " But what is to become of the poor man ? " I exclaimed. " He will be taken care of at the first house he reaches. " " But how do you know he will reach a house ? " " He sat down upon a stone by the wayside, and the first traveller that passes by will take him to the house of the Papas. " " But, perhaps, the Papas lives far distant ? " " Then he will find some other place : hospitality is sure. " Although I did not doubt the general exercise of hospitality, yet it appeared, in this instance, to be a substitute for the principle of individual humanity ; and I proposed to

send back a messenger to seek the lost companion. Of all things that I could have proposed, this appeared to the Moreotes the most superfluous ; and I took refuge in asking if their conduct was Christian ? “ Pas de tout,” answered my own Agostino, without turning away his face from the blaze over which he was preparing his dish of rice ; and, whilst I was endeavouring to explain the Christian duty of benevolence, the poor Tegan arrived. I administered to him a cordial ; and, with a softer bed than usual, under the branches of a tree, and an additional covering over his weary limbs, he dreamt of luxury.

June 20th. — The rain fell in torrents for the first three hours of our march towards the gulf. We ascended and descended by rugged paths, having the chain of Mount Zavitza on our right, until we reached the maritime plain : here cultivation gladdens the eye, and the lively coast invites one to hasten across the fields. It took us seven hours from St. Petros to reach the small port of Astros. A jutting headland conceals this small village from the view of the Palamidi rock. On the top are buildings for which it is not easy to assign a use, considering what the habitations are beneath them. Here we took leave of our faithful guides, who, for nine days, had endured, with willing minds, more fatigue than any men of a similar description would have endured in France, Switzerland, or Italy, without an exorbitant reward ; and whoever would traverse the Morea in comfort may

safely commit themselves and their household gods to Costi of Tripolitza and his companions. We aroused from sleep the man of brief authority at Astro, to give us a permission to embark; for now that Greece has obtained a good government, *permissions* to move by water or by land are to be had in every corner. A boat, with three Psarriots, conveyed us to Napoli in two hours. The island of Spezzia was almost hid in the misty rain; but the coast of Hermionis cleared off, and the isles of Psyia, Playta, and Makronisi sometimes were bright with the rays of the sun. We landed at Napoli at four o'clock P. M., having been nine hours and a half in performing the whole journey from Agios Petros.

June 21st. — Napoli, Nauplia, or Anapli, according to the caprice of languages or persons, originally took its name from Nauplios, the fabled son of Neptune and Amymone, whose story lies about the lake of Lerna. The fort Itchkali is founded upon some remnants of old polygonal walls of less remote antiquity than Tiryns, but built previous to the Hellenic period; and, with the exception of a few trifling fragments, these walls are all that remain of ancient Nauplios: even the fountain of Kanathos may be considered as but a name. The grand and immovable feature is the great rock Palamedes, which carries on its summit a formidable fortress, built originally by the Venetians, disfigured by the Turks, and now restored or restoring by the Greeks. The reader of

the revolution will often be called upon to contemplate this citadel as the scene of many a tale of suffering ; and, perhaps, the well-grounded hopes of the people may be dated from the day that the banner of the cross was seen to wave over its mighty walls. I went up towards evening, and soon reached the walls which run up on the edge of the precipice, and form small parapets at different heights. The winged lion occurs at every corner, reminding one of more than one great change of masters. The Venetian guns, having served the Turks, still remain as heir-looms of the fortress. It is distributed into several divisions, each of which has its name ; one is called "the Devil's Portion," and the rest have titles not less formidable. In a part secluded from the rest by walls of rock, I saw the rooms preparing where Colocotroni and his nephew were to be immured ; and, after visiting the remoter turrets, I passed through a blasted rock and gained the highest point : here an extensive view opens of the Egean Sea and the Arcadian Mountains. I could discern the point of the island of Spezzia, beginning from which, the eye wanders over a wide expanse of waters : the plain of Argos and the city of Napoli are spread out at the feet like a map, and the dark waters of the bay are seen at a perpendicular depth of 800 feet. The sun began to gild the peaks of the Morea, and for a long distance the varied profile of those gigantic heights appeared in the purple hue of "parting day." But, turning towards the

Fort Tolone, I saw close at hand the tomb of Müller, a German Philhellenist, who died whilst he was in command of the fort. A harsh rock lies beyond his grave, and points out the way by which the Greeks entered the fort in 1822 ; but there were only about thirty famished Turks to resist the assault, and the wonder is that they held out so long. It was moonlight before I descended, and the Palamidi appeared to grow with the mysterious shadows.

LETTER VIII.

To Mrs. W. H. Campbell, at Geneva.

Napoh di Romania, June 23, 1834.

I RETURNED on Friday last from an eleven days' tour in the Morea ; and I never travelled in a country where there appeared to be greater personal security. Out of the eleven nights we were out, we only slept three of them in houses ; and wherever we chose to pitch our tent, we received civility from the villagers, and in no instance rudeness. We found the rustic population generally industrious, and so far given to hospitality that their milky stores were placed at our disposal, and no reflections made upon our generosity. We were respectfully greeted by the way ; and when recognised as English travellers, it seemed to inspire an additional degree of consideration. Our cavalcade consisted of ten horses, four of which were dedicated to lifeless luggage. Over one were slung four mattresses ; upon a second, a tent ; a third carried a couple of panniers, which contained our " viatica ;" and the fourth those changes of raiment which constitute the genuine " impedimenta." The procession was headed by our Suliote sergeant ; who, with one continually out-stretched arm, over-ruled the loquacity of our muleteers. In the rear sat Agostino

of Zante, in the form of a Z emerging from an ocean of canisters, basket-flasks, and kitchen utensils. Our average speed was three miles an hour. We rose with the sun, reposed during the heat of the day, and closed our fatigues with the evening twilight. It cannot, however, be denied, that the Morea wants two essential comforts for travellers, viz. roads and inns. A rough stony path is generally the substitute for the former, and we found no inn at all equal to our wandering shed. I can give you no description of Arcadia in a single letter, nor even venture to introduce you among the shadows of those cities which once flourished in the Peloponnesus; much less ought I to attempt to embody thoughts which appear little better than rhapsody out of the elements in which they were formed; but, if I am no Sybil to introduce you to the shades of Greek heroes, I may at least show you the living ones — that is, give you some account of the present state of things at Napoli.

King Otho has taken up his residence at Argos for the summer months, but he generally rides across the plain to Napoli in an evening. Since the division in the Regency, he has been deprived of one of his greatest social comforts, which was that of spending his evenings in the society of the Countess of Armandsberg and her amiable daughters. On my first arrival at Napoli, I found the Prince Mavrocordato holding the office of secre-

tary of state for foreign affairs. Greece owes more to this celebrated Fanariote, for her independence, than to any single Greek now alive. His patriotism was exhibited, when he yielded to faction for the sake of preventing internal dissension, in 1824. Some may say this was his subtle policy, but such policy becomes in fact patriotism; and his noble defence of Messalonghi will never be forgotten but with the revolution itself. Since the condemnation of Colocotroni, the Prince has left the administration, and is succeeded by Jakovi Rizzo, who has been called from the Nomarchy of the Cyclades. Coletti still remains in the government, more free to act. The Prince is charged with the embassy to the courts of Munich and Berlin. General Church has been appointed ambassador to the Autocrat of Russia, but the Cabinet of St. Petersburg has not yet signified its approbation of so liberal an appointment. The General waits standing with one foot in the stirrup, but it seems to be the common opinion that he will never bestride that steed of diplomacy. The object of the Regency is to frame the institutions of Greece so as to put them all into the hands of the King in June, 1835, in a complete state. Hence they divide Greece into Nomarchies; they shape the ecclesiastical establishment; they form codes of law, and arrange the administration of justice. The skeletons of institutions are running a race with June, 1835, whilst the Greeks wonder at the skele-

tons. How much better, as far as a stranger may see, to have made a few roads of communication, that the produce of the land might have acquired some value:—how much better to have built a bridge, than to have drawn an Eparchy upon parchment. But we shall see: perhaps I am taking too hasty a view; besides, I never could penetrate into state secrets.

Yesterday being Sunday, I had the great pleasure of performing divine service on board the Madagascar; and it was a delight (to me a novel one), as well as an edification, to witness so devout an assembly of British seamen performing on their own element the first duty of the Christian Sabbath. I preached from the first Epistle of St. John, chap. iv. verses 10. and 11., and I do not remember to have ever been listened to by a more attentive audience. The King of Greece and the Regency were first conveyed in the Madagascar to the new kingdom; and the high respect which those authorities then conceived for the British navy, in witnessing so perfect a specimen of its discipline, has been constantly promoted and more widely diffused in Greece by the presence and deportment of Captain Lyon. The battle of Navarino must, indeed, have given the Greeks a high notion of the naval power of Great Britain. They, of course, only judge of that affair by its immediate results; others, considering it to have cut off the right arm of Turkey, look

to its more remote consequences. I confess, now that I have seen what Greece is, and consider what it was, I prefer viewing the "untoward event" in its immediate results; and most of all, because it has opened "an effectual door" for the propagation of Christian knowledge in the East. Still I think, as an act of national policy, it was rightly denominated in the Cabinet by a word which opened all the dictionaries in Europe, as you will perceive by reviewing the steps which led to it. You may, therefore, at your leisure, peruse the enclosed paper, upon which, as I am just upon the point of setting out for Epidaurus, I can offer no comments.

Affair of Navarino. — In consequence of the treaty of the 6th of July, 1827, Colonel Caradoc was despatched to Alexandria to endeavour to stop the Viceroy of Egypt from sending out reinforcements to his son. He arrived too late: ninety-two sail were already at sea. On the 17th of July, Admirals Codrington and De Rigny held a conference at Napoli, on board the Asia, with the Secretary of the then Hellenic government, Glarakis; Zaimis, the President; and Mavrocordato. The Greeks were invited, but not officially, to observe a truce. The executive government did not reply in any positive terms. On the 2d of September, the clause of the treaty enforcing an armistice was presented in due form, to which the Greeks gave their adhesion: nevertheless, we find them carrying on hostilities throughout September, as they had done throughout

the month previous ; for on the 10th of August, and on the 8th of September, they gained some slight advantages on the west side of the Morea ; and on the 30th of September, an important affair took place near Scala di Salona. On the 19th of September, Admiral Codrington addressed a letter to the Ottoman commander of the fleet, stating, that in consequence of the article of the treaty, hostilities could not be allowed to proceed ; and on the 22d, a similar letter was sent, in which the French admiral joined, formally announcing their intention of enforcing a suspension of arms. On the 25th, Ibrahim Pacha declared that he could not receive such an injunction, which would be in opposition to his orders from the Porte, but he would communicate to the Porte and to the Viceroy the altered position of affairs, promising in the mean time that his fleet should not go out. The proceedings of Lord Cochrane had, in like manner, been stopped off Patras on the 10th of September. Now, as the Porte had not yet consented to the truce, neither were the Greeks bound to observe it as a compact : but when Ibrahim Pacha, the executive power of the Turks, had promised to cease from hostilities until an answer could be had from his government, the Greek captain should, *pro tempore*, have ceased from hostilities ; for the Pacha's promise necessarily included this condition,—providing the enemy do not provoke. Now, on the 30th of September, Captain

Hastings destroys the Ottoman flotilla in half an hour, near Scala di Salona, and had, along with Captain Thomas, entered the Gulf of Corinth for that purpose on the 21st and 22d; the latter being the very day on which the joint letter was addressed to Ibrahim enforcing an armistice. The Pacha, hearing of the affair near Scala di Salona, ordered the fleet to weigh. Admiral Codrington drives back the first division of the fleet on the 2d of October, and on the 3d he did the same to the second division. On the 4th he fired among the Turkish vessels, and prevented them from victualling at Patras; and, finally, Ibrahim with his whole fleet was forced again into Navarino. On the 7th of October, the English admiral boarded two Austrian transports and a Turkish brig near Vassiladi, and sent them to the Ottoman fleet. On the 18th, the three allied squadrons stood united before Navarino; and on the 20th they cleared for action. On the 30th of August, the Reis Effendi answered to the repeated demands of the ambassadors of the allied powers, that the Sublime Porte would not accept any proposition concerning the Greeks, but would persist in its own will even unto the day of judgment. A second declaration, which had been framed in London, was then delivered next day, but with as little success. Still the ambassadors continued to reside at Constantinople, professing peace and good will to the "faithful ally;" and in the midst of these pro-

fessions, the news arrived of the battle of Navarino. "The conduct of the allies," said the Reis Effendi, "is like breaking a man's head in the midst of pacific professions." However the message of Ibrahim Pacha might have affected the councils of the Divan, diplomatic relations were not suspended as long as the ambassadors remained at Constantinople. On the 8th of December they departed: then, and then alone, would hostilities at Navarino have been justifiable. If Ibrahim Pacha, in the interval, allowed hostilities to continue in the Morea, what were the Greeks, under Colonel Fabvier, doing at Chios? Nor could the Pacha be accused of a breach of faith in sending out his fleet after receiving the news from Salona. About 6000 Turks were killed in this engagement; and out of 120 vessels of all descriptions, about twenty or thirty small corvettes remained afloat.

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNEY FROM NAPOLI DI ROMANIA TO THE PIRÆUS,
BY EPIDAUROS AND ÆGINA.

On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile.

BYRON.

I FINALLY left Nauplia on the 23d of June, and passed the Pacha's garden at seven A. M. A wide road runs east over a naked plain, with a few insulated rocks, like that of Tyrinthus, rising out of it. Nothing can be less captivating than the first five hours of road to Lykourio: arid mountains on both sides the path form a space which can neither be called valley nor glen; but the general features are those of a wild Scotch moor, save the joyous plants, and an occasional tree of a species which reminds the traveller of the East. On the heights are sometimes seen remains of fortresses of Hellenic construction, surmounted and repaired by Venetians or Turks. Slight vestiges of many habitations occur, but scarcely any signs of cultivation, until the neighbourhood of Lykourio is approached. This is

supposed to be the ancient Lessa, but, like most of the towns of Greece, it wears the marks of revolutionary waste, and deserves no other appellation at present than a village upon the slope of a hill. There are vestiges of antiquity near and about a well, and a church of A. Ianni stands near them. There was also a town called Midea, which probably stood on some one of those above-mentioned hills, where there are remains of citadels.

The Mount Arachne now occupies the attention, and we struck off from the *direct road* to Epidaurus in order to visit Iero, the region of *Æsculapius*. In viewing the monuments of heathen antiquity, we are seldom led to contemplate an institution which savours of humanity or of sympathy for the sufferings of our nature. Every temple tells some tale of horrid superstition, although connected with an elegant mythology: every sacred grove but too obviously perpetuates the memory of bloody sacrifices, which were not always innocent; and even the places of public amusement recal to our minds the degradation, rather than the recreation, of the people: if these things be not so now, it is due to the influence of Christianity more or less remote. This valley, however, taken in its most favourable light, suggests a train of reflection which is calculated to afford some relief to the moral sentiment; and, fortunately for that object, it stands connected with the name of the virtuous Antoninus Pius. The con-

secrated grove of Æsculapius, the baths, the healing fountain, all show that this valley was dedicated to the relief of the sick and diseased. The priest of an inveterate superstition would "suck thereout no small advantage;" but, upon the whole, it must be allowed that the suffering portion of the community found in this institution some relief and consolation. The Romans adopted, from this very place, a similar establishment at Rome. Their temple to Æsculapius was built on the Island of the Tyber, and a monument of the serpent which followed the ship from Epidaurus still exists* to commemorate the "lying wonder."

The valley of Iero (Ιερον) is enclosed on the N. W. by the Mount Arachne, anciently Arachnaion, and on the E. by some dome-shaped eminences, supposed to be the ancient Titthion, which means a teat. The outlet is towards the west, where the ground gradually falls away, admitting an ingress from the side of Lykourio and the upper road from Napoli, which I ought rather to have taken. The outlines of those mountains are soft, though the whole be sterile. The valley itself is not remarkable for its fertility, more especially as it is strewn with masses of stone and platforms of ancient buildings. The most remarkable object of antiquity in this "sacred grove" (Ιερον αλσος, as the

* I must here take leave to refer to my "Topography and Antiquities of Rome," vol. ii. p. 237.

valley was called,) is the theatre cut out of the side of a hill ; and the seats are, for the most part, remaining. That peculiarity, which has been so often observed by others in the construction of those seats, would certainly afford a better accommodation than there was in any other theatre ; and hence we may infer that the invalids were taken especial care of even in their amusements. The steps at the top are formed into arched projections ; and there is also a space cut out for the purpose of admitting wood or some other such material, but no specimen of this remains : some vestiges may, perhaps, at length be found under the copse which has been allowed nearly to swallow up this curious "Cavea." From the highest seats there is an advantageous view of the whole valley.* The sacred enclosure, or *αλσος*, is still sufficiently defined by a line of confused walls nearly even with the ground ; within this is the great platform of what is thought to be the Temple of *Æsculapius*. There are also some remains of baths and cisterns of Roman construction, besides other platforms of lesser temples, or *Ædiculæ*. I observed, beyond the limits of the enclosure, a long platform, narrow, and which might answer for a portico : near it is another more suited for a temple. Pausanias enumerates a Stoa, or portico, and a temple of Venus and Themis apparently near to it : but without in-

* See the theatre in the grove of *Æsculapius*, illustrated by Donaldson, Supplem. Vol. V. Stuart's Antiquities.

scriptions or some other positive indications who can tell the names of these faint relics? In leaving the "Alsos," we come upon a square spot covered with large thick slabs, on one of which a Russian mariner has engraven his memorial. The spot is shaded by two or three trees, and I took it for an indication of the "healing fountain." It is singular that we should meet with some sloughs of serpents here; but, perhaps, if seen any where else than in the grove of *Æsculapius*, they would not have attracted notice.

Towards evening, we took our leave of the god of medicine, and, pursuing a scarcely visible path, descended into a deep wooded glen which conducted us into the confined bed of a torrent. After about half an hour, this joins the main road to Epidaurus, now Pidavro: the path then winds on the side of a mountain, having a torrent (which was then dried up) on the right: on the opposite side of the romantic defile are fine groves of *arbutus* and *myrtle*; and, amidst soft and beautiful scenery, the distance is beguiled until the traveller gains the first view of *Ægina* and the promontory of *Methana*. Welcome, dark blue Egean! But the exclamation is short; for it soon disappears again, and affords only occasional glimpses, until, at length, the hill is reached which overlooks the maritime valley of Pidavro. The scenery of the latter part of this day's journey recompenses the barrenness of the former; but so confined is the view where Epidaurus stood, that it

presents nothing striking or splendid : vineyards and corn-fields form the principal features of its cultivation. The whole journey from Napoli, including the time necessary for seeing Iero, may be estimated at nine hours. The village of Pidavro, somewhat resuscitated since the recent devastations, stands within a theatre of hills, with a threshing area in front of it ; it contains no vestiges of antiquity, except a piece of a column, and a fine fragment of the statue of a lion in marble. These stand upon the beach, where I bade farewell to Epidaurus at sunset ; and now we sail the *Ægean*.

June 24. — I awoke on deck in time to see the first blushes of light identify old Homer's matchless description of Aurora. Her fingers in this pure region are, indeed, rosy, and the gates of light are unbarred as with the delicate touch of some celestial hand ! The saffron-coloured waters, over which the bark scarcely moved, attracted my half-closed eyes ; and, for a while, it appeared as if I had fallen into some other planet, " a brighter region far than earth." Stretching far away was the coast of Eleusis, where Megara " lay before me : " the Isle of Salamis and old *Ægina* were near at hand, but the projecting mountains of Troezenia concealed Hydra and Spezzia. Innumerable little isles are sprinkled over the deep. We landed at the town of *Ægina*, now called Eghina, at eight o'clock, having been all night long in a perfect calm.

An immense modern building first attracts the

attention in approaching Egghina; and after wondering what this can mean in an island, you discover it was intended for a college, and was built under the patronage of the President of Greece: at present, it is a barrack and a museum. It serves as a depository for all objects of antiquity that are now discovered, or may have been preserved, in different parts of Greece and her islands. Two courts are set round with small dedicatory altars, inscribed stones, fragments of sculpture, mutilated statues, &c. The altars are chiefly from Delos; several found at Salamis and Megara; others from Sparta. The dedicatory inscriptions generally end with *χρηστὴ χάρις*; and the figures are, for the most part, in a sitting posture, very much resembling one another. But, in giving a description of such things, there is no medium between a few words and a volume. In a room are collected many small vases and "pateræ;" one or two of the peculiar form called *γρηψ*. They have bedecked the walls with some grotesque paintings, and introduced some Chinese wooden figures to represent the valour of no less a man than Marco Bozzari. These things (I mean the antiquities) are all destined to form part of a national museum, which, at some time, may be established at Athens. Ægina became, like Salamis, a place of refuge for many of the exiled Greeks. It was always the most flourishing of the Ægean Isles; owing, first, to its commerce, and next, to the fertility of its valleys; for, although it presents itself as

a rock to the Athenian, that rock shelters the fruitful plains which its inhabitants enjoy. Some vestiges of the old city to the east of the present town may yet be recognised ; and also some traces of the ancient city of *Ænone* (as I was told), on a mountain called *Oros*. These I had no opportunity of verifying, and was even obliged to content myself with spying the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius at a distance.* I landed for a moment beneath the ruins, and attempted the ascent ; but I was more in a state to visit the Temple of *Æsculapius*. We thrust out from the rocky shore about an hour before sunset, and, sailing towards the Piræus, traced the path of *Sulpicius*. How nearly the same reflections would naturally occur to a modern traveller ! And what wonder ? — for, in many things, the human mind is in all ages susceptible of the same impressions. But that the same places which now invite our sympathy for their downfall should, eighteen centuries ago, have awakened a similar feeling on the same grounds, appears to fill up the interval of time, and show us the Roman, gliding past, approach, as I do now, the rock of *Balamis* ! We entered the Piræus by moonlight.

* *Dodwell's* description of the temple will abundantly supply my defects, he has not only written about it, but examined it carefully. *Travels*, vol. 1. p. 566.

rests the eye is the Temple of Jupiter which encircled the Athens of the time nearly levelled with the ground, and the temple cannot be said to have any more.

LETTER IX.

To John B. Scott, Esq., Bungay, Suffolk.

Athen, June 27. 1834.

SOME time has now elapsed since we were wont to walk together over the ruins of the Capitol; or make excursions on the Via Appia. And it was a thought often expressed by one or both, that we might some day track the route of the Panathenaic procession, and ascend the Acropolis of Minerva. It has been my lot to realise the classic vision without you; and the only recompence I can make to you is, to send you an olive branch from the Attic plain in the shape of a letter and a diary. I landed at the Piræus a little after daybreak on the 25th, and felt no disposition to awake the solemn silence which pervaded the shore. A very practicable road (not a common thing in Greece) leads through an olive grove to the city, which cannot be said to have either access or entrance in one place more than another. The most conspicuous object seen over all the plain is the Mount Anchesmus; next, the Acropolis, which is so familiar to every one's eyes, from drawings, that it cannot be mistaken. The other object which at once

arrests the eye is the Temple of Theseus. The walls which encircled the Athens of the Turks are now so nearly levelled with the ground, that the city at present cannot be said to have any assigned space ; and it would, I conceive, be difficult for former travellers now to recognise, upon the spot, their own descriptions of what Athens was : but it is fortunate for the antiquary, that all the space between the Acropolis and the Ilissus has been kept clear from buildings ; and, perhaps, we are indebted to a Turkish cemetery for the veneration which has been shown to the Areopagus and the Pnyx by those who knew not why they should respect them. It is in the unpeopled valley, which lies beneath the Hill of Museum, where the genius of ancient Athens meets the stranger, and where he may yet wander undisturbed among

“ Fields that cool Ilissus laves.”

The desolation caused by the siege of 1827 is yet, for the most part, unrepaired ; whole streets lie prostrate in the dust, and beaten paths are made over the heaps of rubbish which point out the site of a Turkish bath, or the Serai of an Aga : but, at a distance from the ruined habitations, and on the higher ground nearest the Acropolis, which is destined, I conceive, to become the most eligible part of Athens, you see large houses, reared here and there, indicating the return of wealth and peace, if not of authority. The most conspicuous of those edi-

place is the Russian Consulate : a few houses in continuation, which may be called a street, have arisen in about the centre of Old Athens ; but, owing to the indecision of the government respecting the plan on which the new city is to be built, the people are afraid to go on ; and thus temporary habitations only are built, while those who resolve to build more solidly retire to a distance, where they think the new plan, whatever it may be, will not affect them. Thus is Athens scattered, either among its own ruins or over the plain places ; and no one can judge of its future arrangement. But what can be compared to a disinterested zeal, and to the labour which proceeds from a Christian faith and spirit ? In the midst of these unformed streets, the missionaries from America have built a school house, and collected within its walls several hundred Greek children. They have established a printing press, which is used for the purpose of diffusing scriptural knowledge, and forwarding general education ; and it doubtless, would have sounded strange in the ears of the Academicians, if they could have been told that men would come from a world to them unknown, and be the first to print the dialogues of Plato, in his own language, on the banks of the Ilissus. But, if we stick to antiquities, I must cease to pursue such novel reflections.

On the antiquities of Greece in general, and of Athens in particular, much, as you know, has been

written ; and that he would be a bold man who should attempt to do any thing more than enumerate the objects which remain. Our antiquarian knowledge of Greek topography and antiquities is generally supposed to begin with Spon and Wheeler ; but there were several Italian writers who threw light on the subject before them. Bordonì, I think, was the first : he printed his observations at Venice in 1554. Gerbelio, whose work you will find in Gronovius' *Thesaurus*, as well as those of Laurenbergio and Lazio, laid the foundation for future researches ; and, before the close of the seventeenth century, we have Du Loir, La Boulaye, and some other French writers, following up the subject. Spon and Wheeler then came in, and awakened a new interest for the classical soil. Palmerio published a description of ancient Greece in 1678 ; and Tournefort's admirable work, "*Relation d'un Voyage*," &c., appeared in 1718. Le Roy chiefly confined himself to the descriptive ; and we then take our stand again upon Chandler's *Travels and Ionian Antiquities*, published in 1769. D'Anville must be considered as a geographer, but one in which every English reader is interested, because he is Gibbon's guide. Stuart published his celebrated *Antiquities of Athens*, 1762 ; republished, I believe, in 1817, by the Society of the Dilettanti. If to these be added Castellan and Choiseul, who travelled in 1780, the list will be complete up to the present century. The

campaign is re-opened by Sir William Gell, whose Itineraries are never found to err, except where changes have taken place since he travelled. He was followed by Dodwell and Dr. Clarke, whose learning and industry are beyond all praise. We have, moreover, Monsieur Pouqueville's *Voyage dans la Grèce*, 1820, of whom Lord Byron says, that "he is always out." Sir John Hobhouse merits well a niche in this antiquarian library; and then Byron may be brought to sound the trumpet of fame over both Greece and her illustrators. After such a formidable array of authors, you will hardly expect me to do to Athens what I did to Rome; and yet there would have been a place, if one author, more severely accurate, and more indefatigable in research, than any of his predecessors, had not performed the task. His work on Athens is indispensable; and no traveller of observation will ever return from the east without adding his testimony to the accuracy and learning of Colonel Leake. I shall soon have an opportunity of sending you my diary at Athens, which will let you see the order in which I saw the antiquities, and perhaps induce you to follow my steps.

I am, &c.

CHAPTER XII.

ANTIQUITIES OF ATHENS.

Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,—
 Still in his beam Pendeli's marbles glare.

BYRON.

THE order in which I saw the antiquities of Athens is as follows. The evening of the day of my arrival, Wednesday, June 25, I ascended the Acropolis: the general features of that celebrated rock are so familiar to the civilised world, that it would be superfluous to attempt to describe it. The Turkish fortress, with the innumerable fragments of antiquity around it, and the Greek buildings, which time, and even the Turks, have spared, viz. the Propylæa, the Parthenon, and the Erectheium, are known to all. Without attempting to examine in detail, I was content to sit down upon the awful marble steps of Minerva's proud shrine, and look first at the imposing columns, and then on the Gulf of Salamis. I remained until sunset; but no description could issue from my tongue or pen.

Second day.—I saw the *Choragic monument* of *Lysicrates*, commonly called the *Lantern of Demosthenes*, at the east end of the *Acropolis*. Monuments of this description, at Athens, were the prizes of tripods given to the victorious Chori at the festivals; and the tripod was elevated upon a little round-roofed temple. The Capuchin convent, where Lord Byron resided, concealed a part of this small monument when it (the convent) was standing. A mass of ruins now points out the site; but the pedestal of *Lysicrates'* monument is entirely disinterred.

Gate of Hadrian, with the inscription on both sides, which has been published by several travellers. This gateway is not in a place to be appreciated, being eclipsed, both in design and execution, by all the other monuments of Athenian taste. Indeed, the arch itself appears ugly, and the upper work seems to have no business there. It stands at an angle with an enclosure, forming a large rectangular platform, and which preserves some fine remains of the stone substruction, especially that facing the *Ilissus*, and at an angle with it. This was the peribolus of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius. The greater part of the columns (which are of *Pentelic marble*) were removed by *Sylla*, to Rome, to serve for the great Temple of *I. O. M.** Sixteen still

* *Jupiter Optimus Maximus*. For a description of this temple, see *Burgess' Antiquities of Rome*, vol. i. p. 427.

remains, and some travellers saw a "seventeenth :
 these" are the largest columns standing at Athens ;
 but it does not appear that the Olympelium was ever
 a finished building until Hadrian completed it. I
 passed the *Ilissus* at the remains of a bridge, whose
 flanks, wide asunder, still stand on each bank of this
 scanty stream. Near is the site of the Temple of
 the Muses " *Ilissuades*," seen in 1656 by Spon and
 Wheeler. Having crossed the *Ilissus*, I entered the
Stadium, which preserves its form perfect. The
 " *Cavea* " runs up very high : near the circular end
 is an egress by a passage perforated through the
 rock. In this Stadium, Herodes Atticus was buried.
 On one height, overlooking the *Cavea*, stood a Temple
 of Fortune : a great mass of " *opus internum* " still
 remains. At a little distance up the stream is a
 small church, supposed to be the site of a temple of
 Diana Agrotera. About a thousand yards further up
 the *Ilissus*, the Lyceium is supposed to have been :
 the city gate, which led out to this, was the *Diocha-*
ria. A few paces more north was the *Cynosarges*.

* We learn from the following inscription, found in the
 island of Andros, and first published in the *Ionian Anthology*
 for April 1834, that Hadrian had the title of *Olympus*, as-
 sumed, no doubt, on account of his having completed and
 dedicated the temple.—

ΣΩΤΗΡΙ
 ΚΑΙ ΚΤΙΣΤΗ
 ΤΗΣ ΟΙΚΟΥΜΕΝΗΣ Α
 ΤΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΙ Α
 ΔΙΑΝΩ ΟΑΥΜΠΩ.

All these localities lie under the rocky point of Mount Anchesmus. I returned to the island, which is formed by the Ilissus dividing itself into two streams; these unite again at some low rocks near the fountain Enneacrounos. Upon the island are vestiges of antiquity; and some think the Eleusinium may have stood upon it. I stopped awhile to drink of the classical fountain, called, equally, Calliroe: the water was cool and delicious, and must have been, in Athens' bright days, a most valuable source. One morning, in passing by, it was troubled and defiled by "twenty-four washer-women," — a profanation which the Crenarch of old (for there was such an office) most assuredly would not have permitted. Just opposite Enneacrounos is a small patched-up church, which is said to have stood near the *Temple of Triptolemus*, a monument preserved only in Stuart's *Antiquities of Athens*. I returned, by the route of the Panathenaic procession, to the eastern end of the Acropolis.

Third day, Morning.—I resumed my walk up the eastern end of the Acropolis, and ascended, first, to the cave and chapel of the *Panaghia Spiliotissa*. This only resembles, on a little larger scale, the many caves and recesses cut out of the rocks, in all the neighbourhood of the Acropolis and the Lycabettus. But the most remarkable thing to be seen here is the smoothing of the whole rock, so as to adjust it to the form of a theatre, which, it appears, was the

famous Dionysiac. To be crowned at those games was one of the greatest honours an Athenian could aspire to; as appears from Demosthenes' oration about his crown, and others. The hollow of this theatre is very apparent, and it probably reached to the very rock of the Acropolis; and thus the cave appears to have been close upon it,—a circumstance which would induce one to think that they sacrificed to Bacchus in it. A little below, where the ground falls into a valley, but not a marsh, is placed by topographers the *Temple of Bacchus in Limne*. Close by, on the left, the *Odeium of Pericles*, near the street and district called the Tripodes. But these things exist only in name; except, indeed, we allow the monument of Lysicrates to say something in favour of the Tripods. All this side of the rock was called the Cimonium or Notium: the opposite side the Pelasgium.

From hence I proceeded across the valley, and ascended to the *monument of Philopappus the Syrian*. This stands upon a master height, called *Museum*, from the tomb of Musæus, and was an extreme point of the Asty. The monument of the grandson of Antiochus is still erect, but the niche in which was contained his father's, or grandfather's, statue is fallen. The bas-relief, representing a triumph of his benefactor, Trajan, is much defaced. A little below the Museum is the rocky height of the Pnyx: here stands the entire pulpit, in all the imposing

majesty of antiquity. The steps by which to ascend to the *Bema* are in perfect order; the orator would only want his assembly to put the Pnyx to its original use: but I hope to hear that the subject of eloquence will be the gospel. The platform on which the assembly stood is built up, in one place, with prodigious blocks of stone.

At the foot of the Museum mount I saw some caverns, commonly called Socrates' prison. One of those compartments, having a round hole at the top, appeared to me to have really served as a prison; and I shall be inclined to believe it as such, until something shows the contrary. Here we approach the site of the Peiraic Gate; but I went on to the Mount Lycabettus, which appears to have given the name to the whole ridge. The traces of the ancient walls behind the Museum height and the Pnyx are now very slight; the line is discoverable, but the materials have almost all vanished. From the Lycabettus I passed at the west end of the Areopagus (seeing some new cavern tombs), and arrived at the Thesaurum.

Theseus appears to have been associated to equal honour with Erectheus, although the temple of the former was not in the Acropolis, but in that part of the city called the Cerameicus. At present, this venerable edifice stands alone upon elevated ground, and arrests the eye almost as readily as the Acropolis itself. It combines every thing that can be

elegant in architecture, but it is not magnificent, on account of its small proportions: it has thirteen columns on the sides, and six in front, with a pronaos and posticum; the former being the wider. Much of the roof of the portico remains; and this is the only instance I recollect to have seen that delicate part of the building preserved. The roof of the Cella is modern, and the posticum is deformed by the alteration thought necessary for a church. This temple has been accurately drawn and measured by artists: perhaps it is the most perfect one of equal antiquity in existence. The interior of the Cella, however, is entirely void of interest and detail. The sculpture, by the hands, or design, perhaps, of Mycon, in many places remains: the Centaurs and the Lapithæ form the most prominent subject, where Theseus alone is represented as having slain a Centaur. Hercules is also associated with Theseus in honour. This temple was erected thirty years before the Parthenon, 465 B. C.

In the evening I ascended Mars' Hill. I found steps cut in the rock in more places than one: at the summit we find some of the rock smoothed, and a space more level, which I took for the Areopagus. Here I read St. Paul's splendid address to the Athenians. The hill of Mars is rocky, and steep of ascent, but not high: it commands, however, a view of the whole site of Athens. The Acropolis rises near on the right: the Temple of Theseus, and the

entrance into the "Agora," are conspicuous below, and descended into the waste valley, which was the Turkish cemetery: here the graves are laid open, and a few "cippi" still point out the resting place of Mussulmen: its solitude alone now gives it solemnity. I re-ascended to the Acropolis, for the purpose of more particularly examining the buildings.

The access to the Acropolis is in the same relative position as that of the Acrocorinthus, and both equally have only one; this was defended by the Propylæa, which is now disfigured, and the columns walled in with Turkish patch-work. After passing two gates, we come upon the first six columns of the Propylæa: the steps are visible, and the adjoining works, with the large square tower, yet admit us to see the spreading of the north and south wings. The great vestibule is concealed, but, turning to the southern wing, we can see the other six columns, more or less perfect, which lead to the platform of the Acropolis. Although the work has evidently been of a design as bold and as magnificent as the Parthenon itself, it is now far less striking, because of its being so incumbered with the modern fortress works: it requires the skill of the architect to evolve its beauties and proportions; but when understood, and taken in connection with the place it was designed to fill up and defend, it is, perhaps, the most perfect example ever produced of a combination of elegance and utility. This work was begun 487 years B. C., and

was erected by the architect Mnesicles, who completed it in five years. Before the spectator has leisure to examine all the details of the Propylæa, his eye is arrested by the majesty of the Parthenon. Although surrounded by deformity and heaps of rubbish ; the interior filled by an ugly building, now a barrack, once a mosque ; notwithstanding the want of many columns on the flanks, and the shattered appearance of the tympana, with only two figures in sculpture left upon it, the Temple of the Virgin Minerva yet asserts its claim to be the most striking and highly-finished monument of ancient Grecian art : for, although much is wanting to complete the building, nothing is wanting to the plan. The eight columns, that number which the Romans so often imitated in their edifices, are standing in both fronts ; and of those broken down at the sides, much of the material might be recovered, and, with some care and expense, by clearing away the rubbish, and restoring the levels, this splendid monument might still become the wonder of future generations. I ascended to the roof, where the sculpture, yet remaining on the inner freize, may be seen.

The third ruin on the celebrated rock of Cecrops is the Erechtheum. This name designates the *whole* of the edifice, as standing on the spot where Erechtheus or Erecthonius was buried ; but the building itself was divided into two temples, viz. of Minerva Polias, and Pandrossus. Minerva had that epithet

as protectrix of cities ; and Pandrosos was a daughter of Cecrops, who gained the favour of the goddess, by not prying into the secret of the basket committed to her care. Six columns, of small proportions, but of exquisite beauty, formed the east front of the Erechtheum ; one is now wanting. The portico led into the first compartment or temple, which was that of Minerva Polias. There was then a descent by some steps into another division, somewhat larger, but neither of them large ; and this was the Pandrosium in which the sacred olive tree was, the crooked Pancyphus, held in high veneration by the Athenians. Behind the Pandrosium was a vestibule, and at each end, like wings, a portico : the northern one, the largest, was supported by six columns, four only in front, and two pilasters, the other was supported by those beautiful Caryatides, of which three are now standing, though mutilated. It is not too much to say, that the architectural ornaments still existing upon this monument surpass, in elegance of design, and in the exquisite beauty of their chiselling, any thing of the kind, either ancient or modern, in Europe. It is impossible to cease admiring the taste and skill with which each flower and bead is pencilled ; and in some places so clear, and so white, that it is difficult to believe they were executed twenty-three centuries ago. Those who saw this fabric before the Revolution are to be envied : it is now lying in ruins, and, although the

finished details cannot be defaced (notwithstanding some attempts, still visible), yet it is piteous to the spectator to behold them lying prostrate in the dust. If Pallas asserts her right to be restored in her Parthenon, Minerva has as much reason to insist upon her right in her character of Polias. The Capitana Ghouras, who was the Grecian hero of the Acropolis, made the Eretheium his residence : the consequence was, the first cannonades of the Turks were directed against it. For further illustrations of the buildings of the Acropolis, Colonel Leake's work may be consulted with safety, and future travellers may hold themselves ready to receive the abundant lucubrations of German artists, who are now engaged in turning up the dust of the Parthenon.

In walking round the bulwarks of the modern fortress, we look down upon places bearing awful names ; "*stat nominis umbra.*" At the N. E. corner was the Prytaneium ; more south the Aglaurium : on the west the grotto and fountain of Apollo and Pan*, where, I think, was the Crypsela. Some singular looking arches, part of the fortress works below, looking towards the Philopappus, belong to the Odeium of Regilla ; they are in a line with the Stoa Eumenia. These are names which now only occur in those more durable monuments of Greek genius, the ancient writings. But the Gulf of Salamis and the

* A marble statue was found not far from this place, and sent by Dr. Clarke to Cambridge.

Isle of *Ægina*, the Mount *Hymettus* and the *Pentelicum*, the modest *Ilissus* and the *Areopagus*, all comprised in this view, are sure and fixed, and there is enough connected with those names to render the view from the *Parthenon* one of the most interesting in the world.

On the *fourth day* (Saturday morning), I rode round the whole space of what was once Athens. I began on the north side of the Mount *Anchesmus*, and went round to where the *Academia* is supposed to have been ; then to the position (as is probable) of the *Dipylon*, and behind the *Museum* : here the line of the walls is visible. I then descended to the *Ilissus*, encompassing the *Olympæum*, and ended at the supposed site of the *Lyceum*. The view is relieved sometimes by glimpses of the sea ; otherwise it may be said of the celebrated *Attic plain* — “ it is the loveliness of death.” No tree now affords a shelter to the weary stranger, where *Plato* and his disciples used to walk embosomed in bowers ; no streams to quench the thirst, where once were fountains innumerable (either real or imaginary). The *Zephyrs* indeed are as light, but they carry no longer the perfumes of the roses on their wings : the Mount *Hymettus* still yields its honey, but conceals the flowers which supply it. *Minerva* alone stands faithful to her trust : she still adorns the rock with her virgin temple, and clothes the banks of the “ meek *Cephissus* ” with her olives.

The Acropolis has been sorely beleagured both by friends and foes ; and it is surprising how its monuments have escaped as they have, out of the fury of the revolution ; not only the Acropolis, but every hill and monument around it, has been nearly brought to desolation. The Greeks first besieged it in 1821 : the Cephaloniotas coming to their assistance, raised a battery near the Temple of Jupiter Olympius : the Zeàns placed another between the theatres of Bacchus and Herodes Atticus. * Two guns were planted on the Museum, and the Turks attempted to scale the Philopappus, but the Hydriotts who were posted there, drove them back to the citadel.† After a blockade of eighty-three days, the Acropolis was relieved by Omer Vrionas, in July 1821. On the 21st of June 1822, it was surrendered on terms of capitulation which were shamefully violated by the Greeks. 400 of the prisoners were put to death in cold blood, and the rest saved only by the energies of the foreign consuls. When Ghouras received the command, a source of limpid water, a little brakish, had just been discovered beneath the grotto of Pan ; Odysseus lost no time in securing this by building a lofty semicircular wall in front. In July, 1826, the

* " The theatre at the S. E. end of the Acropolis being admitted to be the Dionysiac theatre, that at the S. W. end must have been the Odeum built by Herodes, son of Atticus, and named by him in honour of his wife Odeum Regilla." See Leake's *Topography of Athens*, p. 60.

† See Gordon's *Revolution of Greece*, vol. i. p. 277.

Roumeli Valesi Kutahi, with an army estimated at 10,000 horse and foot, again laid close seige to the Acropolis: it was still defended by Ghouras, who, by his cruel exactions and avarice, had turned the minds of the Athenians against him. On the twenty-third, the hill of Philopappus was carried: up to the end of the month, the Turks threw 526 projectiles, while the besieged returned twenty-five bombs and 224 cannon balls. Kutahi made himself master of Athens, and on the succeeding days engaged with Colonel Fabvier and Karaiskaki, near the small village of Khaidari, a league and a half N. W. of Athens: in this encounter the Turks were victorious. In the course of August, Kutahi's artillery discharged against the town and fortress, 2120 cannon balls and 956 bomb and howitzer shells. On the 12th of October, the Turks threw 190 shot and shells: next night Ghouras was killed by a shot from the entrenchments in the dark.

Three Greek captains landed with 450 Roumeliotes and Ionians, at the mouth of the Ilissus, on the night of October 23d: they silently proceeded to the foot of the Philopappus, and succeeded in getting into the Acropolis. But notwithstanding this timely relief the besieged were soon reduced to great distress, being hemmed in on all sides by the immense army of Kutahi. Their provisions and ammunition were nearly exhausted, and a surrender seemed almost inevitable. The garrison resolved to lay the state of

their distress before the government, which was then sitting at Ægina, hoping to induce them to send supplies before all should be lost. But who was to convey the message and break through the Turkish lines? The hazardous enterprise was undertaken by a valorous youth named Makryani. Mounted on a swift horse, he issued from the fortress at night, and soon reached the entrenchments below the Lycabettus: discovered and pursued, the intrepid messenger fought his way through the opposing Mussulmen; but at length, unable to bear up, fell wounded with his horse into the ditch. Surrounded by enemies, what could he do? Favoured by the dark night, and when the Turkish sentinels thought he had fallen to rise no more, he summoned strength and remounted his horse and fled to Eleusis, there he speedily embarked and carried the message to Ægina. The garrison was supplied with powder by a bold enterprise of Colonel Fabvier, December 13th. but after a series of disasters, which the rashness of Lord Cochrane in some measure caused, and the too cautious manœuvres of General Church did not prevent, the citadel of Athens was surrendered to the Roumeli Valesi on the 5th of June, 1827, after a siege of eleven months. The Parthenon, during that siege, was much battered, and the Erectheium fell. The widow of Captain Ghouras, and the principal ladies of Athens, having taken refuge in it

as a place of security, were crushed to death beneath the ruins.

Besides the antiquities already enumerated, chiefly existing about the Acropolis, there are some few others which are scattered among the desolate habitations of modern Athens: these I reserve for the evening.

Saturday evening I first revisited the Theseium, and again admired the bas-reliefs; which, though injured, are still left to adorn the frieze of the Pronaos and that of the Porticum. Theseus did not receive his divine honours until 800 years after his death, and then willingly shared them with his magnanimous kinsmen. The one caught the wild bull of Marathon, the other killed the hissing snake of Lerna; but St. George, who killed the dragon, has usurped the honours of them both. The temple is now the church of Agios Georgios.

The *gate of the new Agora*. This consists of a frontispiece, supported by four Doric columns; some of the Antes also remain. On the door jamb is Hadrian's decree concerning the sale of oil. On the epistylia is an inscription, showing the work to be of the Augustan age. The school lately built and conducted by the American Episcopalians, stands upon a part of the Agora. Not far from hence, is supposed to have stood the *Pæcile*, but no certain vestiges are now to be found. The form of the

Pœcile can now only be seen at the villa of Hadrian, near Tivoli.

At no great distance from the Agora, stands the Horologium of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, commonly called the Tower of the Winds. This answers accurately to the description of Vitruvius. It was erected B.C. 159: it served as a weather-cock and a water-clock. The eight winds are sculptured on their respective sides of the octagon; and there are remains of an aqueduct, which conveyed a stream from under the cave of Pan in the Acropolis. This spring was the Clypsydra: finally, I visited the Stoa of Hadrian. Within this enclosure stood the Vainode's palace in the time of the Turks: it is now levelled with the ground, but the remains of the ancient building exist the same. The end, which is the most perfect, illustrates the Colonnacce at Rome; and the Stoa of Hadrian will be synonymous with the Forum. The quadrangle, when complete, was 376 by 252 feet; the columns are Corinthian.

These are the principal and almost all the remains of Athens, and few of them admit of doubt as to their identity. The topographical disputes, and "the pleasure of doubting," will begin a little later; at present there are no wrangling antiquarians. Another evening I rode down to the Piræus, and for a few moments felt all the spirit of the classic element. The olive groves were fresh with the breeze, the light was glowing but not dazzling. I

traced the long walls, and went round the Munychia. The Bay of Phalerum was deep in its blue waves, and the sun sunk beautifully "behind his Delphian cliff." There are vestiges scattered over a wide space of the ancient *town* of Piræus, which appears also to have commanded the Munychia. The topographical survey which Colonel Leake has made of the harbour, and all that intervenes between it and the Acropolis, renders all observations of that nature superfluous; and when a king lives and reigns at Athens, and the Piræus, which now contains but a few huts, shall become a busy emporium, that survey of the land in its nakedness will help the classical traveller to evolve the long walls of Themistocles out of the entanglements of a railway; but there is a prophetic observation of that learned writer, made in 1821, which seems hastening to its fulfilment. The Piræus is called by the Greeks, Dhràko; by the Turks, Aslan Lemani; and by the Italians, Porto Leone: all names derived from a lion of white marble, which stood upon the beach, until the year 1687, when it was taken away by the Venetians. It was placed at the gate of the arsenal at Venice, and was taken to Paris in 1797. After the peace it was restored to Venice, "and by some future revolution in the European system, may, perhaps, be replaced in its original station at the Piræus."

LETTER X.

To Mrs. W. H. Campbell, at Geneva.

Athens, 30th June, 1834.

ALTHOUGH I am in the midst of preparations for leaving this celebrated city, I cannot forego the pleasure of writing you one letter more, which may be the last you will receive from me during my Oriental wanderings. But, I have no intention of introducing you to the academy, near which the tomb of Plato stood, and at the entrance, an altar of Love; nor can I describe the grove of the Lyceum, in which we might have become a pair of Peripatetics:—their very names have perished, and the nightingale has not a branch left whereon to take her nocturnal seat. The fountain of Panops ceased to flow before the Christian æra; and the rivulets, which fancy or necessity created, are absorbed in the dust of by-gone generations. The bubblings of Calliroë, and the murmurings of the Ilissus, still break softly the silence which reigns around them, but —

How do their tuneful echoes languish
Mute but to the voice of anguish.

If, however, I cannot introduce you to the Athenians of the age of Pericles, I may at least say something upon the epoch of Otho. The most interesting object now at Athens is, doubtless, the American missionary school, which for the last four, or five years has been conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Hill. Since the commencement, it has had 300 or 400 scholars, and at present contains 150. The school, entirely built by the Americans, is an edifice of stone, and stands in the very Agora, or market, where Paul disputed daily with those that met him. A spacious court-yard belongs to it, in which the children sport and play under the shade of a pomegranate tree. The greatest encouragement has been given to this institution by the constituted authorities of Greece. When the King and the President of the Regency were in Athens they visited it frequently, and the Countess Armansberg made it her delight. Yesterday morning, being Sunday, I was invited by Mr. Hill to go and see the juvenile assembly in its best order; and I was happy to find Madame de Maurer there, taking great interest in the proceedings. The infant school is conducted in the same manner as our own in England. The little multitude march, and recite, and sing, and clasp their sun-burnt hands: after they had rehearsed a little, they were wound up with a hymn to the tune of Home Sweet Home, in which Mr.

Hill, the picture of kindness and benevolence, led the way. At the sound of a bell, they march forth, and take their seats in the court-yard, each carrying a little basket, containing the dinner. I have not time now to offer you any reflections upon this grand effort of Christian zeal; I can only say, it filled my mind with delight, and appeared to me to open a cheering prospect of the future destiny of Athens. After this interesting visit, I proceeded to the house of the missionary, and had the satisfaction of performing divine service and preaching to a congregation of about twenty persons. The audience consisted of a few British travellers like ourselves; a few Philhellenists who have established themselves at Athens, the household of Mr. Hill, and two or three of his assistant teachers, islanders, who understood English. Can you conceive any thing more joyful than such an occupation as this, within view of Mars' hill? Besides, I am one of those who believe that the Gospel is seldom preached in vain.

The Greek society of the higher order is as yet confined to the family and connections of the Ex-Hospodar of Wallachia, Prince Caradja. 'You may probably recollect him at Geneva in the winter of 1819, I think, when he had just escaped with his treasure from Bucharest. He has purchased a house at Athens, where he intends to end his days in the bosom of his family. The old man, who received us

with much cordiality, wears his Greek costume still, and seems partial to the dress in which Alexander the Great, conquered the world. One of his daughters is married to the Count Argyropoulo, and another to the Prince Mavrocordato, and a third to Prince Soutzo, now the Greek ambassador at St. Petersburg, all Fanariotes. This family is something like the nucleus of a civilised European society, which will soon be formed at Athens; and we shall probably hear of English parties by moonlight, going to the Parthenon, instead of the Colosseum at Rome. There is also a noble Greek at Athens, named Cantacuzene, who says he is descended from the Emperor of Constantinople of that name.

Yesterday, whilst I sat on the steps of the Temple of Theseus, a company of women collected below, and began the Attic dance, to the sound of a crazy violin: the music was monotonous, but not uninspiring. The costume of the females at Athens, and, indeed, throughout Greece, is more remarkable for its richness than its elegance: to have any thing to fit is the last idea that appears to enter their heads; but in this, perhaps, they have copied the Turkish women, who never present any other object to the eye than what may be distinguished in a bale of cotton. The feet are put into a pair of slippers, which effectually prevent any thing like agility in the movements. The Greek figure is, however, sometimes set off with an open jacket, laced

with buttons from the shoulder to the waist, and the head invariably enveloped in a brilliant-coloured handkerchief, folded gracefully enough in the style of a turban, and from it is often suspended a rich metallic fringe. The rest of the figure might pass for any thing, from a hay-stack to a gate-post. All the beauty of Grecian women "like potatoes" shoots from the eyes! This goodly company which called forth these observations began the dance by moving slowly in one circle, making one retrograde step for about every four in advance. All hands being linked, the movement, though slow, was graceful, but without the least variety. The dance has neither beginning nor end; and the performers join in or drop off at pleasure. The occasion of this festival I found to be a marriage. Nothing that I saw among the lower orders of the people would justify me in speaking of a worse state of moral degradation than one sees elsewhere. Industry is not wanting, where employment can be had for them; and luxury has not invaded their houses. Indeed, many have no houses, and are not afraid to make a stone their pillow. I went into the street one night, about an hour after sunset, and nearly stumbled in several places over the sleeping bodies of men who had spread their rugs under the stars. We have taken up our quarters at the lodging house of Francesco Vitale, and have the choice of two hotels for eating in. They are both conducted in the style of Italian inns, and need no

other description. Vitale kept a lodging-house for travellers, long before the Greek revolution, and received Dodwell and Gell, and other distinguished strangers. At the Turkish siege of Athens he was obliged to fly, like many others of his countrymen, and he reached Rome with his sick wife and his young daughter. There I had an opportunity of administering to his necessities; and the poor exile found sympathy amongst some of his former guests. When Greece was declared independent, he returned to his house, but found it a heap of ruins. By the benevolence of an English nobleman he has been able to rebuild a part; and as times become more prosperous, he will take, I hope, a respectable station among the citizens of Athens. You may easily conceive that my reception was of the most cordial nature; and I had occasion to remark, that an act of kindness, however small, done to a fellow-creature in distress, not only imparts pleasure in the act, but is like bread cast upon the waters, found, as it was by me, at Athens, after many days. Such is the city of Minerva in the summer of 1834: but another year will change the scene. We have just hired a caique for the island of Syra; and now depart to meet it at Cape Colonna. Adieu.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEY FROM ATHENS TO SYRA, BY MARATHON
AND CAPE SUNIUM.

Age shakes Athena's tower but spares gray Marathon.

BYRON.

June 30. — From Athens we took the direction of the Mount Pentelicus, leaving on the left the rock of Mount Anchesmus, on the top of which Pausanias says there was a statue of Jupiter. For the first hour and half we travelled over a naked country, but in approaching Cephessia, the olive groves began to afford a grateful shade; the country becomes more luxuriant at every step, and one sees some reason why Herodes Atticus chose this situation for his villa. Under a large plane tree at Cephessia I sat down, and near, observed a fountain which afforded delicious water. The springs here are abundant, and form the main source of the "meek Cephissus." Hadrian supplied Athens with water from these springs; and there are yet remaining some traces of his aqueducts.

A large mulberry tree supplied us with fruit enough for a breakfast, and afterwards we continued our route at the northern extremity of the Mount Pentelicus. The general aspect of this and almost all the rest of Attica is wild, and only capable of partial cultivation. The mountains subside like waves of the sea, but seldom subside into fertile valleys : the habitations are few, even for Greece. Just before ascending towards the plains of Marathon, I met the Prince Mavrocordato returning to Athens from the Negropont. At first I could hardly distinguish his features, so effectually had he secured them from the scorching rays of the sun. His modest retinue consisted of two attendants. The Prince has never indulged in prodigality, but has given more to his country than he has received from it. He is equally free from vanity, and merits the title of a patriot. He is more of a statesman than a warrior ; but his defence of Missolonghi gives him a good claim to the latter, also. He had been to visit some property he has in Eubœa, previous to bending his steps towards Munich.

By a rugged descent I continued my path, and came to the village of Marathon, situated on a stream which runs from the mountains rising close behind it, and then passes into the sea through the celebrated plain. Here are many Oleanders and much corn, with some vines ; near, stands a square tower of modern aspect, and the scenery assumes a little softness. Having gained a glimpse of the sea and the plain, we pitched

our tent, and the neighbourhood of the village hardly awoke the solitude.

July 1st. — Five o'clock, P. M., we pursued our way towards the plain, following the course of the stream which runs past the village: at about half an hour's distance the plain begins to open. Just after passing a few huts, situated on an eminence on the right, we emerge from the vale, and then the plain spreads itself in its greatest apparent extent towards the mountains of the Negropont. A conspicuous mound is seen at a good distance; and towards this, as to the grave of the Persians, every traveller speeds. I found the solitude only interrupted by three or four dogs which were tearing the carcass of an eagle near the mound. The village of Brana is seen at the foot of the encircling mountains; the sea rolls its blue waters at a distance; but every thing else is mute and dead as the heroes who have long slept on the celebrated field. There is nothing but this mound to tell the tale of a battle, for all the objects mentioned by Pausanias have disappeared. The plain is chiefly cultivated with corn: there are several wells around "the Lake," which, although now doubtful as to its real situation, must have been to the westward of the mound where the ground appears now marshy. Besides, the topographer mentions the mangers of Artaphernes as being on the rock impending, and no rock comes near the plain except in this place, for the same reason, I should imagine the

Cave of Pan to be in those rocks underneath which the path runs. In proceeding towards Sunium, I observed, at a little distance, in that direction, two or three blocks of marble. But where are the columns on which the names of the Athenians, according to their tribes, were written? The mound, if it be any thing relating to the event (and how else account for an object evidently artificial), must be the *Οπνγμῶς* or trench (covered), into which the bodies of the slaughtered Medes were thrown; and thus it remains a monument of Athenian glory, with a better fate than the ossuary of Morat. The battle of Marathon was not won by freemen exclusively; slaves fought for the first time on that occasion, 490 B. C. There was also a monument of Miltiades in the plain, but that has long since wasted away with the classic fountain of Macaria.

The great names of Miltiades, Cimon, and Pericles, break with such effulgence on the memory, that the valour of modern Greece fades away on the plains of Marathon; but it may be said of the heroes of the revolution, what was once said of those brave men that lived before Agamemnon, they are covered in oblivion only because they found no pen to celebrate their fame. The "land of the unforgotten brave" has not disgraced its Marathon in the nineteenth century; and if the spirit and valour of the modern warriors will bear a comparison with the courage and bravery of their renowned ancestors, the vices with

which they are respectively tarnished may be cancelled on both sides, in awarding the palm of merit. The Persian's grave is not a more glorious monument than might be reared over the bones of three thousand Turks which George Canaris may be said to have destroyed by "his single heart and arm." —

☞ If I am to enumerate some of the heroes of modern Greece, there is no place where they can be more fitly introduced than on the plain of Marathon —

Marco Bozzari, like Theseus, has a temple to himself

Bobotina and her son, the latter killed at Argos in 1822.

Kyriakouh, killed in an engagement on the coast of Thessalia, July 16, 1822.

Elias, son of the Bey of Manna, being surprised by a body of 1000 Turks in the village of Stura, near Carysto, to prevent himself from falling into the hands of the enemy, plunged a dagger into his own breast, and died regretted for his patriotism.

George Canaris, the intrepid Bruloteer, who, twice in the campaign of 1822, succeeded in burning the Turkish vessels. This Psarrian hero, in 1825, attempted, and had nearly succeeded in annihilating the preparations of Mehemet Ali in the very port of Alexandria. He was at the siege of Chios, under Colonel Fabvier, in 1827-28.

Dikaes Papa Ftessa, a Messenian by birth, and bred up to the church, courageous and dissipated, a modern Alcibiades, he fell with 300 resolute soldiers in the pass of Pedimen, near Arkhadia. Ibrahim Pacha was personally engaged in the battle, June 3, 1825.

Karaïskaki, who distinguished himself in Attica, but especially by his victory at Arrakhova, and his successes in Eastern Greece in December 1826. He also seized a Turkish convoy at Thermopolæ, morality sat loose upon him, and his character is stained; he was shot near Athens, during the operations of the siege, in 1827.

Nikita, who fought bravely in most of the campaigns throughout the war, he was especially distinguished for his personal valour in the campaign of Dramali in 1822.

Diakos, who was defeated at the bridge of Alamanna on the Sperchius; he was made prisoner, and put to a cruel death by Omer Pacha; his memory is venerated by his countrymen.

Mianhs, still living, respected by his countrymen and by foreigners. Courage and bravery belong to these names with very little tincture of selfishness to any. There are many others that might justly be enumerated as heroes, but their valour, more or less, is obscured by mal-practices.

Ipsilanti, *Coletti*, *Mavrocordato*, *Trikoupi*, and others, ought rather to be classed among the statesmen and politicians, but the defenders of Missolonghi in 1825, deserve to stand on the Persians' grave. There were nine : —

Nothi Bozzaris,	Demetrius Makrys	Christo Fotomara
George Kizzos	Basil Khasapi	Mitcho Kontoyani.
George Vaias	Kizzo Tzavella	George Valtinos.

We now went along the sea-coast for nearly three hours, having the mountains of Eubœa continually in view : those present a rich variety of outline, and with some small islands, form an agreeable interchange of sea and land. The eye requires such features to rest upon, for it is wearied with the mountains of Attica. We next came to Raphine, a deserted village near a stream, at about two miles from the coast, and about ten miles from Porto Rapti. We then took the direction of Mount Hymettus, the path running nearly parallel with the chain, until the village of Bronda : here a few olive-trees, in a comparatively happy situation, afforded a shade ; and a well, copious in cool water, supplied

our thirst. I had before me the Mount Pentelicus and Hymettus, but all around was a wilderness, where little grew beyond the immediate precincts of Bronda, save holly-bushes and wild shrubs: it is, however, a wilderness of sweets, but the same cause which filled Attica with inhabitants in the very early ages*, has now left it nearly depopulated: I mean the barrenness of the soil, which Thucydides says was the reason why the inhabitants were less frequently disturbed in their settlements, than in the more fertile regions of Greece.

July 2. — Through a country wearing the same aspect, but frequently softened down by the outlines of the scenery. We passed to Kerratia, and observed several square towers, built evidently for defence. Some one of these must occupy the site of Brauron, although Pausanias does not mark any distance to ascertain the site.

With the village and immediate district of Kerratia cultivation ends, and we proceed, having the wild mountains of Kerratia on the right, through moor and rocky waste. The village of Metropisi, supposed to be the ancient Amphitropè, hardly affords any relief, although a few trees of fresher hue mark the spot, and the heather yields to a few corn-fields. The high wind, which made the bushes shake, and

* There was in ancient Attica 174 Demoi, besides the capital, including, perhaps, 1,500,000 inhabitants. See Dodwell, tom. ii. p. 6.

swept over the quivering stalks, reminded me most forcibly of Scotland. The general features of Attica, I thought, much resembled that country in its wildest districts. We proceeded for four hours and a half, and at length emerging from between two flanking lines of mountain, came upon the rock-bound coast near Alectrana. In passing a few huts, within about an hour and a half of this coast, I saw vestiges of antiquity, and I judged the Thorico Bay to lie on my left, with only a mountain intervening. From the opening towards the sea near Alectrana I took an easterly direction, and, crossing the headland, came within sight of the *Cape Sunium*, bearing on its summit the remains of the picturesque temple. By a stony path and a deep ravine, ascending and descending several times, we reached the port, but found no human habitation near; a cavern affords the only shelter for mariners who touch at this point; small vessels, however, ride secure. A violent wind now detains our caique under the Cape. I write this in full view of the Temple of Minerva Sunias, whose white columns glitter in the rays of the sun.

This renowned solitary cape rises about 300 feet from the level of the sea, by a gentle inclination from the side of the little bay and the land, but precipitously steep from the Ægean waves. It is still consecrated to the temple, for nothing intrudes upon the walls and terraces, and fragments which occupy

almost all the summit. I ascended to the temple from the cavern in the bay in about eighteen minutes. Nine columns, of the side looking towards the Island of St. George, the ancient Balbina, stand erect: three more remain of the front or end, overlooking the Port Panormus, and one of the Antes. On the land side, the columns have fallen from their bases, and are strewn amongst the fragments of walls, making the whole platform a melancholy heap of ruins. Bold walls and terraces still remain "on Sunium's marbled steep," and no where could there be well imagined a solitude of wild rock, ruin, and wave, so complete: far from human habitation, or any signs of man's cultivating hand, those deep blue waves roll on beneath the cliff, and those ruins, bleached with more than two thousand winters, tell us that Greece once lived even here. Off this cape Falconer has laid the scene of his Shipwreck; it was also the scene, real or imaginary, of some of Plato's dialogues. Childe Harold visited it thrice; and it appears to have had charms for his gloomy imagination. To render it more inhospitable, no fresh water was known to be within an hour's reach: but this shall be no longer said, for our boatmen brought us some excellent water, which they fetched from the very foot of the promontory; observing, however, that it was a discovery, and one which seemed to give them joy.

In descending, I further observed some remains of

the "propylea" of the temple, a few broken shafts, and some vestiges of its platform: the whole has been a conspicuous object to the mariner approaching the Attic shores; and thus Minerva Sunias might not be without utility. At a little distance is the small rocky inlet of Karakka, which is, doubtless, the Patroclus of Pausanias: further down the coast, I see the bolder island of Gaidoronisi, and I look over a wide sea towards isles and coast, with which I am yet unacquainted. But I must on towards the shores of Asia; and, leaving Greece at her wildest, most remote promontory, I seem to have caught the melancholy impression which she still leaves on the mind of a stranger; for, though Phoenix-like, risen from her ashes, her strength appears to be spent, and she cannot soar aloft: her moral ruins lie over her fair surface, like the prostrate fragments on the lonely Cape Sunium. Adieu to Greece. [Wednesday evening, on board the Caique, July 2. 1834.]

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GREECE

AND

THE LEVANT;

OR,

DIARY OF A SUMMER'S EXCURSION
IN 1834:

WITH

Epistolary Supplements.

BY

THE REV. RICHARD BURGESS, B.D.

OF SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;
AUTHOR OF "THE TOPOGRAPHY AND ANTIQUITIES
OF ROME," ETC.

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GREECE

AND

THE LEVANT.

LETTER I.

To the Rev. John Hartley, at Geneva.

Syra, 4th July, 1834.

WHEN I consider the active part you have already taken, and the interest you continue to take, in the diffusion of Christian knowledge in Greece and the Levant, I do not hesitate to address any communication I may have to make upon that subject to the author of "*Researches in Greece*," &c. ; and more especially because I have frequently had occasion to observe that your labours have not been in vain, and that your name is remembered with gratitude by many to whom you opened the Book of Life. If there be no greater joy for a minister of Christ than to hear that his children walk in the truth, the joy

which comes next is to hear that they are impressed with the truths which were delivered unto them ; and this rejoicing, in many instances, I may say, belongs to you.

Yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, I entered the harbour of Syra, which I found crowded with merchant vessels from various parts of the world. This place, previous to the Greek revolution, was, as you know, but a village ; it chiefly consisted of inhabitants professing to belong to the Latin Church, and these still retain their caste in the upper part of the city. The island afforded a convenient refuge for the Greeks, who flocked to it in great numbers. Houses were made around the port, and at length a new city called Hermopolis arose, and is daily increasing. More than 20,000 inhabitants are now domiciled on this rocky isle, which does not produce enough of itself to feed as many hundreds. An English Consul has assumed his functions as Consul for the Cyclades ; and the American, as well the English missionaries, find it the most convenient station for prosecuting their interesting labours.

After passing the formalities of landing, which a British subject finds easy, I sought the house of our friend and brother, Leeves. The buildings of Hermopolis are so much improved since your time that he has at length obtained a comfortable though not a commodious dwelling, and his brother missionaries are not worse lodged than many

curates in England. They have all, with one consent, chosen this island as the centre of their labours. It recommends itself by the convenience it affords of prompt communication with the Cyclades and the Levant; and it secures to Mr. Leeves the important aid of Professor Bamba in the translation of the Scriptures into Greco-Turkish, which he is now far advanced in.

Under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Robertson, the American missionary, a printing-press is constantly kept in action: many of the best works of English Divines have been abridged or extracted, and printed and circulated in Greece and Asia Minor. Mr. Hildner, the agent of the Church Missionary Society, conducts his school with great success; he has upwards of five hundred children daily taught the pure word of God, in a house belonging to the Society. The authorities have given their sanction to this institution in the person of the king, who visited it recently. It is truly refreshing to the Christian, and flattering to an Englishman, to witness the benevolent exertions which are here made to promote the best interests of mankind; nor are these views confined to Greece. You are aware that the Asiatic Greeks make use of the Turkish language, but they cannot read it unless it be printed in Greek characters. The work, therefore, which is now in progress, is to print and circulate the Scriptures in Asia Minor, in this Greco-Turkish

language; and there is every reason to expect a revival of true Christianity in those regions where it first flourished, but where it has been blasted by the powers of darkness for so many generations. The greatest obstacles to this great work appear to be the partisans of the Latin Church and the Jews. Mr. Hildner has already experienced trouble from a priest, who suddenly appeared in the island and began to stir up the people against him and his flourishing school. The uproar seems to have resembled that which Demetrius caused at Ephesus, and the arguments of the priest were exactly those of the silversmith, putting the Panaghia of Tinos for the great goddess Diana:—and when the Syriotes heard these sayings they were full of wrath, and cried out, “Great is the Panaghia of Tinos!” Mr. Hildner ran some risk of personal injury, and his school for a while stood in jeopardy; but the word of truth had taken too deep root to be moved by the instruments of Satan. Some of the more reflecting of the inhabitants pronounced the accusations of the priest to be unjust, and their opinion was adopted by many more, until the tide began to turn in favour of the Missionary school, and at length the malicious priest was driven out of the island. It was subsequently discovered that he was not of the Greek, but of the Latin Church; but it has not yet been ascertained under whose authority he acted. I had the satisfaction of visiting the school, and admiring the regu-

larity with which every thing was conducted. The assistant-teachers, both male and female, are as enlightened as one would find persons of the same class and description in England. The books made use of are either the entire Scriptures, or lessons taken out of them ; and it would not a little rejoice your heart to see the unity and peace which pervades the establishment. I have also seen Dr. Robertson's printing press, and I found the printers in the act of striking off a work containing extracts from Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, with all the texts he refers to printed in full ; also, some extracts from Robinson's Scripture Characters, &c. The Americans have also printed tracts and elementary books in the Island of Tinos. You are aware that Dr. Robertson had his printing-press at Athens, before he removed it to Syra, for greater convenience ; but perhaps he will ultimately take it back to Athens.

The system pursued by the agents of the Missionary Societies, both of England and America, is the one most of all calculated to ensure their ultimate success. The instruction of the rising generation in the pure precepts of the Gospel, secures a higher tone of moral feeling than the Greeks have been acquainted with since the early ages of Christianity ; but the Missionaries do not think it prudent to make any overt attacks upon the follies and superstition of the Greek Church. They permit the use of the sign

of the cross in their schools, and they pass over in silence the worship of the Panaghia, the observation of fasts, &c. ; their object being, in one word, to throw light into the Greek Church as it is constituted, and leave error to fall by the force of truth alone. The present moment is highly favourable to these great objects. The ecclesiastical discipline has been remodelled, and the vast train of useless and ignorant bishops is to be reduced to a limited number. Greece being divided into ten *Nomoi*, each *Nomos* is finally to be content with one bishop ; perhaps too few, more especially when it is considered that five of them are required to be present at the seat of government, to regulate in form of a synod the supreme affairs of the church. Favourable as this is to a complete reformation, it will probably be found insufficient as a supply of spiritual headship. The Patriarch of Constantinople is thus dispensed with, and the consciences of the Greeks appear to sit very easy upon this deposition of their spiritual head. Whilst, however, they are not reluctant to receive the instruction and gifts of the reformed churches, they stoutly refuse all communications with the Romish Church. They subscribe to the proposition that the Holy Scripture is the only standard of faith. "The Gospel," says the Bishop of Athens, "is the basis of the true faith. This is the foundation, — this is the firm rock, according as it is written, 'Thou art

Peter, and upon this rock,' " &c.* Upon these principles the Greek Church finds a bond of union with the reformed Episcopal Churches. Every effort which is made to bring about this fellowship must be right, and approved by every true Christian.

Mr. Leeves has lately been making efforts to get up a subscription for building a Protestant Church at Syra, under the protection of the British Consulate, intending to avail himself of certain clauses in the Consular Act, passed in the sixth year of the reign of George IV. Although he has been successful in his appeal to as many as have come within his reach, the number of British merchants established at Syra is too limited to carry the object into effect; otherwise it would have been a fine sight to have witnessed the cone-shaped city of Syra crowned by an English Episcopal Church.

There is nothing so pure in its object, and so sublime in its efforts, as the true missionary spirit. The legislature which protects the colonial slave, and unrivets the fetters which have long worn his limbs, is to be admired; the philanthropy which would extend the blessings of a rational liberty to every fellow-creature, is greatly to be venerated: but the Christianity which would render slavery impossible,

* This sentence is taken from a speech made by the Bishop of Athens, in the Church of St. George (the Temple of Thesens), in 1833, and which was printed and circulated by the Americans.

and restore peace to a troubled mind, which no civil or political liberty can impart, takes a flight above all, and reaches unto heaven itself, from whence it came down. But to feel, and be persuaded of this, a person must go into a land of spiritual darkness, and see the Missionary sitting in the midst like a radiant spirit: then will he be convinced that something more than political expediency, or even a warm-hearted benevolence, has inspired the zeal which led to such an arduous undertaking; and if he looks forward to the universal diffusion of civil and religious liberty, he will see that the Christian missionary is the instrument designed to effect it. I would fain have prolonged my stay in the society of these excellent men, who, with their families, are as lights shining in the midst of darkness; I had moreover the inducement of hearing Professor Bamba, who purposed delivering a philosophical lecture in the evening, in a room neatly fitted up with a few books — the nucleus of a reading society, — but our time was gone, and we directed our course towards Delos.

CHAPTER I.

THE ÆGEAN ISLES.

"Eternal summer gilds them yet." BYRON.

THE islands in the Ægean Sea surrounding Delos (κυκλας) in a circular outline were called by the ancients the Cyclades; of these Delos, which is now the most solitary and unfruitful, was considered the most sacred. The Cyclades were first brought under the power of Athens by Miltiades: soon after they revolted to the Persians, but not before they had furnished Pericles with their treasures of marbles which he used so well in embellishing Athens. They then became the prizes or the bones of contention among the powers of the Greek continent. The island of Ceos, nearest Cape Sunium, was the native country of Simonides; it is now called Zea. Nio, now Ios, is said to have contained the bones of Homer. Paros and the Mount Marpessus, with its marble quarries, are renowned in all the civilised world, especially since the discovery of the Oxford marbles. Antiparos is mentioned by Ovid and Virgil, but under the name of Olearos; at Cythnos, now Thermia, the Pseudo-Nero rose up in the

time of Galba. Naxos is the largest, and is celebrated in Grecian story for the meeting of Bacchus and Ariadne. The god of wine is said to have been suckled in that island, which still produces a wine esteemed among the inhabitants of the island and the Levant; it is rather sweet, and of a brownish hue. There are few indeed of those islands which are not renowned for some fabulous or authentic story, and they were often used by the Romans as prisons for their exiles. They could hardly escape the ravages of the Goths and Alaric, but their history in times subsequent is involved in that of the Greek empire. At the division of that empire under the Latins, some of the islands fell to the lot of the Venetians; and then, for the first time, we hear of a Dutchy of Naxos. This comprised the greatest portion of the Archipelago. The following were conquered or obtained by the state and nobles of Venice, independent of Candia and the Ionian Isles:—Naxos, Paros, Melos, Andros, Mycone, Scyro, Zea, and Lemnos; but many of these, together with the whole of the Morea, were rescued and re-annexed to the empire, by the valour of Theodore Lascaris and some of his successors, A. D. 1204—1222. The history of the Cyclades is then divided between the Venetian republic and the Ottoman empire, until they were annexed to the new Hellenic kingdom. Their entire population does not exceed 180,000, of which near 70,000 are contained in Syra, Naxos, and Tinos.

From the edifying and rational subjects which Syra had afforded, my attention was soon diverted to the overgrown Church of the Panaghia, which glitters in the sun on the island of Tinos: this is the Einsiedeln of the Cyclades. It is estimated that 5000 pilgrims annually resort to it, visit the shrine, and leave their offerings; many of them come even from the coast of Asia. The sailors spoke of it with great reverence, and declared its riches to be beyond all computation: it is Diana transferred from the neighbouring Delos. Tombazi first touched at Tinos on the 3d of May, 1821; it then contained 16,000 inhabitants: the majority belonged to the Greek Church, but a considerable number were Roman Catholics descended from the Latin crusaders. All day the little vessel walked slowly before the town and its venerated temple; and when the sun set in glowing red, we were fast approaching Delos.

This small island, the great altar of Grecian mythology, was suddenly evoked from the bosom of the waters by the power of Neptune, to form a couch for Latona whereon to lay the god of light and poesy: it was also the cradle of Diana. Some allegory, doubtless, lies hid beneath this fabled birth-place of the personified luminaries of day and night; but the sudden appearance of the island, which lies in a volcanic track, may be accounted for by natural causes. Whether it acquired its sanctity from any known phenomena, or from the secure situation of its harbour, may be a

question ; but all the inhabitants of the surrounding islands and the continent attended the celebration of the Delia, which was held every fifth year ; and so solemn were those festivals accounted at Athens, that the execution of Socrates was delayed thirty days on account of them. The island was so sacred that a dead body could not be buried in it ; but the dead were carried to another small island half a mile distant, which is also called Delos now, but anciently Rheneæ. At one time it appears to have been the centre of commerce*, and it was reputed a most healthy situation. It is called by Homer, Ortygia. No dogs were admitted into it, nor sick persons to remain in it. The Persians, in their general pillage of the island, respected the Temple of Apollo. His altar was esteemed one of the wonders of the world. Tournefort's description of it is most accurate, and its extensive remains still attest its former splendour.

July 5th. I landed at five o'clock upon the smaller Delos : the larger one opposite was Rheneæ. All the western side of the island is covered with ruins : but only one building can be recognised in its original form ; this is a theatre. The "Cavea" remains perfectly defined, and some of the seats are in their places ; the ends are standing, built up of

* Cicero, pro lege Manlia, cap. 18.

blocks of white marble in the Hellenic style. Near the theatre is a cistern, divided into compartments communicating one with another by means of arches. In every direction round this theatre are small columns standing, having evidently formed votive temples or enclosures for altars; so that the whole island has presented the appearance of a sacred edifice surrounded by its votive offerings. Along the shore I traced a line of square pillars of granite, with which the island abounds; these must have formed a kind of quay or barrier, so as to render the approach to the sacred buildings more imposing. Proceeding on the coast northward, I found a vast mass of ruins, consisting of broken shafts of columns, metopes, cornices, and some fragments of prodigious size: the whole presents nothing intelligible, but a wide field of ruin upon ruin. The marble is of the purest whiteness; the sculpture is well executed; and several altars with inscriptions have been taken from hence, which are now at Ægina. There can be no doubt of this having been the Temple of Apollo; it was of the Doric order, fluted columns not deeply cut. Around the temple, I conceive altars, votive tablets, and *ædiculæ* to have been erected; so that the temple, with all its appendages, must have covered a wide space, and presented an imposing view to the votary approaching the sacred isle. A few goat-herds with their flocks, and some cows and pigs, are all the inhabitants of the cele-

brated Delos. I did not, however, find it un hospitable ; for Apollo afforded us what neither Syra nor Attica did afford — a bottle of milk ! It was taken fresh from the goats, and contributed to the luxury of a breakfast on board the caique.

I have before me the isles of Delos ; and behind Mount Cynthus. Myconi, Tinos, and Andros, appear like one island. More distant I can distinguish the S. E. extremities of the Negropont : on my right lies Syra, with the white buildings of the upper town in view ; a sail shines in the morning sun beneath the gray ridge ; Syra falls gradually into the sea ; and along the edge of the blue waves the eye runs until it reaches Serpho (Seriphos). The outlines of this island much resemble those of Syra. At an equal distance, in veering round southward, appears Syphanto (Siphos), about the same magnitude and form as Syra and Serpho ; in front lie Paros, Antiparos, and Naxos, in a cluster ; and beyond, the softer ridges of Ios (Nio). Naxos assumes the appearance of a barrier ; on the left it stretches its long ridge from S. W. to E., and conceals from view the rest of the Greek Islands. Bearing N. E. is the Turkish island of Nicaria (Icarus), announcing the beginning of those less fortunate isles in the Icarian Sea ; and, directing the eye towards the Asiatic coast : how these islands, as if by enchantment, rise from the blue Ægean ! Leaning over the vessel's side, it is sweet to look upon

them : it is a new world of light and ocean ; — it is a canopy under which one might for ever linger, — an emblem of the pure empyrean, where we one day hope to dwell, in light which never wanes !

Moving slowly over the sluggish waters, at one and a half p.m. Polycandro came into view. After coasting along the marble precipices of Paros, one is surprised to find, after turning the promontory, a spacious bay unfold itself. The encircling mountains of Paros, joined with the low land of Antiparos, form nearly three-fourths of an ample amphitheatre, where ships of heavy tonnage lie safe at anchor. In the hollow bend of the bay stands the town of Paros (Parkia) ; the white buildings line the shore, and rise over an arched rock, which is crowned by a new church, on which the cross is reared triumphant. Windmills are important features in the landscapes of those isles, and are generally marshalled on the heights.

Approaching Parkia, the eye is gladdened by some fresh vines and scattered fields of cultivation ; some habitations are spread over the side of the mountain, so as to cover a little of its nakedness ; yet Paros produces something more than enough for its own consumption. We went ashore at sunset : it was a fiery red over the island of Syra ; but the outlines of Serpho were deeply purpled, and a thousand various tints fell like magic upon the hushed expanse of waters. The British consular agent, a Greek, af-

forded us a short but hospitable reception. His daughter, a young maiden of fifteen, administered the sweatmeats and coffee, according to the Hellenic custom. We were escorted to and from the vessel by half of the inhabitants of the village ; for seldom do four Englishmen land at Paros. I saw a piece of a fluted column adapted for a well's mouth, and recognised the well-known Parian marble. The quarries are an hour's distance from the town, but the whole coast is marble.

After lying all night in the harbour, we proceeded before break of day to Antiparos, where we landed at five o'clock, A.M. Preparations were forthwith made for proceeding to the Stalactite grotto. Five donkeys, one of which was to be employed in carrying ropes and a ladder, were caparisoned for our service ; a host of loquacious Greeks followed close on our heels ; and, under the special charge of the man of office (who first administered coffee), we took our way along the coast by one of the two roads. A few fig trees first give signs of vegetable life. We passed through some cornfields and scanty pasturage, where goats and a few cows were feeding. In one hour and forty minutes we reached the cave. The access is guarded by two stalagmites, like two immense columns of nature's own moulding. An overshadowing rock first admits the approach ; cords are lashed round the pillars at the mouth of the cave ; and, by the help of these, the curious stranger must descend,

—no easy task. We proceeded by this path of cordage to a considerable depth, occasionally getting down slippery steeps, where the cords are not wanted, until a depth of precipice occurs sufficient to require the ladder, which has been brought for the purpose. Having descended this, we are in the bowels of the island, and amidst the fairy halls which Nature has formed for herself. The compartments are more varied, and the depths appear more mysterious, than in any other grotto of the same kind I ever saw. The stalactites are of the most transparent whiteness, and the whole roofs of some chambers shine, by applying the candles, like pure alabaster. The stalagmites, also, in many places preserve a crystal brilliance, and one ceases not to admire the fantastic forms into which the natural ornaments of those recesses are broken. Upon a stalagmite I found an inscription as follows:—

HIC IPSE CHRISTUS ADVIT EJVS NATALE DIE MEDIA
NOCTE CELEBRATO, 1673. (RIBERT)

An ambassador, M. de Nointel, from the court of France, in the time of Louis XIV., on his way to Constantinople, being here at midnight on Christmas eve, caused the grotto to be illuminated with innumerable lights, and had mass performed! How little does national character change in two centuries! Hundreds of visitors have scratched their names upon the stalac-

tites : the majority appears to be French ; next, the English. After ascending to the light by the road of cords, we returned to the village of Antiparos by another path, going over the tops of the hills. In a wide valley were vines, fig-trees, and corn. The soil, as in most of these islands, where there is any, is thin, but prolific ; it was still more so, probably, in ancient times, and there was, doubtless, more wood upon all the isles than at present. The peasants burn the brushwood for the purpose of producing a thin crop the succeeding year ; and the ground is thereby impoverished ; for the soil, not being held together, is soon washed off, or carried away by wind from the rocky surface : thus, in the course of ages, have those islands become nearly barren. But an order from the present government has forbidden the burning of the wood ; and perhaps the islands may yet be destined to flourish in a greener aspect for future generations.

It required four hours and a half to perform this excursion from the village of Antiparos, and an expense of three dollars for donkeys, men, and ropes ; candles are not included in this estimate. Antiparos afforded a bowl of milk ; and we left its shores, with a breeze, at half-past ten o'clock A.M.

Going out in a S. E. direction, between Paros and Antiparos, there comes first into view, on the right, the island of Polino, anciently Polygæos ; and behind

it we distinguished the peaks of Kimoli (Cimolos). After an expanse of about fifteen miles, the long low ridge of Polycandro occurs: the little Lagusa is midway in the short distance to Sikyno (Sicinos). Nio, (Ios) appears in front; Raclia (Dorysa), in the more distant and misty horizon. We steer for Naxos, which rises at the vessel's head like a barrier that would impede our progress. A breeze, and then a calm; another breeze, and we tack about towards the extremity of Paros, in order to steer straight for Naxos. Half-past one P.M. I read divine service on the deck (being Sunday). Our sailors were not inattentive observers: I could not but witness with interest their daily attention to the religious exercises which their creed imposed: much of them consisted in abstinence from animal food. It was a season of fasting; and, although they might have partaken of our provisions, they unanimously declined our offer, alleging at once the reason. The captain had an air of reserve, which at once distinguished him from the rest, and he would frequently sit in silence for an hour or two looking over the isles. His commands were promptly obeyed, and the wants of his passengers as quickly supplied: one of the men acted as cook; another was ready to spread the table on deck; and a third took up the guitar, and, like Arion, sat at the prow and charmed the dolphins. If I had formed a good opinion of the industry of the Greek

peasantry, I received an impression not less favourable of the mariners: their skill and industry, like their religion, only want turning into their proper channels; and if, in their early days of freedom, they displayed defects of character which still weigh upon posterity, they will now, in the days of their new-born freedom, have the knowledge of the Gospel to correct and improve their national character.

The south side of Paros is more cultivated. Near the eastern extremity rises a conical peak, crowned by a white building like a fortress. Under this (west) is the town of Lefka; — a conspicuous cluster of buildings, shining white at a great distance. We slowly approached Naxos; but the sun set before we turned the cape behind which the town lies. For an hour I contemplated the mysterious light which seems to linger over the ocean long after the sun has sunk. The boundless prospect is an image of eternity, save where those dark slips of land project into the waters to tell us we are still of earth. I slept under the starry canopy; and awoke at daybreak, lying off the harbour of Naxos.

July 7th. — At half-past four A.M. the sun rose in all the glories of the east behind the picturesque peaks of this major isle: the golden light was thrown over the glassy surface, as I glided over it towards the little islet which flanks the north side of the

harbour: not a breath of air disturbed the crystal depths of those green waves: the long ridges of Naxos, stretching southward, were purpled with the morning shade: the curiously-built town of Naxia rose in steps up to a point, wearing at respectful distance a clear and bright aspect. I landed on the little isle, and ascended to the remains of the Temple of Bacchus. These consist in a portal of solid marble; an architrave or lintel, simply laid across two immense jambs, with some time-worn consols projecting, and a few traces of flutings on the surface. I estimated those jambs at five feet square, and twenty-five feet high,—a single piece. Around this solitary relic, which stands as lord of the Isle, are mouldering marbles and vestiges of foundations. The whole, though not placed so high, has had some resemblance to the Temple of Minerva Sunias — a meteor-like object for mariners to see at a distance. I descended the rock, and plunged into the glassy deep, where a shelly grotto received the waters. I went ashore, and found provisions, especially vegetables, with which this island so abounds that it can furnish Syra. The narrow lanes of this town exhibit a profusion of marble, for which this and many of the other islands are so remarkable. Naxos is the most important of the Cyclades: its population amounts to near 18,000 inhabitants, of which about 4000 are at the port. I was not a little surprised to find the men of Naxos so well acquainted with

the general posture of affairs in Europe and the East. The passage of the English fleet, and the casual junction of two or three French vessels, had afforded them ample matter for speculating upon some further encroachments of Russia: they did not doubt but the allied squadron would shortly hasten to Constantinople, and they doubted less of the result if there was to be any conflict between European and Turkish armaments: their speculations of some such conflict were chiefly grounded upon the imposing attitude which Russia assumed all over the Levant, and the number of paid agents which she has, spread around the Mediterranean.— But my politicians reasoned too fast, and leaped to alarming conclusions; for, before I left the beach, they had annexed a vast extent of Turkish territory to the new Greek kingdom; and they said that once the Greeks ruled at Constantinople! In the midst of these transports, I filled my basket with the finest cucumbers and other vegetables: I gathered up my pears, and put rice and macaroni into the hands of my attendants; an ample provision of bread, and as much lamb as could be preserved fresh until it should be eaten, — and with these I left the gay shore.

We left Naxos at half-past nine A.M., cleared the point, and saw Nicaria in the distance. Nothing can excel the beautiful forms and outlines of the N.W. side of Naxos. At half-past ten A.M. I have in view Nicaria on the right; some small intervening

isles; and then Myconi, with Delos, Tinos, and Andros, in front. Sailing nearly due north, Syra bears N.W., Paros close on the left, Naxos behind. The sun set in flaming red behind his own Delos, purpling the ridges of Tinos and Myconi. Far on the right, in hazy distance, lay Amorgo; in front, steering E., lay Icarus: (Nicaria) the intervening waters are relieved by small rocky isles, the last of the Greek dominions.

At nine o'clock in the evening, a strong breeze carried us, in four hours, opposite Icarus, and then subsided into a rocking calm: for all the succeeding day we sat rolling on the sickening waves. The whole length of Icarus lay stretched on the right. This is a long narrow island, rising from the sea, at the western extremity, like steps, until it attains its height, which runs in a uniform outline for half the length of the whole island. Another step rises to the second ridge, the Mount Prammus, which ends in the promontory of Phanar (anciently Dracanium). A huge rock, not unlike the Bass on the coast of East Lothian, appears in front of Icarus, nearly opposite the highest point of the Prammus. At the Dracanium promontory lie the Corsæ Isles, called by the French geographers les Fourmies; and behind those rises the bold Samos, the Mount Ampelos towering above all. Down towards the south, but at an almost imperceptible distance, lies Cos (Calimnos), off the

coast of Halicarnassus. At four o'clock P.M., I write this close off the Isle of Patmos.

This celebrated island runs nearly from east to west in length: and, as I now view its southern aspect, I perceive its western promontory to be the highest part of it. A bold rock rises abruptly from the blue waters; a second summit, separated from the former by a neck, is less rugged, but scarcely inferior in height, and it is crowned by a white solitary edifice: on the succeeding top stands the town itself, a cluster of habitations, with the massy walls of the monastery rising out from the midst of them. Four windmills stand on the sloping ridge, which now falls away to so low an elevation as almost to break the island into two: the other half (pursuing the outline eastward) rises for the most part precipitously from the waves in rocky walls, and then ascends to verdure, but without an habitation to be seen. The island ends in its eastern promontory like a wall, and points towards Samos and the Corsææ. As the sun sinks behind Nicaria, and illumines all the outstretched ridges of it, and the continuous "Fourmies" throwing Samos into deepest shade, we are still struggling, like the "Africus" of old, with the Icarian billows: they lift up their heads around the point of St. John's isle, and the rocky steeps begin to frown over the darkening waters.

Sunset, Tuesday, July 8th.

As the night advanced, we veered round the bold promontory, which appeared before to terminate the island at its eastern extremity : a long projecting rock evolved itself, and a brisk gale soon carried us round, and lodged us in the harbour of Patimo. It was dark, and I could only distinguish the black outline of the mountains by which the bay seemed nearly enclosed all round.

July 9th. — In the morning I went ashore, and, not without emotion, trod the ground which, in the estimation of the Christian theologian, ought to be more sacred than Delos—more renowned than Paros. About thirty or forty houses have of late years been built on the shore beneath the original town of Patimo : a few fig-trees and olives stand near those habitations, which are sheltered by a rock with a rugged top from the winds of the *Ægean*. The whole island on this side is curved and broken into inlets, any of which might serve as a secure harbour for ships of magnitude. In the hollow of the bend, where Patimo stands on the height, is the place which tradition has consecrated as the scene of St. John's revelations. Above it, on the ridge of the mountain, stand the town and monastery, which overlook a wide expanse of sea, and bring into full view the islands of Nicaria, Samos, les Fourmies, and some of the lesser isles near the Asiatic coast.

These are seen over and beyond the opposite bend of the ridges of Patmos, none of which are very high. There are about four thousand inhabitants in the whole island: more than half live at the port and the upper town.

The monastery is built like a fortress, with many square projecting buttresses; it has also several parapets, from whence are seen various prospects of the sea and the surrounding isles. I found it peopled by about thirty monks. The church is dedicated, like the monastery, to St. John; but St. Christodoulos has usurped his honours: it is gaudy, like most of the Greek churches, without either taste or elegance; the vestibule, as well as the interior, is painted with the semi-Chinese heads of Christ and the Apostles, and the Panaghia figures in every corner. In the first court, where the entrance to the church is, I observed an inscription bearing date 1698; and several fragments of marble are inserted in the walls and stairs. The library contains a few printed books, such as the works of Chrysostom and some of the Greek Fathers; it also contains a large portion of manuscripts: these seem to have been recently assorted with some care, and put into cases, with their titles written outside, although none of the monks present seemed to understand their value or subjects. Those of the Scriptures I examined, but found none very ancient; some were lying in disorder, and covered with dust, upon the table. In the refectory I was shown

an inscription on a slab of marble ; it was a sepulchral stone, as well as some others I saw at the church of the Grotto. This monastery was founded, under the auspices of Alexius Comnenus, by St. Christodoulos *, in honour of St. John. In the beginning of the 12th century, when the success of Alexius had driven the Turks from many places whose names were dear to Christianity, the churches began to resume something of their former splendour ; and not only were the waste places rebuilt, but the piety of the Comnenian race was extended to other spots, consecrated by the presence of the apostles and martyrs. The Crusaders could not be insensible to the claims of Patmos ; and it was probably about that period that the Grotto, which is now covered by a chapel, was fixed upon as the place of St. John's abode. More than half way down the "Cavea" of the hill there is a mass of rock, which in several places is broken into grottos. A pile of grey buildings has taken possession of the sacred one, and a Papas is appointed to guard and light the lamps, and say long prayers over the spot : he devoutly pointed to the roof of the cave, where are some fissures and small holes a little way into the stone : "through these," he said, "came the voice from Heaven, like the sound of a trumpet rushing through

* The life and actions of Christodoulos were published at Padua, in Greek, 1755, a thin 4to volume.

those places with a great noise." A picture representing the Apostle as one dead, lying at the feet of him that spake from heaven, covers the wall of separation; behind this is the altar; the angels each holding in their hands a church, representing the seven churches of Asia. But the most important and affecting embellishment of this shrine is a simple label suspended, containing the verses relative to the Apostle's vision (Rev. chap. i. ver. 9—18.), in the original Greek: these I read aloud to the Papas, to which he listened with devout attention. If this cavern be really the scene of such an awful vision, what spot on earth was ever more effectually consecrated? — If we are accustomed to approach the house which has been dedicated to the worship of God with reverence, how should not this spot be approached with tenfold veneration, consecrated, as it was, by the celestial light which shone, as the sun in his strength, upon all around it. O! for a ray of that light to pierce the mystery in which are yet enveloped many things spoken by the Spirit to the churches!

After two hours and a half spent about the sacred cavern, I descended to the village port. A Greek (there are no Turks in this island, although it belongs to the Porte) offered for sale some medals found in Patmos. There was one of Constantine and of Diocletian, and some with symbolical signs of the ports and isles of the *Ægean*. I found shops furnished with rice, macaroni, split peas, olives, honey,

beans, &c. Previous to leaving the shore, I read a good portion of the Apocalypse, under that local impression which all may experience, but none can describe. But, if it has been affirmed that reading Homer on Mount Ida inspires a deeper sentiment, after its kind, than reading the same in the closet, why should not the feeling coincident ascend in reading the more sublime composition in the Isle of Patmos. Wondering, indeed, what these things might mean, I knew not how to unfold the seals and read the notes of the trumpets. I found not how to soar aloft with the voice that once fled through this pure sky, on eagle's wings, in the sight of the Apostle, crying, "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth!" Time and events appear to have clearly unfolded some of the prophetic vision; and the whole will, in due time, be made clear to the Church of Christ, according as it may stand in need of comfort or warning.

We left Patmos at eleven o'clock A.M., with a strong wind blowing nearly north, and quickly cleared the promontory of the sacred island. Steering across for Samos, and tossed upon the billows, we passed near the barren islands of Lepso (anciently Lepsis), with Nicri (Acritis), and their numerous satellites. At a greater distance, and nearer the coast, we left Gaithonisi (Hyetusa). All these islands have nearly the same aspect at a distance,—a grey burnt-up surface, sometimes relieved by a few wild shrubs. After carrying us quickly past the promon-

tory of Ampelos, the wind fell; and I had leisure to contemplate the Asiatic coast, so full of interest, and so pregnant with names, sacred and profane. The coast of Asia Minor (meaning that part of it anciently known by the names of Caria and Ionia) presents from the sea a line of mountains, varied in height, but never rising to any great elevation: in front, are those barren uninhabited isles above mentioned, which we quickly cleared, with the wind blowing hard N. a few points W. If to look upon the shores of Greece kindles our classic feelings, the coast of Ionia may not the less awaken our recollections, both of classic scenes and those of more sacred character. It has contributed a large share of genius, by which the world has been enlightened and civilised. Earlier than Greece itself it sent out its colonies to the western regions, and carried the arts to where, in future ages, they were destined to flourish. I look, then, on the mother shores of literature and art. Hardly out of view is the promontory within which was Halicarnassus: this calls to mind the father of Pagan history, and the Greek writer of the Augustan age who has illustrated for us the antiquities of the Romans. On the same shore was Priène, the native place of Bias, who is ranked among the seven sages of Greece. Still nearer is Miletus, which cannot fail to suggest another and more sacred train of thought. I can well-nigh discern the beach where the sorrowing elders of Ephesus, with the

Christian crowd, in tears, took leave of Paul, accompanying him to the ship: that ship conveyed him over those very waters straight to the island of Cos, which I can discern in the remotest distance. I trace the path of the Evangelist, St. John, from Patmos to Ephesus, after his release; indeed, I am following his track to Neapolis (Scala Nuova): and now I approach the shores of Samos, and the promontory on which stood Trogyllium, names consecrated in the pages of Holy Writ.

At about six o'clock P.M. the wind was hushed, and we neared the eastern parts of Samos in smooth water. The coast of the continent describes a vast arc, whose extremity approaches the island so near, that only a strait is left open by which "the canal" (that is, the sea between the island and the continent) is entered, and this leads into the Gulf of Scala Nuova. As the island was in a state of blockade, and occupied by Turkish troops, we were not permitted to land. I could only, therefore, espy the green tents, and gaze at respectful distance upon the fertile shores where the queen of the gods once delighted to dwell. The Heræum, or famous Temple of Juno, stood on a promontory, which is now called "Colones," from the ancient columns yet standing upon it. Of the splendour of that temple some idea may be formed, when we are told that it required four oxen to drag the *head* of the colossal statue which adorned it, and which perished in the

pillage and fire of Constantinople in 1204. Samos was the birthplace of Pythagoras, and it was even counted worthy by Vespasian of being erected into a province. In more recent times its situation, so near the Asiatic shores, has made it the theatre of war, and the important events of 1824 have linked it with the most brilliant epoch of the Greek revolution. On that occasion Khosref Pacha, with forty-two men-of-war, was forced to retire before a few Greek brulots, and a very inferior force commanded by Sakhtouri.* The Turks, in the course of those operations, expended 5000 cannon balls, and the Greeks 1500, with very little injury on either side; but, upon the whole, not less than 60,000 combatants, upon land and water, faced each other. The Turks at length lost three fine ships, 100 pieces of cannon, and at least 1000 men. The leaders in the island were, at that time, the Bishop Lysander, and Spamati, &c. Ten years after those events, and when peace had been made between the two contending nations, Samos is again the scene of warlike operations. The inhabitants appear to carry on rather a passive resistance than an offensive war; and many are daily leaving the island altogether, sooner than submit to the dominion of the Sultan. It must, however, be confessed, that the division of the *Ægean Isles*

* See Colonel Gordon's History of the Greek Revolution, vol. ii. p. 147.

made between Greece and the Porte was judicious. The treaties assigned the Cyclades to King Otto, and the Sporades to the Sultan; but the Samiotes, thinking they have an equal claim to liberty with their fellow Greeks, persist in refusing the Ottoman dominion; and at the instigation of Logotheti, a chief among the villagers, they now show the front of rebellion. The government of the island was committed to Vogoridhi, Prince of Samos, who appears to have tried every means of conciliation. When those failed, the island was given up to Hassan Bey, who took military possession of it with 2000 troops; in which condition it was when I approached its borders. A speedy submission was, however, anticipated; for the banner of the Prince already floated on almost every promontory; and thirteen towns and villages had voluntarily submitted to the mild conditions of Hassan Bey and Musurus. The geographical position of Samos and the Sporades in general is such, that as long as the Sultan retains the coast of Asia, he can never consent to resign them to Greece; and if they were annexed to Greece, the inhabitants themselves would be the first to deplore the change, for it would only be for the Porte to forbid all intercourse with their neighbours on the coast of Asia, to reduce the islands to the greatest state of poverty. On the other hand, by remaining a portion of the Sultan's dominions, it

will be his interest to give them every commercial and civil advantage.

In continuing our course through the canal, we were challenged by a guard-vessel, requiring our business and destination ; but hardly waiting for an answer, allowed us to pass on with Turkish apathy. We could distinguish by the pale light of the moon, the forms of human beings moving in some of the rocky inlets, and presently a watch-fire was kindled, which threw a blaze upon the rocks near which we sailed ; but, as the wind was partial, and sometimes contrary, we withdrew to a creek, and passed the night hours, and I found at day-break that we were near the promontory of Posidenium.

July 10. — A gentle breeze moved us slowly past the promontory, and brought us to a vessel which a gust of wind during the night had carried against a pointed rock ; and the attraction proved too powerful for the helpless master and his mate to dissolve : in such a case of emergency it was not possible to withhold our assistance. The vessel was laden with dried bread for the Turkish army at Samos ; and it was necessary to transfer the greatest part of the cargo into our caique before the ponderous barge could be moved. The operation lasted three hours ; and the Samiotes, perhaps, might have complained of a breach of neutrality ! The most important part of the living cargo was a turbaned Turk, who gladly availed himself of the

hospitality of the Giaours, he waited the result of our exertions with enviable patience, but I found he had no interest in any part of the cargo except himself. The abstemiousness of a Turk depends upon circumstances : if food be placed before him, he is like a heifer alighting on a heap of turnips in a bare pasture ; and although he may refuse to inflame himself with wine, he " will fill himself with strong drink," whenever he can obtain it. Our guest let nothing escape him, but devoured all the eggs in our store before we had time to adjust the preparations for breakfast. He then complained of some inward pains, and asked for rum or brandy : we willingly extended our hospitality ; but soon found it expedient to get the temptation out of his sight, lest he might not be able to return with the bread into the hold of his own ship.

After clearing the last cape of Samos, we entered a magnificent bay, whose encircling mountains comprise a vast extent of waters, reaching from the Cape St. Maria (Trogyllium) to the Cape Bianco, which points near to Chios. The shores of Asia appear fertile on the southern side of this bay, and innumerable vineyards are seen reclining upon the hills which overhang Scala Nuova. A little more southward is the promontory on which the Panionium stood : some rocks projecting into the sea direct the eye towards it. On the left lie the sites of many places renowned in antiquity, but now no more existing, — Notium, Lebedus, Colophon. Scarce a mountain rears its head

without its incident; scarce a recess of the shore unfolds its bosom without a classic circumstance : reflections accumulate as the stranger of a colder clime approaches for the first time the shores of Asia ; but the thought which soon masters all in landing at Neapolis (Scala Nuova) is — that here the Apostles must have often landed on their way to the church at Ephesus !

LETTER II.

To Richard Ingram, Esq., at Athens.

Scala Nuova, Evening of July 10th.

I AM unwilling to lose the opportunity which the return of our caique to Attica offers of complying with your request by telling you how we have fared in the Archipelago ; but on account of the long quarantine with which our captain was threatened on his return to Syra, I fear you will have left Athens before this letter reaches you. Be that as it may, the evening, which I usually dedicate to writing up my Journal, shall be dedicated to you and your companions, more especially as you intend to follow my track to Scala Nuova. I have to thank you for the loan of the Maltese as far as Cape Sunium : he performed his engagement with as much zeal and fidelity as I could expect. His very figure as he sat upon his horse was a protection ; and except the venial faults of having eaten all our bread at Kerratia, and spilt two bottles of brandy at the Cape, I have nothing to lay to his charge. It occupied us eight hours in travelling from Athens to Marathon, and fifteen more to reach Cape Colonna ; the voyage to

Syra was performed in nine hours. Having sailed from Cape Colonna at midnight, the *Melteme* blowing hard, I awoke at sunrise on the morning of Thursday 3d July, and saw the blue waves heaving around me. The little caique proudly dashed the billows off her prow, and made good way towards the island. I saw Andros and Tinos, Mycon, Delos, and Gyaros (Ghisura); and far away on the edge of the waves were Ceos (now Zea) and Cythnos (Thermia). For three hours I watched the waves and swelling canvass, and the brisk gale carried us round the point: at about nine o'clock, P.M., the striking new city, with its harbour filled with merchants, burst on the view as soon as the seamen called out Syra.

I agreed to give my captain twenty dollars for his caique as far as Syra, and then to enter upon a fresh contract. He would not undertake to convey us to Scala Nuova, touching at the different islands I named, for less than ninety dollars, laying in his account for twenty-one days' quarantine; and although I might have been served for two-thirds of that sum, the little vessel was so clean, and the crew, which consisted of six pair of hands besides the captain, so obliging, that I agreed to the price. I spread my own bed every evening upon deck, and I do not recollect ever to have enjoyed seven days of more unmixed delight. I recommend you to supply my omissions by landing at the island of Tinos, and examining the tombs in Rhenea; go up also to the marble quarries in Paros,

and if possible spend a day in the island of Naxos. You may obtain a permission of the Turkish Admiral to land at Samos (now in a state of blockade), a circumstance I did not know until it was too late. You will be able to procure provisions at all the islands except Antiparos; but Syra and Naxos are the two great marts of the Cyclades.

We landed here to-day at two o'clock P.M., and were suddenly escorted to the house of the Vice-Consul for all Nations, by a Janissary dressed in flaming red: a turban enveloped his head in so many folds that it nearly concealed his pale, meagre countenance; his waist was oppressed with weighty arms, and over his shoulders hung a loose huzzar jacket. Thus accoutred, he strutted before us in all the majesty of office; but I observed some of the natives "making mouths" as he passed, showing that ill-suited importance is duly appreciated in this section of the globe as well as in our own. Nothing that I have observed affects men of all nations equally like the ridiculous; and whether it be Mesopotamia, Capodocia, Pontus, or Asia, in this, we may say with poor Yorick, it is all the same. The red Janissary, who became our Cerberus for the rest of the day, will doubtless become yours, when you land at Scala Nuova, and will conduct you, as he has done us, through the lanes of the town.

The first object a stranger is expected to admire is a gaudy Greek church: our entrance seemed to

inspire devotion into many ; for several followed us into the sanctuary, and whilst they surveyed our motions with eager curiosity, muttered their repetitions and crossed themselves unconsciously. Through several rough-paved dirty alleys we descended to the bazaar, which we found furnished with rice, dried and fresh fruit, and some few articles of manufacture ; but the commerce here, which was considerable before the Greek revolution, is now gone, and the population is reduced to about 6000 souls. The massacre of the Greeks on 17th July, 1820, was perhaps one of the most frightful horrors which that bloody struggle produced : it took place previous to Kara Ali's attack and defeat at Samos, and that disaster did but again renew in many places of the coast the scene of butchery. From the bazaar we proceeded to a cafenet, a mere shed, situated on the beach and washed by the breakers' foam : here the Mussulmen resort in the evening to catch the cooling breezes. At a little distance is a cemetery, whose upright thin stones, surrounded by a wall, are scattered over a broken declivity reaching down to the very shore ; above it are vineyards, and then a barren ridge rises over all ; in the recess of land there is a mosque embosomed in trees, amidst which towers the tall cypress. The town in the other direction hangs darkly from the rock, and at this little distance is rather imposing, although it be so irregular and filthy in its interior. A little off this rock, on which

a large portion of the town is situated, there is a small island covered with fortress-walls encircling a citadel ; this it would be easy to join with the mainland, and make Scala Nuova one of the finest ports on this coast. As it is, the vessels lying in the harbour are tossed by every wave which rolls in from the open gulf ; but this change will never be effected unless a more mighty change is destined to affect the Levant.

The only place where you can be lodged at Scala Nuova is the Vice-Consulate ; but you will be kindly received, and have the cancelleria for your drawing-room, if, "*spectatum admissi*," you can refrain from laughter. The Vice-Consul, Signor Fetini, is a Maltese of prodigious dimensions, extremely susceptible of heat ; so that he lightly clothes his mortality with a pair of linen trowsers, surmounted by a spencer of the same material, and his head capped with cotton ; the whole presenting the appearance of a meal tub. He is not only Vice-Consul of his Britannic Majesty, to which honourable office he was appointed by the great Mr. Canning, but he also officiates in the same capacity for the Russian Autocrat, and for his Imperial Majesty of Austria : from none of these great powers, however, does he receive a piaster of salary ; but as he also acts as Consul for his Hellenic Majesty, his perquisites are chiefly derived from the Greek flag. Under these circumstances, it cannot be expected that Signor Fetini

should receive travellers into his house gratis, nor see a vessel enter the harbour of Scala Nuova without an additional brightness coming to his eye. A tariff suspended in his "cancellaria" sets forth the various fees to which he is entitled, and, besides these, there is something left to the generosity of the passenger : he has no objection to relieve travellers of the trouble of procuring horses for themselves to Smyrna ; and, to avoid all disputes, fixes the price at thirty-five piasters per horse. If a certificate of good conduct is to be given to a servant, or the captain of a caique, he thinks it better that the signature should be legalised, and there is a proper fee for annexing the great seal. All these things bring multure to the mill, and I would never be the person to arraign the discretion of Signor Fitini ; but were I a minister of state of any one of the great powers whose Consul he is, I should think the station at Scala Nuova of sufficient importance to secure his best interests in favour of my country, and which might be had for forty or fifty pounds per annum.

The Vice-Consul introduced to our acquaintance a friend of the same shape as himself, but considerably shorter ; and measuring the proportions as we are accustomed to measure Greek columns, so many diameters in height, we assigned our friend to the unit order. Signor Antonio Ollo, I found, was a Neapolitan by birth, but had had the good fortune

in his early years to be sent to England, which happy island he left at eighteen, but has preserved the most vivid recollection of its superiority, and besides has retained in some degree of perfection its language. Returning to the Ionian Isles at a more mature age, he ended by fixing himself at Arta as a Frank merchant, and seems to have conducted his affairs in that country with success, which often denotes integrity. In this state of prosperity he was living, when about two years ago the Klefti came down upon Arta in great numbers, committed great ravages in the city, and among other depredations burnt the house of Antonio Ollo; the short man was in consequence obliged to gather up the remains of his fortune, and with these he departed far from the scene of his disasters, and came to the Asiatic coast. With sufficient left out of the wreck of his fortunes to recommence speculations, and his wife and family being snugly lodged at Zante, — he has become contractor and purveyor to the Pacha of the district. His census enables him to keep one horse for himself, and another on which he mounts a Turco-Greek in the capacity of a servant, with the portentous name of Abdallah. He spoke of his country house at three hours' distance from "Scala Nuova," and of a horse which he had received as a present from the Pacha himself. I observed the Neapolitan wink whilst I was in the midst of a bargain for a Turkish conductor; but the wink was in my favour, and was

accompanied by some honest and judicious remarks. This agreeable friend has become our informant on all things connected with Ottoman politics, and the statistics of the country around us. He says that the soil in the Pachalick is for the most part let upon the old European feudal plan. Large proprietors allot lands to their retainers, furnish them with cattle and instruments for tillage, and relinquish a portion of the produce to repay the labour ; but the thinness of the population, that is, the scarcity of labour, brings only a portion of those immense territories into cultivation. Thus is a fair-quarter of the globe blasted as effectually as if locusts covered the face of it : to these observations, it may be added, that there are several small proprietors ; and they, tilling their own land, redeem a little of the universal waste, but this happens chiefly about the towns and villages.

Signor Ollo, delighted with this European intercourse, volunteered his company to go with us to Ephesus ; and with this prospect before us, we are now about to retire, and sleep in the “ Cancellaria ” under the protection of the great seal — “ *Honi soit qui mal y pense !* ” Remember us kindly to your travelling companions.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY FROM SCALA NUOVA TO SMYRNA BY
EPHESUS.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl
MILTON.

July 11. — At sunrise we were mounted on some of the worst horses I had as yet seen in my travels. Two Surgees, one a young Greek and the other an aged Turk, led the way. Signor Ollo, formerly a merchant of Arta, having expressed a wish to accompany us to Ephesus, appeared in the procession with his attendants, and thus swelled our train to the number of fifteen quadrupeds. We passed through the vine-roofed bazaar, and were no sooner clear of the streets than the meagre horses began to run with the baggage up the lanes; and the slow Surgees were despatched in all directions to re-adjust the train. Notwithstanding, we pursued our way to Ephesus, leaving the impediments to come up as time permitted.

We left the town by the wall of a castro, in which is inserted a mutilated lion of St. Mark. The fortress was in all probability the work of "the glorious republic;" and it gives an exalted idea of the splendour of that oligarchy to witness its trophies still existing on so distant a shore! But we have yet to add one-eighth of Constantinople. I saw no vestiges of any more remote antiquity, except a small fragment or two of columns, — perhaps vestiges of the ancient Neapolis.

The road runs first along the shore past the Turkish cemetery; and just before ascending a stony path, a full view of Scala Nuova (looking back) is obtained. At the distance of half an hour are the remains of an aqueduct, which is traced in many other places on the way to Ephesus. It appeared from the rude "*opus mixtum*" to be of a very low epoch of the Roman Empire; but when I saw the ruins of Ephesus, which may be of the age of Justinian, I judged it to belong to that period. Proceeding a quarter of an hour further, we met the sea again at an inlet, and continued for five minutes through the sand: ten minutes further is a *cafenet*, and behind it a Turkish cistern.* Some salt works

* These are the hot baths, I presume, near which Colonel Leake thinks the ancient Neapolis stood, and in that case Scala Nuova will be the ancient *Marethesium*. See *Tour in Asia Minor*, note on page 261. The only authority for this supposition is a passage in Strabo, which shows that Neapolis was nearer Ephesus than *Marethesium*. But what if

lie on the left, which gave a name to this place. Ten minutes further are more remains of the aqueduct, and then soon succeeds a sea view and a maritime plain, through which the Menander, the ancient Cayster, flows into the sea ; from hence, it is three quarters of an hour to a plain in which are seen more remains of the ancient aqueduct, and a village (Karvaglia) situated under some flat-topped hills : a large-plane tree and fountain soon appeared, and then we proceeded through some rough pasturage, and entered a large plain. We caught the first view of the castle of Ajasaluk on the right, at a quarter before eight ; and in half an hour more, having first approached near the banks of the Cayster, we arrived at the ruins of Ephesus ; having been three hours in performing this journey from Scala Nuova.

EPHEBUS. — The remains of this once celebrated city occupy a portion of two hills, the narrow valley between them, and part of the marshy plain which subtends the angle formed by the inclination of those mounts. I did not begin my circuit of the ruins from Ajasaluk, as I find most travellers have done ; but I struck off immediately across the plain in a direct line from the Cayster to where I espied the ruins : I had then on my right a mountain running westward towards the sea ; and upon a pointed eminence stands a square tower, similar in construc-

Marethesium happen to be situated to the south of Scala Nuova ?

tion to the remains of some others which appear to have occurred at intervals in the circuit of the city of Lysimachus. Their construction resembles some part of the remaining walls which are observed to run along the mountain Corissus, and also up the other mount, which is Prion ; and they may be well supposed to bear an antiquity as high as the age of Alexander. These walls must, however, be carefully separated from others which are evidently of a posterior date, and those again from many of the deformed masses which often enter into the imaginary line of the city walls. It will thus appear by a just discrimination that there are three distinct periods to which the present ruins of Ephesus belong. The most remote is that of Alexander the Great (for it appears that the city of the Amazons was entirely changed * after the fire which took place at the birth of that monarch). The second period is the Roman, when temples were raised to the honour of Julius Cæsar, and some of the other emperors : and to this belong, doubtless, most of the marbles which lie scattered over the mounts, and in the valley, and at Ajasaluk. The third is the age of decline, when Ephesus, becoming the seat of three general councils, must have received the attention of the Greek emperors. Churches were, doubtless, made out of the prostrate materials which the Goths, in the reign

* Lysimachus wished to have it called Arsinoe, after the name of his wife.

of Gallienus, had thrown down ; and, as an ecclesiastical city, it continued to flourish until the age of Justinian, and beyond : the ruins, therefore, are either Greek, Roman, or Christian. Of the former we cannot expect to find much, except in the original line of walls and the towers ; and the two latter are often blended together, exhibiting a fine material combined with coarse execution. Behind the Mount Prion, and at the extremity of the Corissus, is a valley, which is, properly speaking, the valley of Ajasaluk. At the distance of two hours from Ephesus is a town called Kirkungee, which gives a name to the whole district. This town contains a great number of Greeks, Christians by profession, but speaking the Turkish language. The whole of this region is covered by a long mountain, expanding its concave form and rising high with cultivation : this is the Mount Pactyas : the Corissus branches out from it, first in a northerly direction, and then turns westward : it is the west portion only which sustains a part of Ephesus. The Mount Prion and the intervening valley, as has been remarked, were the site of the remainder ; and this, I conceive, constituted the ancient Ephesus, except the famous temple of Diana. The town would thus be situated free from the marsh, which was chosen for the temple, only on account of its security.* This argument alone

* *In solo palustri fecere ne terræ motus sentiret, aut hiatus timeret, &c. — Plin. lib. xxxvi. cap. 14.*

appears to me to fix the site of the temple, where now there is an immense mass of ruins rising from out of the sedges, and which were the first I examined: those ruins, like almost all the rest remaining, consist of masses of brick-work placed on foundations of stone: I could only consider them as ruins of a large church. Some buttresses, on which the arches apparently reposed, remain at their original distances; and a vast mass of stony fragments lies before them, indicating steps. The edifice has stood in a quadrangular enclosure, not unlike that which surrounded the metropolitan church at Patras.

In endeavouring to fix with greater certainty the site of the temple, we must have recourse to Strabo. The buildings which stood between Trecheia and Leprè, that is to say, in the passage between Mount Prion and Corissus, (for it can be hardly called a valley,) are said by the geographer to be *ὀπίσθεν τῆς πόλεως**, *behind the city*: this tells us, at once, that Ephesus lay chiefly along the north slope of Mount Prion, where we still find the greatest part of the ruins. The temple had an asylum or place of refuge, which Mithridates extended as far as an arrow could be shot from a corner of the temple: this distance is estimated by Strabo at one stadium. Mark

Colonel Leake remarks that *all* the greatest and most costly temples of Asia, except one, were built on low and marshy spots.

* See Strabo, tom. ii. p. 909.

Antony doubled this distance (if the expression, *πλησιτάνιος τῆται*, may be so interpreted); and then, we find, a part of the city was comprised within the boundaries of the refuge: this was an evil, which Augustus was forced to remedy; but we learn, from the circumstance, that the temple which stood in the marshy ground was within two stadia of the city, that is, a quarter of a mile from the roots of Mount Prion. All these things answer well enough to the place where the ruins above described are situated: I, therefore, conclude that Justinian, or some of his successors, built a church upon the site of the great temple, and probably made use of the materials also. We know Justinian did erect a church at Ephesus to St. John; but it is objected against its being on the real site of the temple, that the ground was pre-occupied by a church dedicated to the Virgin, and, therefore, St. John's, that is, Justinian's church, stood behind Mount Prion, where the apostle is supposed to be buried: be it so, — this is the least difficulty; and I think the site of the temple ought to rest at the ruins which are now the most conspicuous in the low ground in front of Mount Prion.

After surveying hastily these large but unintelligible masses, I took a retrograde direction toward the Corissus, and, having gained the side of the hill, proceeded towards the valley. I passed the foundations of a temple, with broken shafts and piles of shattered steps lying on the east side: a little further up the

valley, I came to another platform, more naked, and the surrounding walls in some places standing; I could also trace the steps, showing that it had faced the west end of Mount Prion. I suppose this to be the temple which Chandler thinks might be the one erected in honour of Divus Julius. A little further is another mass of brick-work, resting upon three solid well built arches of stone; and beyond this a small quarry, evidently very ancient: behind all this is the Gymnasium, and the ruins of a church, which, by an oversight, I did not visit. The most imposing view of the ruins is from the valley between the Mounts Prion and Corissus; and here I read the the 19th chapter of the Acts. I then retraced my steps down the valley, and turned Mount Prion; having on the left a line of stones, projecting from the soil, which appears to have been a *Stoa*. There is some broken ground which conducts to the *agora*, known by some of the columns, which, perhaps, formed its surrounding arcade, and are yet standing upright: there are also ruins which may indicate a basilica adjoining, as Vitruvius directs. I now ascended to a large arch, built of spoils from other edifices, and surmounted by a heavy mass of building: this leads to the site of the theatre, of which hardly any thing remains; but from a kind of platform before it, we gain an advantageous view of the ruins of Ephesus: and, whilst I pictured to my imagination the crowd "rushing into the

theatre," I could not resist once more declaring the ruins below to occupy the site of the shrine of the goddess; and, combining these two localities, the solitude seemed almost to echo the voices, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The stadium, which is close adjoining, is the most perfectly marked object of the whole. The vaults which supported the seats, and the elliptical end, are manifest: the arena even preserves its form. At the end runs the pavement of an ancient street, which descends by some buttresses of stone, built upon an elevated and well constructed platform. This has been supposed by some to be the Temple of Diana; but many arguments make against such a supposition: it appears rather to have been a palace, for there are partition walls standing, dividing it into compartments. After examining the vaults, (which are now, for the most part, stalls for cattle,) I took my way across the plain to Ajasaluk.

This village, which has succeeded to Ephesus, is about twenty minutes distant, and is conspicuous by its castle, occupying the whole summit of a hill, and by a grand mosque, now deserted, situated in the plain. Behind these an aqueduct runs across the valley from Mount Pactyas towards the village. In proceeding towards the Cafenèt, I passed by a few ruined houses and baths. Almost the only buildings entire are the sepulchres of the Turks; these are sometimes painted, and the spoils

of Ephesus have been employed in their construction. The storks, which are in great numbers here, were the only living creatures I saw ; they were sitting quietly on the tops of the domes. There are also two or three ruined mosques, of small dimensions ; one of them, near the *cafenèt*, has four ancient granite columns sustaining its portico. In every direction lie fragments of marble, showing that this village has been built out of the ruins of Ephesus ; and so extensive are the spoils, that some travellers have been led to suppose that the city extended as far as Ajasaluk, or was originally there. We remained at the *cafenèt* for nearly three hours, reclining upon matting which was spread under a shed in front of the mud hut ; *café*, in small cups, without sugar, was given us by the *khangée* ; and within, sat several swarthy travellers with their legs folded under them, smoking in imperturbable silence. It now remained for us to visit the grand mosque and castle, and observe the aqueduct.

Returning first to the mosque, I repassed the tombs, and saw some huts upon an eminence on the right. The mosque is built chiefly of marble, which has preserved its whiteness, so that the building may be said, like the Temple of Diana, " to shine like a meteor " at a distance. It occupies a space nearly a square, and consists of a large open court, in the centre of which is a fountain, now dry, the *Keblè*, and a compartment on either side of it.

At this fountain the Mussulman performed his various ablutions before entering the mosque. Trees now grow in the court, and afford a grateful shelter to the weary traveller. The borders of the fountain exhibit more spoils ; and the steps by which were the ascents to two of the principal entrances are all of marble. Within the Keblè, which yet retains some of its embellishments, and in the two other compartments, are four fine columns of granite supporting the roof. The lofty chair, from whence the Mufti or priest did pray, is ascended to by marble steps, now partially broken down, but may still be surmounted, as I can witness. The domes which cover these compartments are yet entire, but the thin arch is broken, and glitters no more : a solitary stork was sitting on its ruins, and an unbroken silence pervaded the empty halls. Through one of the marble framed windows, looking towards the Cayster and the ruins of Ephesus, I took a survey of the country, but this was more complete when I ascended to the castle. Far in the west, through an opening in the plain, an extent of ocean is discovered : the river winds through the level ground in front of Mount Prion, defining the plain of Ephesus. I could distinguish some of the ruins at the east end of Mount Prion, and on the side where the quarries chiefly were, I could discern caverns ; but the reflections which such a spot as this suggests soon divert the attention from a minute detail of the objects them-

selves. This was the city where Paul laboured "by the space of two years;" so that all the Jews and Greeks of Asia heard the words of eternal life. *There* was the theatre into which the crowd rushed, and *that* the temple which all the heathen honoured: here was planted the church to which an Epistle was addressed, containing such important illustrations of the great truths of Christianity. The voice of the "be-loved" Apostle was doubtless heard also among those hills. Tychicus, the messenger from Paul at Rome, was received and welcomed by those who had been quickened from death unto life. Timothy, as tradition, not without some good foundation, bears, was once the ruler of this church, and is supposed to have been buried with St. John on the side of the Mount Prion, which I now look upon. Jerusalem contends with Ephesus for the body of the Virgin; but, if "that disciple took her to his own home," and his home was Ephesus, the palm must be given to the same Mount Prion. At the window of the mosque I read the Epistle to the Ephesians; and, finally, the Epistle addressed by St. John from Patmos; and my eyes can bear witness that the candlestick is now completely removed out of its place. The scandalous scenes which the councils of Ephesus presented; the despite which was done to the Spirit of Grace; the wandering still further from the first love, and the refusing to repent;—these are the causes why I now look from the window of a mosque over

the solitary ruins of the once favoured city. The scourge of the Almighty has appeared in the false prophet of Mecca and his successors ; and look, how they have blasted the fairest portion of the East ! Tamerlane was again the scourge of the infidel power, and from his mighty conquests and devastation arose this mosque and the barbarous name of Ajasaluk. Wandering about these empty halls, I thus reflected on the inscrutable ways of Providence ; and trusted that the ruined mosque might be an emblem of the state of that religion which has now for twelve centuries deluded so large a portion of mankind. In ascending to the castle, we gain a good view of the mosque, and see the two principal entrances into the court, which are embellished with carving and Arabic characters well cut. I proceeded up the hill by an abrupt precipice of ruins, which I found to be part of some long walls extending from the fortress. I then arrived on a gentle slope, where some immense masses of vaults lie, probably having been a bath. The fortress walls now are near, and present an exterior of square buttresses, not ill built, though composed of incongruous materials. Within the walls is a ruined mosque, and a bath ; the whole deserted and solitary. From hence we gain an advantageous view of the aqueduct (which was probably made at a low period) ; and also a fine view over the whole plains of Ephesus and Ajasaluk. After stumbling over stones and broken marbles, I descended by a

smoother way towards the mosque, and saw inserted in the walls, continually, inscribed fragments of marbles and pieces of sculpture ; so that, considering the whole of the town, its fortress, its mosque, and its tombs, it may reasonably be deduced that a large portion of old Ephesus has been employed in constructing it ; and that very little would be obtained by digging in the ancient site.

The cities of Ephesus and Smyrna, of Sardis, of Philadelphia, and Laodicea, were restored, says our historian, to the empire which Alexius enlarged from the Hellespont to the banks of the Mæander, and the rocky shores of Pamphylia [A.D. 1097—1118]. Those sacred places were rescued from the hands of the Turks, and thus they emerge from the darkness of the middle ages. About this time, Tangripanes, the Turkish pirate, was chased from Ephesus by John Ducas Vataces ; and, in 1306, Roger de Flor (engaged in the service of the Greek emperor Andronicus) laid Ephesus, amongst other places, under his severe exactions : “ a cruel tax was imposed on the corn of the husbandman.” A year later, the duke of Romania (Roger) abandoned the province of Asia, and the sultan, Saysan, finally “ removed most of the inhabitants to Tyrinæum, where they were massacred.” After Tamerlane had destroyed Smyrna, he came to Ajasaluk in 1402 ; so that it appears to have been built between 1308 and the end of the century. The names of Ajasaluk and Ephesus from

that time became synonymous ; and the manner in which the conquest of Cineia is mentioned shows that the citadel was existing in 1404. It has, doubtless, been renewed, and the mosque built since that period ; but it has now sunk into greater insignificance than the more ancient ruins of the original celebrated city.*

Having taken my last view from the castle of the wide plain and the windings of the Cayster, and contemplated once more the solitude of Ephesus, amidst the ruins of which I only saw one human being travelling on an ass, I pursued the valley which is spread along the banks of the river ; and, after half an hour's march, crossed it by a bridge. From this may be seen the castle of Ajasaluk, and the square tower on the peak of the Corissus ; and this is the first view which travellers gain of Ephesus and its environs in arriving from Smyrna. The Corissus, however, may be distinguished at a still greater distance : the Mount Pactyas is not lost sight of until the path reaches the rocks of the Galessus. We continue under those singular but magnificent rocks, having the Cayster on our right. The inhabitants of those inaccessible heights are eagles only ; there they "put their nests," and soar in great numbers far above the highest. I passed one sitting

* For these things read *Pachymer*, lib. xi. and xii.

tranquilly on the banks of the river, at a distance not more than fifty yards; but he asserted his independence by never moving from his place. In some parts those rocks ascend in fearful precipices to the height of several hundred feet in perpendicular. At the end of three hours' march, we began to turn north, round the base of a mountain, on the top of which is a large castle, called Gezelhissar, or the Castle of the Goats. The river Cayster runs up the valley, which we leave on our right, to the "Cilbiana Juga," where Pliny says it has its source. The ancient Tyria or Tyriæum is situated near its banks, about five hours up the stream from the place where we parted company with it. At a quarter past six o'clock we came to the Cafenèt hut at Gelat; and, instead of proceeding two hours further, as originally intended, were content to pitch our tent near a fountain, on a level piece of ground, by the banks of a slow-flowing river. We had passed through a valley, having the last branches of the Galessus on our left, where the village of Oschban is situated. I now felt that I was in the East: the costume of the Khangee, and the wild looks of the peasants; an occasional Arab appearing with his naked swarthy limbs, and every strolling female throwing a white veil before her face to conceal her from the gaze of men. A soft and balmy air by moonlight breathed over the expansive plains, and

the beams broke gently through the foliage of a plane tree, under which lay stretched some weary travellers.

Tent. Evening, 11th July.

July 12th.—At a quarter before four o'clock, I discovered I had been sleeping close by the banks of a stream, which is supposed to be the Phyrtes mentioned by Pliny. It flows from an immense marsh, which must be the "Stagnum Pegaseum," if the river be the Phyrtes. This, however, is not ascertained, since there are streams and marshes in other directions which would equally answer Pliny's too vague indication; nor would it be worth the while to investigate an object, which has no other interest belonging to it than the bare mention of it by Pliny. It was more certain that I looked over an extensive plain, N.E., over which the rising sun scattered oriental light: it was bounded at a vast distance by the chain of Mount Tmolus, and in other directions I saw ridges running far away, drawing out the imagination to grasp the vast continent of Asia. We took our departure at a quarter before six; the road running northward. At a quarter past seven, we came under Metropolis. Two long fortress-walls, ending in low square towers, on a dome-shaped hill, are the objects which direct the traveller to the site of the ancient city. The castle occupies the place of the Acropolis, of which some

original walls remain. I saw also, lower down the hill, some traces of an ancient wall : the rest of the vestiges consist merely in broken fragments ; for the Turks have fetched most of the materials away, to finish their cemeteries near the villages of Frigatta and Tourbali. Metropolis, Strabo observes, was 120 stadia from Ephesus : the distance from Ephesus to Smyrna, in the direct road, was 320 ; so that 200 stadia remain to be reckoned from Metropolis to Smyrna. And it is odd enough, that Mr. Arundell, who gives this passage in the original, in his *Notes*, expressing his surprise, that Tournefort should not have conjectured these ruins to be Metropolis, says, “ especially as its situation is marked by Strabo just midway between Ephesus and Smyrna : ” — 120 is not half of 320 !* The hill on which Metropolis stood is detached from the chain of mountains which girds it behind ; below it, on the south, is the village of Jedikeuy ; and on the north, a cemetery which has consumed many of the marbles of Metropolis. The more extensive village of Tourbali lies down in the plain ; a number of cypresses and other trees mark its situation at about three miles distant from Metropolis.

The mountains which encircle this plain on the left are of a severe aspect ; and the plain itself

* It ought to be observed that Xylander rejects the words *Εἰς γὰρ Μετροπολιν κ. τ. λ.* altogether. See Strabon. *Geograph.* Edit. Oxon. tom. ii. p. 907.

presents the appearance, for many a league, of a forest. In a little time, we passed the miserable village and cemetery of Frigatta; and at twenty minutes before eight arrived at the *cafenèt*, kept by an Arab: his hut, whose walls are mud, interspersed with broken marbles, is situated upon a cool stream. This we passed; and, after travelling for near an hour, came to a tumulus on the left of the road. A little beyond this are the remains of what appears, at first, to be an aqueduct; but, upon pursuing the line of ruins, it is seen that they are the remains of a fortification wall, which connected two hills, on one of which are yet some traces of an intrenchment. Beyond the northern hill is some low marshy ground, which is impassable after rain, and generally during the winter. Then succeeds the base of Mount Tmolus, on which, if there were a few "castella," the whole of this district would be defended by the aid of this judicious wall. There can be little doubt of this being the work of some Roman governor, and a slight survey of the country will suffice to show that such must have been the intent and use of those ruins. Through this marshy plain, although then dry, we continued viewing the plain of Baindir far away: on our right lay the village of Trianda, just across the marshy ground. We gained the place called Yaztepè by ten o'clock, and passed some streams which have contended for the name of Halesus. The Halesus, it appears, flowed into the sea near the

ancient Notium, and not far from Lebedus ; the stream which had been supposed by former travellers, even by Col. Leake, has been followed by Mr. Arundell, and found to enter the sea at a distance from Notium ; so that, with the consent of Col. Leake, the name Halebus has been transferred to another river, which flows past the town Gumulderu, having its source at the roots of ancient Mastusia, now called Tartalon. After the diligent researches of Mr. Arundell, and the valuable probations of Col. Leake, ordinary observers acquiesce in silence to the real "course of waters." The inscriptions so diligently copied by the former traveller want applying for the purpose of illustrating the places or districts where he found them. Shortly after passing these streams, we arrived at a few huts situated on another stream, our guides were desirous to halt, but I insisted on proceeding to the next cafenèt : after three quarters of an hour we found it, — a rustic shed, formed of branches of trees, and crowded with travellers, Arabs and Turks. After a little while, we obtained a mat and some space on the ground : those who remained surveyed us with careless curiosity, and an uncouth looking Khangèe ordered his slave to serve round the sugarless coffee. After three hours' rest we proceeded over a wild country, sometimes ascending a little into grassy plains ; and in two hours arrived opposite to Sedikeu. This is a large village

ated under a beautiful range of hills ; it is one of the summer retreats of the Smyrnæan merchants and foreigners, and possesses the advantage of being within two hours and a half distance of the capital. We turned not aside to see it, so intent was I upon inquiries concerning the plague : alarming reports had met us at Scala Nuova ; and at the last *cafenè* within four hours of the city, no information could be obtained. I was encouraged by the reports of two Frenchmen whom we met nearly opposite to Bougiah ; and also by a Greek, who bid us go on without fear ; but it was evident that we were about to enter a city still infected. Bougiah, one of the country residences of the merchants of Smyrna, was then the retreat of numbers of families. It lies snugly under the hills branching from the broad summit of the mount on which the fortress stands. Some of the foreign consuls have their summer residences at Bougiah. A ruined aqueduct, and below it a stream, the Meles, is the last marked object on the road before ascending the hill by which to descend upon Smyrna : the gulf enclosed by the opposite mountains gradually unfolds itself first ; then the masts of the vessels are seen lying in the harbour, and a part of the city of the Franks ; but both are soon concealed again by the vast grove of cypresses which rise over the graves of the Turks. Through this wide field of mortality, the traveller from Ephesus must first pass ; — a gloomy foreboding of a city labouring under the

scourge of pestilence. But we soon found ourselves in the midst of populated streets ; the Turks sitting in groups were smoking in the faces of each other. Our road lay through the whole of the Turkish quarter ; from which we passed through the Armenian district, and finally arrived at the clean house of Signora Marracini. We were not received without a parley ; for our hostess had a son, and an English lodger upon whom she had imposed the restraint of quarantine law : but by a firm deportment we made our own conditions. The journey from Ephesus to Smyrna occupied us, in all, fourteen hours, without reckoning the hour which it cost to traverse Smyrna, from the Turkish burial ground to the quarter of the Franks.

CHAPTER III.

SMYRNA.

'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of the Sun,
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
BYRON.

"THE Paris of the Levant" contains a population of 150,000 inhabitants; of which something more than one half are Turks; the rest Jews, Armenians, Greeks, French, and English. The situation of this city is best observed from the Castle Hill, and thus it presented itself at sunrise, July 15th:—A triangular plain spread at the foot of the hill, along the shores, and the slopes of the hill itself compose the site of Smyrna. One side extends along the shore from W. to E. for about two miles and a half, and before it lie the ships in the harbour: the city itself also forms an isosceles triangle with the vertex pointing W., and an apex superadded, which reaches up to the large cemetery. I counted in all six burial grounds;—the one allotted to the Jews is near the ancient port. I also counted twenty-one mosques;

the chief mosque is a conspicuous object in the midst of the thick-set habitations. The two great bazaars, the barracks, and the chief mosque are the objects that first arrest the eye. Every part of the city is interspersed with shady trees, which serve as an essential covering to many of the private habitations. The Turks occupy the upper part of the city, their streets hanging down the slopes of the hill; the Armenians are in the centre of it; the Jews have two or three different places around both; the Franks spread themselves in the flat ground and close to the shore, and thus receive all the "purgamenta" of the upper city, whilst the Mussulman enjoys a purer air. Extending S. E. is a plain filled with gardens, bounded by the sandy shore and the tongue of the bay: a chain of mountains beyond closes the view, and ends in the cape or low land of Menimen; this extends far away to the N. and N.W., and thus bounds the gulf in that direction. The fortress itself encircles with its feeble walls the broad summit of a hill covered with old lava; and the whole surrounding district shows the marks of volcanic action.

The fortress was made by John Comnenus, in the thirteenth century, but has been repaired, especially its towers and turrets, by the Turks: some of those towers are octagonal, others circular. At the entrance is a marble sarcophagus, with a head of Medusa at each end, girt by a festoon: a colossal head,

I think of Juno, is inserted in the wall above. Within the fortress are some subterraneous vaults, apparently for cisterns; and in the midst, a mosque converted from a Christian church: this was originally dedicated to Polycarp, which may intimate that the "Amphitheatre," in which he suffered martyrdom, was not far from hence. The desecrated church or mosque is now, like the fortress, abandoned; and interesting names, like those of Ann and George Watkins, have taken possession of its walls.

In the southern view, from the mouldering walls on which I sat, I discerned Sedikeu, embosomed in trees at the foot of a range of mountains, which rise beautifully, and fall into the gulf, terminating in the cape where the "Castle of the Sea" guards the entrance into the harbour. At the foot of the Castle Hill runs the stream Meles, crossed by an aqueduct; and higher up again, at the *μεγαλη Παραδεισος*, by the picturesque arches of another. The road on which I had passed from Ephesus runs under a low hill which bounds the valley of Bougiali; and this pleasant village, the summer retreat of the wealthy Smyrnæans, I saw in a S. S. E. direction. Turning towards the east, which the sun now held in a light too effulgent, a broken line of mountains presents itself, across which is the passage to Magnesia and Sardes; a rich and fruitful plain, like a universal garden, extends from the tongue of the gulf to the village of Bournabat, and Koukoulgah, — the golden

solitudes of Smyrna. How lovely was the verdure over this smiling region, contrasted with the gloomy cypresses which rise over the turbaned stones ! But in turning again towards the sea, I could distinguish Vourla in a line of white buildings, under a low ridge, bearing nearly west : a brown cape projects from the Menimen ; and beyond it, distant mountains limit the prospect. The ancient city of Smyrna occupied a portion of the Castle Hill ; and the fort was, probably, where now the new barracks stand. It still remains to examine the antiquities of this city, which contends with six others for the honour of Homer's nativity ; but it is now a stretch of the imagination to conceive the nymph Crithois giving birth to the poet on the banks of the Meles. This stream is said to have washed the walls of Smyrna, — an expression which does not prevent us from supposing those walls to have run up to the brow of the hill, where there still remains a solid fragment standing upright.

On a second visit to the Mount Pagus, I traced the ancient walls by the above-mentioned remains, and a furrow now emptied of its materials : the stones have evidently been employed, perhaps by John Angelus Comnenus in 1224, in the construction of the fort, which, doubtless, occupies the site of the ancient Acropolis. In the opposite direction, the walls must have run up a rugged hill, and then gradually descended towards the fort, including all the

side of those broken hills which overlook the modern barracks, and end with the Jews' burial ground. The tombs here are generally made out of marble fragments of columns, cornices, &c. : they attest that the ancient Smyrna reclined on the pependences of those mounts, except that portion of it which was built about the port, not reaching, I conceive, much further than the palace of the Muttzellim.

The site of a temple has been discovered by Mr. Arundell on the top of these heights, which he calls the Temple of *Æsculapius*. I only observed the vestiges of the Stadium ; but this is an interesting object, for in all probability it was here where Polycarp suffered martyrdom. The "cavea" is discernible, but no seats are left ; the arena is still marked out by the features of the ground, but it has lost much of its evenness. The remains of some vaults on which the seats were supported, are the most manifest indications of the building. Near it is to be traced the "Koulon" of the theatre, not large ; some blocks of stone lying around, first direct the inquirer to the spot ; but he must be satisfied with the mere shadow representing the substance.

The burial grounds here have consumed all the marbles of the old city ; but slight as the vestiges are, they point out sufficiently clear the real site of it.

Smyrna successively belonged to the Ionians, Lydians, and Macedonians ; it exercised the arms of

Croesus and Alexander, and became one of the twelve cities of the Ionian confederacy : wars and earthquakes have frequently destroyed it ; but its situation at the bottom of a deep gulf, adapted for commerce, has always secured its revival. We read of an earthquake in the year 180, which destroyed it entirely ; but M. Aurelius rebuilt it. St. John's Epistle to the earliest Christians shows that the church had not partaken of the vices which infected the pagan population ; at the same time we may discover that the professors of the new religion were of the poorest classes of the community. The persecution which followed, when Pliny was governor of Bithynia, probably accomplished the prediction of the ten days, and no fact in ecclesiastical history is more strongly attested than that St. Polycarp " was faithful unto death : " he, and all those that overcame tribulations and anguish by their faith, have received their reward ; and Smyrna, like Ephesus, has long ago shown the fulfilment of prophecy. From the eleventh to the fifteenth century, Smyrna underwent the changes and miseries of war. In 1402, Tamerlane utterly destroyed, and filled up the harbour with stones. The Knights of Rhodes exerted their valour in its favour in vain ; but at the final settlement of the Turks at Constantinople, it was allowed to revive and flourish in its commerce. Its figs, raisins, carpets, and precious stones have been exported by English and Dutch

companies of merchants to the less genial climes of the North ; and the mercantile transactions of the French here have assumed the lofty title of " *Le Commerce Français du Levant.*"

The three cherished retreats of the Smyrnæans, during the six months of the summer, are the towns or large villages of Sedikeu, Bougiah, and Bournabat. I went to the latter, leaving the "stairs," in a boat, at five o'clock p. m. : it required us no more than half an hour to reach the "Scala" at the end of the Minor Bay (which, I believe, the English sailors call Peg's Hole) ; and then, an hour more on speedy donkeys, chased by running attendants, brought us to the village. It is situated on a torrent bed, which is dry in summer, behind it some naked mountains rise. By gaining a vantage ground clear of trees and houses (a thing not easy), the prospect commands a large grove of olives, and the fertile mountains opposite. The inhabitants, thinking themselves well secured from the plague, wore less cautious countenances at our approach, than the Frank population at Smyrna. I visited, first, a Turkish café, where a fountain casts up its thin columns of water in the middle of an exposed room. I next visited the Roman Catholic church, which, after the Greek churches, I found to be a relief. It had, moreover, the advantage of being new and clean. I found three Franciscan friars, one of whom was a Modenese, and had not been more than a twelve-

month from Rome itself. He was aware of the tyranny of the Duke of Modena, and knew the tragic end of Minotti and his associates.

From hence, I went to visit one of the many houses which the wealthy merchants of Smyrna have at this village: every house is separate from its neighbours by a garden, walled round and shaded with trees; so that the master and his family may keep free from all communication in time of plague. Our host was a Dalmatian, or, as he called himself, an Albanian, a Roman Catholic, and a wealthy merchant. "I came," he said, "originally from the Paschalic of Scutari; my native place is not far from Durazzo. I am happy to see you at my country habitation, although a mournful case has brought me here to-day. I have buried my child, eighteen months old; but the young must die as well as the full aged, otherwise the world would be too much peopled!" This was said at several intervals of tobacco clouds issuing from his amber-tipped pipe. "It is true," I said, "the young and old are equally subject to death; but every death, and especially a domestic one, is a warning to the living to be prepared." To this he bowed with profound submission; but regretted that he had not known of our visit in time to have given us a more splendid reception. Next morning, I saw him walking through the city, fully bent on the affairs of this world.

The interior of Smyrna is a labyrinth of narrow ill-built streets, with a muddy channel as the only embellishment of each, and a Babel confusion of tongues assails the ears on every side. In the course of traversing a street, one meets with Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics; and, after escaping from the strings of camels, or the panniers of loaded asses, the galled pedestrian takes refuge on the Marina—that is, the quay in front of the English houses—where, alone, it is permitted to breathe with ease and security.

On the 3d of June, one of those destructive fires, which are so common in Oriental towns, broke out about mid-day, in the alley called Chiotica Khan: it consumed twelve or fifteen large dwellings in Frank Street; among them was the house of Messrs. Lee and Co., bankers; and the shops, lodgings, &c. of one or two hundred families were consumed. The loss was estimated at from four to ten millions of piastres. No sooner had this subsided, than the plague appeared in the Jewish and Turkish quarters, which, ever since, has kept the Franks in dread. I found the shops of the bazaar, for the most part, closed: the houses of the Greeks and other Europeans in quarantine; that is, a barrier is drawn across the doorway, and none of the inmates may go beyond it, nor touch any thing that is without: letters and papers received, are perfumed before they are handled; money is thrown into vinegar and water. When the

cautious master issues beyond his barrier, he is provided with a small stick, which intimates to every one he passes that he is not to be touched ; nor will one man with such stick touch another, through fear that he may, by inadvertency, have communicated with some infected article of dress or necessity. This is accompanied with a constant fear and anxiety ; alarm is pictured in men's faces ; business is at a stand ; and every one who has the means, or whose affairs allow, runs off to Bournabat, or some of the other villages, as if a flaming fire pursued them : this is the caution of the Frank population. The Turks, on the other hand, are reckless, and give themselves up to their destiny : they avoid not communication even with the infected and the dead ; but a dead body will pass over the shoulders of two or three score Turks before it gets to its destination : they rather run into the evil than shun it, and think it almost impious to treat a visitation of Providence with such inhospitable feelings. Some of the Turks, however, of the higher orders, have begun to take precautions ; and the Franks hail this as a good beginning of a new system ; for they are persuaded, that if such precautions were observed, the plague would seldom make head against the population, and in time be almost annihilated. According to my observations, I should desire to pursue a system which should be something between the recklessness of the Turks, and the pusillanimity of the Christians :

for, although the Turkish fatality puts an end to all lawful means being employed, the Christian, in the diligent use of those means, is not to shake off all confidence in the divine protection. The few cases which occurred during the five days of my residence, spread a general alarm; and such was the daily anxiety of the people, that it put an end to our intercourse with them, and not even the British Consul had the courage to return our visit.

The missionary labours at Smyrna, though not very fruitful in so barren a soil, are as exemplary as at Syra. Josiah Brewer, Daniel Temple, and Mr. Homan Hallock, Americans, co-operate with the agents of the British Missionary and Bible Societies, with all that cordiality which distinguishes an enlightened Christianity. Mr. Temple has, some months ago, returned with his presses from Malta, and is employed in printing elementary books on education. Mr. Brewer and J. A. Jetter devote themselves to Greek, English, and Turkish schools; but the latter have lately been forbidden by the authorities. Mr. Brewer has recently published a semi-monthly paper, called "The Star in the East," which, though written in the true spirit of Christian benevolence, has had but a limited circulation. This excellent man has lately been on a journey to the interior of Asia Minor, and thinks he has verified the sites of Derbè and Lystra. I paid him a visit, and found him lying on a sick bed: the fatigues of

his journey appeared to have produced a fever. I received also a visit from Mr. Temple, by whose conversation I was edified, and of whose piety and extensive charity I received the best impressions. The general view which a Christian will be disposed to take of the missionaries in the Levant, is at once gloomy and cheering ; — gloomy, as it evokes a ray of light to contrast with and make a world of moral darkness more visible — cheering, as it exhibits the zeal and self-denial which true Christianity is capable of inspiring. There are in all about twenty-five missionaries, of different Protestant denominations, in the Turkish dominions : Bagdad, Constantinople, and Smyrna are the principal stations. It may be said of many of those men, (as far as I know, of all,) that they count not their lives dear unto themselves ; and if the Apostles John and Paul could now revisit these scenes of their labours, they might, indeed, lament the apostasy which has caused the candlestick to be removed, but they would admire the design of Almighty, in sending, from a section of the globe to them unknown, a “few names,” to strengthen the things that have long been ready to die, and to shed a few beams of Gospel truth over the melancholy ruins of the seven Churches.

The Rev. W. B. Lewis, the agent of the London Jews’ Society, in the absence of Mr. Arundell, officiates as chaplain to the English and Dutch congregations. This gentleman has a dispensary in his

house, maintained by voluntary subscription, and attended by a physician, to whom a salary of about 140*l.* per annum is afforded. Hither the poor of all classes resort, and receive medical advice and medicines gratis. Disinterested charity like this cannot fail to find its way in time to the hearts of this people, although they be hard. I was informed by the Dutch Consul, Mr. Vanlennep, that the Turks were more worthy of trust than either the Greeks or the Armenians. Among the latter, the Roman Catholics have gained great acquisitions, in the union of many of them to the Latin church, ever since the Russians meddled with their country : there is now an Armenian bishop, who owns the supremacy of Rome ; and there is another at Constantinople. The Jews continue here to be the most despised of the human race ; and they, in their turn, revenge themselves upon those who call themselves Christians, as often as the opportunity presents itself. Such opportunity there was during the late fire, when they entered the houses, and pilfered without shame. But when the plague appeared among them, a few days after, they made haste to get away with their goods ; for, if the infection is known to be in a Jewish habitation, his goods are burnt, and he is reduced to beggary : many, therefore, went out of the city, and were seen, a few nights ago, crossing the bridge of the Caravans. They are now, it is said, dwelling in sheds, almost in a state of famine ; "and no man gave unto"

them ! If Heaven had not been bountiful, above measure, to the indolent people of this clime, they would long ago have perished. The productions are rich and numerous : articles of cotton and silk are transported from Angora, on camels, thirty days' journey, at an incredibly small expense. The earth yields her yearly increase of grapes, figs, and melons, &c. ; and these maintain the commerce of Smyrna, almost without the labour of the inhabitants. In an enervating climate, this seems a bountiful dispensation of Providence ; but it is better to dwell upon the cold mountains of the North, where the sun is cheerless, and the winds howl around the dwelling, with a more elevated tone of moral feeling, and a higher sense of the dignity of man, than to have one's lot cast on those luxurious shores, where true religion and its blessings have no place.

The English appear to engross the commerce of fruit ; and the French, of cotton ; the Dutch trade is entirely fallen off. But Smyrna, with all its commerce, and the luxuriant soil around it, is not a less melancholy picture, in its populous streets, than Ephesus in its solitude. Nevertheless, a ray of light cheers the wanderer on his way, and some of the obstacles to improvement are now removed.

LETTER III.

To Mrs. Colyar, at Rome.

Smyrna, July 17. 1834.

You will, by this time, perhaps, have begun to think that the theme of your correspondent in the East "has died into an echo," and that you will receive no more "useful information." It is now near forty days, besides many leagues of land and water, since I addressed my last letter to you from Napoli di Romania. The time has been thus employed. — I spent thirteen days on a tour in the Morea, including two of repose at Napoli; in two days and two nights more I reached Athens, and there remained five days. My journey through Attica to Cape Colonna occupied nearly three days; and then I began my voyage of eight days, among those isles,

"Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight."

The rest of the time has been consumed on the journey from Scala Nuova to Smyrna by Ephesus, and in examining this first city of the Levant. We took up

our residence at the house of Signora Marracini, remarkable for its cleanliness and its inmates. The hostess derives her origin from Italy, but, in the display of the stronger passions of our nature, is evidently a child of the East. The terror of her eye completely subjugates all the menial train about her, and sometimes renders her very guests submissive; we found an English artist from Malta, who had been kept a close prisoner for three weeks—not being permitted to pass the threshold, lest he should bring in the plague. Our presence knocked off his fetters, and he has seen the light once a day ever since: but the vision of Lady Macbeth, to whom he likens our hostess, still haunts the Anglo-Maltese. In recommending, therefore, the house, without being struck by the landlady, I have to add, that the apartments are fitted up in the European style, and the establishment is more of the nature of a boarding-house than an hotel. The terms are a dollar a head per diem, including board and lodging; but at the day of reckoning it approaches nearer to a dollar and half. The accommodation is worth it, compared with other and cheaper establishments of the same description at Smyrna. It is not one of the least useful pieces of information, to have a general idea of the prices of the most ordinary articles of consumption; but in that case, it is necessary to know first the relative values of coin and weights. At Napoli and Athens I received about twenty-seven drachmas in exchange

for a pound sterling, and at Smyrna, ninety-seven Turkish piastres and three quarters. The average value of a drachma therefore is eightpence three farthings; and of a piastre, twopence three farthings. The Greek drachma, which is a handsome silver coin, is divided, like the French franc, into centimes, called *lefta*; and these circulate mostly in copper coins of five *lefta* each, analogous to the French *sol*. There is also the Hellenic dollar of five drachmas. The piastre was originally equal in value to the Spanish dollar; but the Sultans have so debased the coin, that it now seldom reaches the value of threepence in exchange. It is divided into forty *para*hs; and the *para*h is not an imaginary, but a real coin, stamped like the five piastre piece: but it is of no intrinsic value whatever; nor is any other coin issued by the Sultan, except the gold pieces of twenty piastres each; and these are, perhaps, worth about half. I must leave political economists and currency questionists to draw their conclusions from this state of things in Turkey. The Spanish dollar is current both in Greece and all over the Levant; in Greece it has a constant value of about six drachmas. In Turkey it varies according to time and place. At Smyrna it is worth twenty-one piastres and a half at present; but at Constantinople and at Broussa it is not allowed by the monopolising agents of the Porte to rise in value above twenty piastres.

The weight by which every thing is regulated is the

oke, equivalent to two pounds and three quarters. Eggs, the great resource of European travellers after fruit, are bought for four or six parabs each ; milk, at thirty parabs the oke ; a small loaf of bread costs six or eight parabs ; melons, at twenty parabs ; grapes, at thirty-two parabs the oke ; pears, at thirty ; mutton, two piastres ten parabs the oke ; beef, not much more than half that price ; I have, however, purchased a whole lamb in Albania for fifteen piastres. These prices do not apply to Constantinople, where, I understand, travelling Franks, especially English, must not expect to live at a less rate than at Paris or Naples. Having made certain provisions of *luxuries* for our journey through Asia Minor, you will see, by the grocer's bill, how these things stand at Smyrna.

Gentlemen English. Bought of George Mitchell & Son.

16th July, 1834.

	Piastres.	Paras.
Three okes of loaf sugar	21	0
Half oke of brown do.	2	10
Half oke of tea	29	0
Two wax candles	8	10
Half oke of rice	1	20
Three bottles of porter	15	0
Three do. of Marsala	18	0
Two do. of brandy	14	0
One bottle of mustard	7	0
Four okes of potatoes (these from Malta)	4	0
One tea pot,	21	20
One cheese, one oke and a half	9	0
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	P. 145	20

Or about 1*l.* 10*s.*

They generally count the price of washing by the dozen ; for nine dozen and a half pieces of linen, at eight piastres per dozen, seventy-six piastres (at Smyrna). British commerce, if I may judge from the present state of the harbour, is by far the most considerable. There are now thirty vessels under cargo, of which more than one half are bound for Great Britain and Ireland ; viz. three for Falmouth, two for Liverpool, five for London, and the rest for Ireland. The plague, which now slightly infests the city, puts a stop to social as well as commercial intercourse ; and the Frank merchants, as many as can leave their establishments, have retired to the villages of Bournabat, Bougiah, and Sediken. It does not, however, put a stop to the strife and riot which have always characterised the Asiatic Greeks. A few evenings ago, at the village of Koukloudgia, where a fête was held, a quarrel arose between the Greeks of the village, and some others who had gone from Smyrna to drown all thoughts of the plague in draughts of wine : a female, having gone into the church — may we hope, to pray — was insulted by the Smyrniens : the villagers immediately fled to their knives ; and before the Aga could appease the tumult, several individuals were mortally wounded. It is an anomaly yet to be accounted for ; and, however accounted for, is humiliating to our nature ; that the awful visitations of Providence should, in general,

have the effect of rendering both Christians and Pagans more desperately wicked !

The Sultan's desire of imitating the European governments has lately led him to attempt the passport system. The firman issued upon this subject, requires that persons of every nation and language established in the dominions of the Sultan, who are desirous of travelling in the interior of the empire, must produce two bondsmen, before the local authorities can deliver a passport, or Teskeri. As the Greeks have their bishops and primates always at hand, the Armenians and Jews their communities, the Turks their friends or acquaintances, the whole weight of this inconvenience falls upon the Europeans, wherever they may happen to be, where there are no consuls or established merchants ; it is therefore in contemplation to make an appeal to the Porte in behalf of the Europeans ; and perhaps the strongest argument that could be used, would be to state the fact, that there are no Teskeris in England. But that no inconvenience might be sustained by us in the mean time, we have not only provided ourselves with a Teskeri, but with a Bouyourdee of the governor, which, I believe, entitles us to exercise authority even over the police ! We are now nearly ready for proceeding towards Constantinople, after driving a hard bargain with the Hadjee Schereff. I have procured horses at the rate of twenty piastres per diem ; already they begin to approach caparisoned, and followed by a host of at-

tendants. The excitement in the house of Signora Marracini is indescribable. Our cavalcade blocks up the street, and drives the pestiferous Turks against the threshold. A piece of cotton, which the wind has carried into the passage, has produced shrieks and clapping of hands, as if there were no more hope of safety. Farewell.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY FROM SMYRNA TO THYATIRA, BY SARDIS.

While, blasted by his Crescent's dreadful glare,
The bloom of Science and of Genius dies.

MAURICE.

Our retinue consisted of five baggage horses, two Surgees, a Tartar guide, two servants, and four masters: we were escorted by the Hadjee Schereff, or Post-master, as far as the bridge of the Caravans, where we found Armenians smoking under the shade of the trees which grew by the water-side. The road passes between the villages of Bournabat and Oujah, situated on the mountain. To the right, the country wears the richest appearance, abounding in all manner of fruits. By the light of the moon, I could distinguish the trees and habitations of another village before us, on a plain which leads to the mountains of Tepuli-Dag; leaving Boudag on the right: the road to Magnesia branches off to the left: but we took the road to Casaba and Sardis.

Travelling by moonlight, with the fresh breeze of

evening, was truly delightful ; and the outlines of the mountains were seen, in varied degrees of darkness, for an immense distance. After six hours, we came to a *cafenèt*, at no great distance from the village of *Vimfi*, where we halted.

July 18. — In the early light, I distinguished *Vimfi* under a rocky mountain, embosomed in wood : the fortress walls run up on the edge of the rock, above the village ; a river, the *Nimphtchi*, runs east, which is frequently crossed and re-crossed in going towards *Casaba*. The most splendid view of a majestic plain, sweeping at immeasurable distance along the foot of those beautiful mountains, enchants the wandering eye of the stranger ; and such is the lavish bounty of nature, that, at a distance, you might imagine they were cultivated with the greatest care, and that vines and corn-fields were spread over the vast surface : but in approaching, you find green copse, stunted oaks, and various shrubs, where the hand of tillage never comes. At an hour's distance from the *cafenèt*, I observed the remains of a Roman bridge over the *Nimphtchi* ; there are three arches, and the foundations of the piers are easily separated from the Turkish reparations. In three hours more, making in all ten from *Smyrna*, we arrived at *Casaba*.

This town contains two handsome mosques, some dirty streets, and a bazaar. In the streets, you stumble over pears and water melons, for which

Casaba is renowned ; these, and a great quantity of cotton, are the principal exports. There are about one hundred Jewish families settled in this place, and they had just received an addition of fifty more come from Smyrna to escape the plague : not so much from dread of losing life, " as losing that by which they live." One young man, who spoke English fluently, presented himself at the khan, to offer his services as our guide or dragoman, either at Casaba, or in the journey to Brossa. He was soon followed by an Italian doctor, who gave us much advice gratis upon the mode of travelling, and upon the dangers to be avoided from a free exposuæ of the chest to the air. A large audience was quickly collected to hear the strange accents of the Franks ; and whilst we sought repose under the shade of a wooden gallery, the number of spectators increased : but there was nothing more marked in their demeanour, than a semibarbarous curiosity and astonishment ; and when we had stretched our limbs upon the matting, they gradually dispersed, and appeared no more until the hour of our departure.

Previous, however, to leaving Casaba, I found it expedient to establish my authority over my Turkish attendants. The Hadjee absented himself without leave, and left us to "devour impatience" for two hours, which made us resolve to make him "eat dust." Furnished with the firman of the governor of Smyrna, I repaired to the house of the Aga,—a

wide-spreading construction of mud walls, bricks, and wooden galleries, with two or three attendants posted at different turns. I found the man of brief authority reclining alone, and in silence. A grey beard hung from a collection of withered features, amidst which twinkled a pair of grey eyes : his bare legs and slippered feet were drawn up on a red carpet, spread near a window ; and he invited me to sit down and relate my story. The result of the interview was a reprimand to the Hadjee and Surgees ; and an understanding, that for the rest of the journey I was to be obeyed, in naming the hours of departure and repose. At an hour's distance from Casaba, I came to a burial ground filled with ancient columns and other fragments, showing that here, or in the vicinity, had stood an ancient town. On my right lay a wide plain ; and on my left a range of mountains, whose outlines appeared, as if fortresses and castles occurred at every moment : but these were the broken summits and rocks which some strong convulsions of nature, doubtless earthquakes, have produced. Near sunset, the sky began to lower in the east, and presently became so black with clouds as to threaten a deluge : the result to us was the finest spectacle I had ever seen exhibited in the elements of light, lightning, and moonshine ! The sun appeared like a globe of flaming fire descending from the clouds just past a promontory shaped like a semidome ; the whole of the western sky was

illuminated with a golden light, richer than "the cold in clime" ever conceived, and far surpassing any I had seen in Italy. The reflexion alighted upon the opposite angry clouds, and produced a lurid blaze amidst the blackness and tempest. As the light of day decreased, forked lightning broke from the host of clouds so vivid and so bright, that at every moment we had a light which rivalled the sun of northern climes. The rain, which we found had fallen copiously near Sardis, we just escaped; and to the lightning storm succeeded the light of the moon. At about half-past nine it broke out of the dark sky, and shone so bright, that we were enabled to erect our tent at midnight, fixing in screws, and doing all things as by day. It occupied us six hours in going from Casaba to the ruins of Sardis, making in all from Smyrna sixteen hours.

July 19. — Our tent was pitched nearly due north of the Acropolis, on the Pactolus, on the left bank, opposite some ruins, — the crumbling remains of a comparatively modern fortress; a little down the stream (for the famous Pactolus cannot be called a river) there is a wooden bridge, not wanted, in summer, by any one who may wish to step over the brook: near this are two burial grounds; at a few paces distant is a mill, owned by a Greek; and, due west, rises a perpendicular sandy mountain, whose conical top, like that of the Acropolis, is covered with brushwood; its broken de-

clivities are curious, though not so fancifully diversified as the Acropolis Hill. Ascending by the banks of the Pactolus, in a S. W. direction, we came, after twenty minutes' walk, to the remains of the Temple of Cybele: two columns are only now standing, and no architrave rests upon them; the capital of one is also somewhat displaced — but, as all the metal is now gone, perhaps the stone, having resisted the pillage, will be let alone for the future. The shafts of these columns are in many pieces; the marble is coarse. They are half interred, but the capitals, as specimens of the pure Ionic order, are justly regarded as the finest in existence. Around the two solitary, half-buried columns, lie scattered the fragments of many others, together with friezes, architraves, &c. A classical architect has estimated that there were seventeen columns on each side, and a double row of eight in the front. The two now standing, belong to the "interior order of the east front;" but I cannot conclude, with Mr. Cockerell, that, *because* the capitals only are fluted, the building was not finished. The fluting of the shafts can never have been intended, otherwise the flutings of the capitals would have shown some tendency to continue downwards; whereas they are closed and perfected.* Two unveiled females followed our in-

* For a sketch of the plan of this temple, and some architectural observations made by Mr. Cockerell, see Leake's *Tour in Asia Minor*, p. 345., additional note, 265.

PACTOLUS AND THE ACROPOLIS.

Inspection of these ruins, with wondering eyes; and a peasant brought us a round pebble, taken, as I conceived, from the bed of the Pactolus. The peasants here seem to know in what the former renown of this stream consisted, although now it brings down no gold. Having quitted these venerable remains, which may be estimated at an age of 2400 years (and are, indeed, all, except some vestiges of walls on the Acropolis, that time and war have spared of the ancient Sardis), we returned in an easterly direction over the green hillocks which lie under the precipitous steeps of the Acropolis Hill: amongst these I traced the features of a stadium, which I estimated to be 600 yards long, and 120 broad; but I could not discover any evident traces of a theatre. It was on the side of the theatre where Antiochus scaled the Acropolis.

Turning south, I soon came within view of the great masses of ruins, which indicate the less ancient edifices of Sardis: these lie principally S. W. S. of the Acropolis. The most conspicuous of them belong to a period of comparatively little interest, they appear to have been, for the most part, places of defence, and are composed of the broken materials of the former city. The abrupt precipices of the Acropolis Hill, in its lower parts, are substructed with walls of a better kind: they may reach as far as the age of Julian; and we may suppose that

thus to have had a share in their construction. I continued my circuit of the Acropolis as far as the remains of the two churches, which stand near a mill, and on each side of a stream which runs S. E. to join the Pactolus. These ruins appear to be of the same age, because they are both constructed by the same rule as to materials. The one nearest the Acropolis is said — upon what authority I know not — to have been dedicated to the Panaghia, the other, to St. John. Of the former, remain four skeletons of buttresses standing at right angles with one another; and they must have formed part of a nef in sustaining the vaults: the lower parts are of blocks of stone and marble, the spoils or remnants of other edifices; and so copiously have the materials been employed, that it seems more than probable this building was made after the destruction of pagan worship: the reign of Theodosius, or even Justinian, would not be too modern a date. The fragments, however, exhibit a coarse kind of sculpture, such as the two first centuries of the Roman Empire would disown.

The remains of the other church are more compact in construction, and, like the former, have the lower parts of stone or marble, and the upper of brick “*ad emplecton*.” The ruin, moreover, is more perfect; and there are vestiges of a wall which has enclosed a square space, no doubt consecrated.

The ground appeared to me to be marshy, and, I should imagine, unwholesome at certain seasons. It was, however, one of the few spots which lay under cultivation: a mill adjoining, and a few huts, untenanted, were all the human habitations I saw on this side the Acropolis. I did not think it expedient to ascend the rugged hill, but contented myself with observing its varied features; and I gained an advantageous view of the plain and the Hermus, from several of the mounds which lie under the sandy precipices.

From the ruins of the church of St. John, I directed my steps, following the stream, towards the Pactolus, to the extensive ruins called the *Gerusia*, or House of Cræsus. This edifice has been solidly reared upon a regular plan, which may (yet, in a great measure, be traced: the walls are massive, and the brickwork evidently Roman, of no late period: perhaps from the earthquake, in the reign of Tiberius, it may date its origin. The western side is entirely ruined; but a square court, or room of communication, which appeared to me to be the centre of the whole, leads into two rooms (one on each side) having circular ends. A long compartment beyond, runs the whole length of the two rooms and the court; and it is difficult to assign any other use for the whole than baths: and as the construction is Roman, like the "*Thermæ*" in Italy, they would, doubtless, contain a gymnasium as well as other

places of exercise and public resort. After examining this ruin, I returned to my tent at half-past eight A. M., and remained at Sardis till five o'clock P. M.

The Mount Tmolus rises behind the hill of the Acropolis; and the part of it which is turned towards the Tmolus is so precipitously steep, that Cræsus thought not of guarding that part, when Cyrus laid siege to his capital. The hill, at a distance, presents a triangular form: the vertex almost ends in a point. Like the whole range extending westward, it is curiously broken, insomuch that it is difficult to pursue any one path which conducts to the top. The interest which the first book of Herodotus has thrown over this city, the celebrity of its rich dynasties of kings, the alluvial gold of the Pactolus, the achievements of Cyrus and of Alexander, suggest so many classical remembrances, that a day was not too long to ponder on those great events of antiquity. But Christian Sardis has a still greater interest; and I read, with the scene before me, the epistle which St. John addressed to the church of Sardis. Three Christians by profession are now the representatives of that church, the miller, his wife, and son. The threatenings of the Judge have been executed upon Sardis, who refused to repent; and as a thief in the night have the just judgments descended upon the ungodly, whilst the few names unpolished have long ago received their reward. I could not but feel an interest in the solitary family which

now preserves at Sardis the name of Christ. We took refuge, during a sudden storm, in their rude habitation; and if they abound not in goods, either spiritual or temporal, they have at least the blessing of contentment. Their means of grace are none; but perhaps, on that account, the inward and spiritual grace may be more singly felt — for if “God temper the wind to the shorn lamb,” how much more the darkness to the feeble light which dwells in “one of those little ones.” The nearest neighbours of the Christian family are some Turcomans, who have erected their tents, or a few mud huts, on the Pactolus, and about the site of the Stadium. And it appeared to me, that for an individual to maintain inviolate, even the profession of the name of Christ, under such circumstances, he must have other strength than his own, and be alive to the honour of his Saviour: and so it was; for when I asked the poor miller if he held fast the profession of his faith without wavering, he answered that he was a Christian: and you do well, I added, to cleave unto Christ, for he is the only Saviour: upon which, he rejoined with much fervour, laying his hand upon his breast, and looking up to Heaven, ΜΟΝΟΣ ΜΟΝΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡ, “the only Saviour.” Who, therefore, shall say that there are not a few names still left, even at Sardis, monuments at once of the goodness and severity of the Lord?

The good man of the mill assisted me to adjust

a dispute which had taken place between our Surgees and the Turcomans. All our horses were seized for having invaded the beans and corn of some of those dwellers in the mud huts, not far from the Stadium : as soon as I was informed of this, I delivered my Bouyourdee to be carried to the Bey of the district, to enforce the restitution of the horses for our journey ; but it afterwards occurred to me, that I might be promoting injustice, seeing that if the crops had really been injured, some reparation ought to be made. The Bey lived at two hours' distance ; and, in due time, the Hadjee returned in triumph, with a positive order from the Bey to release the horses. I then explained to the Hadjee, that I had not obtained the firman of the governor of Smyrna for the purpose of committing injustice ; and I proposed that the peasants should be called, and recompensed for the injury sustained, offering, at the same time, to make such recompence myself : but the Hadjee thought enough had been paid in procuring the Bey's order, and in the trouble of a four hours' ride. It was also alleged, that these murmuring husbandmen made a practice of seizing the horses of travellers, upon pretext of their crops being injured ; but, in fact, to extort money ; and that this time they had failed, because of the firman. This statement was confirmed by the Greek miller, which allowed me to depart from Sardis with a clear conscience. Had it not been for this transaction, however, I should

not have known that either beans or a Bey grew about the deserted Sardis.

The tumuli, in every direction, are innumerable. The mouldering walls which were opposite to our tent belong to the history of Turks and Tartars — the instruments of divine anger which the head of the church employed against the apostate Christians of Asia.

I left Sardis amidst the loud crashes of thunder, which appeared to rock the very Acropolis; and they rolled in distant peals over Mount Tmolus. For a moment the rain fell in torrents, whilst we took the same road by which we had approached Sardis. This soon struck off among the marshes which extend along the Hermus; and it was necessary to inquire frequently for the direction of the path. We passed a number of black booths of Turcomans scattered about the marshes, which only so far redeemed the depopulation of this wide district. After about an hour and a half we crossed the Hermus, now called Cadischay, or Sarabat, and quickly ascended to a village of mud huts — the winter habitation of those we had just seen dwelling in tents. Pursuing a N. W. direction, we came to a line of tumuli, situated on a range of hills overlooking part of the Gygaean lake. We passed near the largest, which is generally supposed to be that of Alyattes, the father of Cræsus: it was six stadia in perimeter at the base, and derives peculiar interest from having

been visited and described by the father of profane history. We arrived near the end of the Gygean Lake as the moon broke over its waters. It lies under a low chain of mountains which bound it on the east. The opposite shores are low, and seldom rise higher than the range on which the tombs of the Lydian kings are. We arrived at Marmora at ten o'clock, having been five hours in performing the journey from Sardis.

At Marmora we slept in a *cafenèt*, which I had reason to repent of. The noise of dogs, the filth, and thin-voiced mosquitoes "took away sleep." This town is situated under a cliff, has two mosques, and a great number of mud houses; many of which are at present in a state of *dilutidation*. The host of the *cafenèt*, who was a Greek, said that twenty-five families were now settled at the place, but formerly there were more; and that the Turkish houses had diminished from one thousand to one hundred, which I thought could not be true; for taking into consideration that part of the town which runs up the hill at the southern extremity, I could not form my estimate of houses at less than three hundred. On the plain side, fig trees, pomegranates, and vines abound. Some travellers think this may be the site of the ancient Exusta: it is certainly the site of an ancient town; for both in the burial ground, and in the streets, are seen, constantly, fragments of columns and other vestiges. The road to Ek-hissar now lies

in a level country, in which even fields are cultivated occasionally.

July 20.—At two hours' distance from Marmora are some copious springs, which send forth the most pellucid streams: half an hour beyond these, there is a burial ground near a stream, and a fountain, and a few inhabitants: this I take to be the village of Kesh. Some inscriptions copied here, and published by Mr. Arundell, show that we are near an ancient town named Terentium. After one hour, I came to another burial ground, where many "frusta" of columns are employed in the tombs. I traced the vestiges of an ancient temple close by, which had evidently furnished the spoils: its columns (which had, doubtless, formed the flanks of the Cella), were precisely like those of the Temple of Bassæ, in the same relative situation. From here I discovered the cypress trees, which rose thick from the cemeteries of Ek-hissar: and I soon arrived at a burial ground without a tree, which I found was the Armenian. Here were employed innumerable fragments of antiquity, although the mournful spot seemed to be deserted even by the dead. The Turkish cemetery soon appeared, with many a witness of the plunder committed upon the ancient Thyatira. I arrived at a Khan just at the entrance of the town; but a much more splendid one stands in the interior, with Kiosques running up the sides of the prodigious gallery.

CHAPTER V.

THYATIRA, AND THE JOURNEY TO BROUSSA.

All they which dwelt in Asia heard the word. — ACTS.

Ek-HISSAR, the ancient Thyatira, is situated in a fertile plain, which is bounded by mountains on the west and the north, — the mountainous ridge which Strabo describes as the barrier between the plains of the Hebrus and those of Pergamos. This plain once exhibited the assembled armies of Antiochus; and the same Lucius Cornelius Scipio, whose sepulchre has been discovered on the Via Appia at Rome, was the victorious Roman who decided the fate of the Syrian king. The town is said to contain one thousand Turkish houses, three or four hundred Greek, and thirty (I should think more) Armenian. The streets, like all the towns in Turkey I have yet seen, are narrow, ill paved, and traversed by a stream of filthy water. The Bazaar is, as usual, the most gloomy of resorts; and being Sunday, all the shops of the Greeks and

Armenians were closed, which rendered it still more dolesome. The merchandise exposed for sale in the Turks' shops is of a very inferior quality. The principal article of export is cotton ; and there are still some "sellers of purple." The fruit-shops were stocked with melons, plums, some grapes and pears ; the latter much inferior to our own. Near the principal mosque are six ancient columns standing in a line, all in their original positions ; they are interred up to within four feet of their capitals, and may have about twelve feet in the ground. Upon them rest some modern arches of brick ; forming, as far as they they go, an arcade, which is, perhaps, not very dissimilar from the original construction. Dr. Smith judged these columns - I think, rightly - to have belonged to an "Agora." The width of their intercolumniations determines the arcade, and not the portico. But the learned traveller might have observed several other columns of the same material and dimensions in the vicinity of the six : within the court of the adjacent mosque are two, and an Ionic capital belonging to the same family. In several other parts of the town, the sheds are made to repose upon truncated columns : and all these, being added to the remains which may be yet traced in the burial grounds, will give some idea of the vanished splendour of Thyatira. At a little distance from the six columns, the Armenians were laying the foundation of a new church ; and, in digging, had turned up a quantity of

marbles, some of them inscribed both with Greek and Armenian characters. The ground had been used for Christian sepulchres from time immemorial; and some of the more recent coverings were inscribed with dates as early as 1640. The church, which had just been taken down to make room for the new foundations, was probably built in the interval between the ravages of Tamerlane and the fall of the Byzantine empire: but it had only succeeded to another of more remote antiquity; as appears from the remains, which I was fortunate enough to see. A section of a wall was discovered at some depth below the actual surface: it was of an elliptical form, and of considerable thickness: the brickwork was far superior to any I had seen either at Ephesus or Sardis, and of a character decidedly Roman. Close by it was dug up a marble cross, cut out in relief upon a small tablet. The labourers had respected this relic, and carefully set it up upon the wall: the lower part of the tablet was fractured, and a piece of one of the arms of the cross broken off; but even supposing the broken piece to be very small, it would, if added, form a Latin, and not a Greek cross. The "tribune" of the new church will, I fear, conceal those remains; but from the care I observed, in putting aside all the bricks found, and the value set upon the cross, I should not despair of the old wall being at least preserved. Finding a Roman wall, therefore, thus characterised as the remains of a

church, and upon a spot which tradition has rendered sacred, I concluded that these were genuine vestiges of, perhaps, the first church that was ever erected at Thyatira. Neither the remains at Sardis, nor those at Pergamos (said to be of the ancient churches), have so much evidence of their authenticity as the vestiges in question : and I considered it a remarkable circumstance, that four English travellers should arrive just at the nick of time, to rescue the interesting remains from total oblivion. From the contemplation of what those Greek Christians might be, who laid the foundations of this primitive edifice, I turned to witness an instance of the oppression which has fallen in judgment upon their degenerate posterity. It was Sunday ; and the Asiatic Greeks, whatever else they may neglect, have a religious veneration for their festivals : this generally ends, indeed, in excess ; but it mostly begins in devotion. The proprietor of the khan at which we reposed was constructing his side galleries, which were to be covered with tiles : none but Greeks could be employed to any purpose in a work of that nature ; the poor men were reluctant to apply themselves, alleging that, being Sunday, they ought to be allowed to have that day, at least, for devotion and repose. A domineering inspector, with a large stick in his hand, soon appeared, and drove them upon the roof and waited, like an Egyptian task-master, until they had given the " full tale of bricks." They laboured

hard ; and I am convinced that fifty Turks could not have accomplished, in twice the time, what those eight or ten Greeks did in two hours.

Whilst we reclined on the carpet beds spread on the platform in front of the *cafenèt*, we were obliged to listen to the sound of two crazy stringed instruments, to which a little wretched boy was made to dance : the dance consisted in a succession of contortions of the body, sometimes representing a warrior, but often degenerating into indecent gestures : but the greater novelty of seeing our cook boil some potatoes, drew away the spectators.

Thyatira was the fourth of the seven churches of Asia, whose shade had now passed before my eyes. Pergamos is at a distance of about twelve hours from Ek-hissar : it has nearly retained its ancient name, being still called Bergamo. The plague having made its appearance there, and said to be at that time in vigour, deterred us, in a great measure, from attempting the journey. Philadelphia is estimated at nine hours distance : it is now called Allah Sher. Laodicea, if its site be truly ascertained, is about fourteen hours from Philadelphia, in a S. E. direction. [The present state of these, as well as of the other churches, has lately been illustrated by the Rev. Mr. Arundell, to whose works, and Col. Leake's researches, I refer.]

The seven Apocalyptic Epistles to the Churches have exercised the genius and pious speculations of ancient

and modern writers; but, to the man who has ruminated amidst their solitude, and handled the painful reflection that the religion of Jesus has been supplanted, in its own native soil, by the delusion of the Prophet of Mecca, there is but one explanation — “How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.” The epistles, taken in order, are supposed by some to represent seven distinct periods of the church; and those are characterised by the mystic names of each. Ephesus, which signifies complacent desire, or mutual appeal, represents the favour of God, first shown to the Gentiles during a period extending from the origin of Christianity to the commencement of Nero’s persecution, A.D. 64. Smyrna — myrrh, spices, or incense — represents the faithful testimony and prayers of the saints during the period in which the church was purified by trial at the hands of the Romans, until the accession of Constantine, in 324. Pergamos signifies secure exaltation, and points out the interval between the elevation of Constantine and the commencement of the 1260 prophetic years — (Rev. xi. 3.) ; but the period of that commencement is variously conjectured. — Thyatira signifies sacrifice, or sweet savour of contrition, or toil; and figures the testimony of the church in the wilderness during the 1260 years; and this applies to the History of the Reformation Church. Sardis — a gem, or precious stone — indicates the state of the church from the end of the 1260

years, when she becomes again precious from her comparative purity ; and this period is supposed to reach until the preparation for Christ's coming. Philadelphia, or love of the brotherhood, expresses the period of that preparation, until the Lord come in the air, to be met by his saints risen and changed ; in which period we now are supposed to be living. But Laodicea, or righteousness of the people, represents the church which is yet to come, and is the monitor concerning the history of the church during the intervening period of tribulation, until Christ finally establishes his personal reign on earth ! Such are the fancies of those who contemplate at a distance the ruins of the seven churches ; but, to one who, having left the church of Corinth in desolation, reads the epistles in the solitude of Ephesus and Sardis, there is a more simple explanation — or else, why not have included Corinth, Philippi, Thessalonica, and others in the mystical history. All that St. John was commissioned to write to the seven churches, regarded them alone ; and now, every prophetic warning, and every promise, have been realised in their destruction or apostasy. The epistles now have no other meaning or reference ; but they stand for our admonition whenever we are under any of the seven conditions therein described. These conditions comprise every state of prosperity or defection into which a Christian church can come, — a subject this, which will easily admit of an extensive

developement and useful application, and if the number seven will either facilitate or enhance the value of the inquiry, it will be found in the four churches of antiquity, and the three of modern times*, which comprise all others; and, perhaps, the epistle to Thyatira may best apply to our own.

I left the earthly scenes of the early favour of God with some gloomy thoughts, because, of the seven churches, not one was spared to perpetuate the light which once shined in darkness. That light will only be restored, when the word of truth again reaches Asia from the regions to which it was banished.

We recommenced our journey from Ek-hissar to Broussa at five o'clock P. M. Issuing from the narrow streets, I soon found myself surrounded by smiling nature, having a range of fertile mountains on my right, and a wide intervening plain more fertile: vines are cultivated to a great extent; and the road, for a good way, fenced with hedges. The large village of Eisoni and Eisolesska (I write the name as it sounded in my ears) are situated upon the sides of the mountain, right and left; and the well-clad soil comes down from them into the plain with the luxuriance of the concave sweep, which always describes the fruitful region. At the distance

* The four great churches of antiquity are, the Roman, Greek, Armeonian, and Abyssinian. the three sprung from the Reformation are, the Lutheran, the Calvinian or Presbyterian, and the Anglican.

of an hour and a half from Ek-hissar we came to a delicious spring, and there crossed a river, running in a direction towards Ek-hissar. A little further, the villages of Heirlah and Tchiflich appeared conspicuous on the mountain side, right; and the face of the country appeared to me more lovely at every step. The moon rose like the eruption of a burning mountain, and soon lighted up the stony path which led us through a defile into a plain. It occupied us, in all, five hours and a half to arrive at Galimba, although half an hour was lost by one of our horses falling sick.

At this village, whose burial ground extends over more surface than that occupied by the living, we took possession of two sheds, and slept in the open street; and on the 21st of July in the morning, performed our lavations at a fountain which was close at hand. I counted here three mosques; and, in leaving the town, observed cultivated fields to some extent, and a chalk mountain on the left. We proceeded for an hour and a half among hills spotted with bushes, amidst which large herds of goats were browsing. In an hour and a quarter more, a *cafenèt*: a wild country, and nothing to see, save strings of laden camels moving the melancholy step, and an occasional Arab hut. After passing those unpeopled mountains, we gained a view of a plain situated among ranges of mountains, like a hollow wave in the midst of heaving billows. South of this, anothe

plain of equal beauty and greater extent, the eye is arrested by the shed-like houses of the village of Goltachuk, where, after five hours' march, we repose.

I had seldom seen such activity in the fields of Asia, as I observed at this village — the produce being chiefly corn and grapes. It was the time of reaping. The process of gathering in the corn is simple and primitive. Having cut it, they bind it up in small shocks, and pile these up into the form of one of our ordinary haycocks; it is then fetched away to the threshing floor in carts, whose creaking may be heard at a mile distant: on the threshing floor it is laid in immense heaps: the shocks being unbound, a pair of oxen is brought yoked to a flat kind of sledge, on which a man stands upright, aided by a heavy stone for more pressure, and revolves round the strewn mass; thus the ox only performs a part of the treading, and might justly be muzzled eight hours out of the twelve. The straw is chopped for forage, which both horses and all other cattle must be content with; for I never saw so refreshing a sight as a hay-field in all my journey in Asia. At this village I saw two unbiassed specimens of Turkish manners. We were forbid (but not prevented) to go on the north side of our *cafenèt*, lest we should meet or see the women. Before the gallery of the *cafenèt* was a fountain: at the hour of prayer, the men came and performed their ablutions, and then stood up to pray: our host prayed in his own house, with his face in the door-

way, looking, as he and I thought, towards Merca ; others mounted a platform behind the fountain. They first pray standing, with their hands crossed in front like the statues of the Dacian captives at Rome : they then fall on their knees and touch the ground with their forehead, rise up quickly ; and then repeat the operation a great number of times, holding a string of beads. The number, I apprehend, depends on the quantum of voluntary devotion. A tall travelling Turk here made his appearance, and kept up with us as far as Sousougerlich.

Quitting this village, I was delighted for a while with the civilised aspect of the country, which also presented many fine landscapes : we passed through volumes of smoke, which proceeded from the burning of the copse along the side of the mountain : this is practised when the inhabitants wish to bring the land unto a condition for planting vineyards. For an hour and a quarter we passed through similar green copse, and then a plain. The village of Boaditch appeared on the right. Over the same kind of mountains the path continues for three hours, and then cuts through the narrow cleft of a calcareous mountain, and descends upon corn fields at the village of Tchagousch, situated at the beginning of a fine plain : here are two or three Greeks, and but a small population of Turks.

July 22. — Having struck our tent at five o'clock in the morning, we proceeded amidst corn plains in a

northerly direction, and soon met a tribe of Turcomans conveying their furniture upon the backs of about fifty camels: they were emigrating to the village we had left, for the purpose of settling a short time there, to gather the figs. Their invariable question to us was, — Have you come from Ismirda (Smyrna), and what news there?

After travelling a little further, we discovered, far in the plain, a vast horde moving; their camels and company reached for two or three miles. The first thing which struck me, in seeing this people, was their resemblance to the descriptions we have of wandering Scythians, and the early inhabitants of Attica.

In two hours and twenty minutes we crossed a scanty river, the ancient Caicus, and came to the miserable village of Mandahori, or Mandoria. We were shortly joined by the travelling Turk, whom we discovered to be a merchant; and this accounted for the "*nil admirari*," or indifference, with which he viewed our European manners. He was soon followed by a female seated, as males are wont to be, on a horse, and enveloped like a bale of cotton; four black female slaves attended her, carrying carpets, slippers, and additional clothing: the Egyptian women were unveiled, and they did not dismount from their horses until preparations were made in the house for their reception. Part of this ceremony consists in putting out of the way the faces of men, and setting in the way coffee and chi-

bouques ; for the women smoke as well as the men. Having witnessed this specimen of female travelling in the East, we turned our attention to our own *Yacourt* and *Carpous*.

A poor Greek was lying near us in his hut, sick of a fever ; and, having heard that some Christians had arrived, expressed a desire to be visited. I entered his wretched abode, and found him lying on the hard ground, having been six days in that condition ; he said he was alone, and could hope for no assistance of any kind from the surrounding Turks , and he appeared to have already resigned himself to his coming fate. His first wish expressed was to be blooded ; but, finding that he had an intermittent fever, I had recourse to our medicine chest and our practical directions in such cases, and I administered the remedy which appeared most fitting. He received my medical gifts with much gratitude, and made the sign of the cross. I exhorted him to put his trust in Him who was crucified, and he would find help more valuable than any the Turks could bestow. Hope began to beam upon the poor Greek ; and I would not have foregone the gratification of seeing that cheerful ray on his desponding countenance, if I had even purchased it with catching his fever.

The journey from this village to a *cafenèt* situated near the issue of a valley through which we had travelled took us nearly four hours ; the scenery exhibits

mountains covered with copse, with occasional pasturage, occupied by the Turcomans. We passed a tribe watering their camels, an operation which the women performed whilst the men looked on : these men were all armed, and their attention to us was drawn by our pistols, which they examined with great curiosity. The Turcomans do not differ more from the Osmanlee in harshness of feature, than the rustic population of any country differs from the inhabitants of the towns and cities. Their wandering mode of life lends a wildness to their eyes ; but the nature of their occupations secures them from many of the vices with which the Turks (living in cities) are affected. Like the Scythians of old, they carry all their possessions along with them ; and they are the only people who rescue the vast plains of Asia from utter desolation. The riches of a tribe consist chiefly in the number of camels, which enables them to transport their industry from one place to another with greater advantage. They are at liberty to move from one end of Asia Minor to the other, and, by the payment of a slight tribute, to occupy any common pasturage or uncultivated ground ; but, in the parts of Asia nearest the coast, they can sell their labour to greater advantage than in rearing their own crops. They are the only persons who can be employed with effect in gathering in the fruits, and reaping the harvests, of the proprietors living near towns : their wages are, consequently, comparatively high.

With their profits they provide themselves with articles of dress and ornaments, according to their rude fancy, and with these they retire again into the wilderness. The women display their tinsel in great profusion; metallic fringes surround their not ungraceful jackets, and broad glittering clasps secure the girdle and the bracelets. Among the females employed in watering the camels, there was one of singular beauty; and, with that penetration which belongs to her sex, she soon observed that she was an object of attention. She ran to and from the well, and the camels' trough, with a graceful rather than a hurried step, but with an air as modest as the primrose which grew near the fountain. It was impossible to conceive a more faithful representation of Rebekah at the well of Nabor, when "she made the camels drink also;" "she hastened and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water." But I soon discovered a more intent observer of the female's employment than ourselves; this was one of the young Turcomans who had so much admired our small artillery. His eyes followed the steps of the damsel, and then returned for a moment to join in the admiration which he saw had caught the cold Franks. The damsel's attention to the camels became too severe to be genuine, and the pitcher returned to the fountain with a step too hurried to be diligent; and, whilst I wondered whether this might be love, the pitcher fell, and the

damsel's eyes alighted quickly upon Turcoman. This might be accident ; but hue suffused the cheek, and decided that Had I seen nothing but this, I should be convinced that the Turcomans were the subjects which the sultan has in his domain.

The word Turk signifies a wanderer, and as an appellation by the followers of Othman themselves Osmanlee. The first emigrant Turks, or Turcomans, from the East came from the tenth century : they were not powerful enough to conquer Persia, and the dynasty of shepherd kings, who held the East of Asia until the period of the Crusades. The city of Nice, was then taken, and the seat of government removed to Iconium. Until the middle of the thirteenth century, they continued to break the power of the eastern empire, and influence the affairs of Asia. From a subject of the sultan who governed 400 families, living in the city of Sangar, descended a line of monarchs, and their conquests threw the remnants of the old monarchy into oblivion ; but the distinction between the descendants of that monarchy and the followers of Othman is still maintained, and the Europeans by the respective names of Christians and Turks. The former may be considered the agricultural population of Asia, the latter the inhabitants of the cities.

At the distance of one hour from the *cafenèt*, and five from Mandoria, I saw on the right the village of Omerluki, prettily situated in a snug vale. In two hours and a half I came within view of the river *Sousougerlich*, which I take to be the ancient *Macestus* *; and in an hour more arrived at the large village of that name: but, to ascertain that it is large, a person must go off to the right, and see the houses situated in a hollow ground. Its appearance is altogether mean. The river runs past it in a wide sandy bed. The produce of the country around is chiefly corn: the surrounding hills still covered with stunted bushes.

July 23d. — We left *Sousougerlich* and its river (after a contest with our Surgees) at half past six, and proceeded in a N. W. direction. In two hours we came opposite a village under a pretty hill, and the plain becomes wider: in one hour more, we alighted at a pleasant *cafenèt*, and reclined under a shade of four trees, placed at right angles to one another. Here I found some vestiges of antiquity, consisting in marble fragments. Our route now lay across a vast plain, chiefly turf, most tempting to the equestrian to start off at full speed. After travelling for nearly three hours, we came to a fountain, over which was reared a tall conical tower, not unlike the chimney of a glass manufactory. There was a staircase inside,

* Strabo, *Geograph. lib. xii. tom. ii. p. 839. Edit. Oxonæ, 1807.*

leading, I supposed, to the top. In looking over the plain, towards a large town situated on the declivity of the hills which terminated it towards the north, I observed several other towers of the same kind. The town is Mokalizza, or Mokalitsch; and the towers mark the course of an aqueduct, which a Bey intended to carry to the town, from the source springing at the first tower above mentioned: but it appears the Bey was not fated to wear his head long enough to accomplish his good intentions towards the inhabitants of Mokalizza.

We now proceeded over the plain, turning in a more easterly direction, having a view of Mount Olympus rising out of the waves of lesser mountains. A strange pile of building soon appears at a distance, which, upon drawing near, turns out to be an immense fortress. On the side I approached, its situation resembles that of Mantinea; but on the east side, I found, it occupied the slightly elevated bank of a large river: here we were to rest for the night, and in a high wind erected our tent.

The village, if such it might be called, was inhabited by about ten Greek families, whose miserable huts were placed within the still erect bulwarks of the fortress. There is, also, a monastery called St. Honorius; and a solitary papas is the guardian and representative of a once large monkish community. The place is called by the Greeks, Lupathion, or Lupath, which comes very near to its ancient name, Lapadium.

The Turks attempt a name which sounds something like it, — Oulabat. In the cloister of the monastery I found some fragments of antiquity, and a small sarcophagus, with an inscription: the word ΑΦΡΟΔΕΙΣΙΑ was easily deciphered. This monastery, as well as another at or near Apollonia, called of St. Constantine, depends upon a head at the distance of six hours from Lupathion, where, it is said, are two or three hundred Caloyers. After reclining under the arcade of the cloister for a short time, I made half the circuit of the walls; the following morning I completed it: the whole is the work of the Genoese. The towers are alternately round and pointed, and the curtains such as were usually built before the use of gunpowder: in the walls, but specially in the towers, are immense spoils of the ancient town, — pieces of columns inserted in the foundations, fragments of cornices projecting from the heterogeneous mass. There are passages through the mass of wall (which is generally ten feet thick) into the towers from within. Those pointed outside form a rectangular space within; bricks are employed to form the arches; the rest is of unhewn stone. Although there are a few inhabitants within these walls, a solemn stillness reigns around them, broken only by the croaking of the storks, who sit the livelong day upon the tops of the broken towers. The fortifications run down to the river at an angle; and within the limits are the remains of a broken-down bridge.

This river, called by the Greeks Lupat, and by the Turks Oulabatsch, is the ancient Rhyndacus; it issues from the lake of Apollonia, and, joining the Sousougerlich, goes into the sea of Marmora.* Previous to our departure, we were visited by the only Turk in the place, whose office is to govern it. He facetiously displayed his brief authority; but lowered the dignity of his station, by moving his thumb over his fore-finger, as a sign for money. The Greek who had furnished us with milk and eggs appeared equally rapacious.

July 24. — I left these worthy inhabitants of the old fortress, and crossed the Rhyndacus by a wooden bridge, as unstable as the water which flowed beneath it. We were soon joined by a papas, who belonged to the large monastic establishment above mentioned. He told me the lake was six hours in length, which I found only to be three. At forty-five minutes distant from Lupathion we came to a build-

* Pliny says it was more anciently called Lycus, and that it issued from the pool Artynia, near Miletopolis, and received the Macestus and other streams. Strabo says it has its source in Azanitis, and, receiving tributary streams from Abrettena Mysia, as well as the Macestus, entered the Propontis, near the island of Bebiscus, now called Calolimna. It is evident that Pliny, by the "*Stagnum Artynia juxta Miletopolin*," means the same thing as Strabo, by the *Ἀπολλωνιτιδος λίμνη*, or Lake of Apollonias; and although the river may have its source above the lake, yet, as it flows through it, it issues from it. Compare Strabo, lib. xii. (Phrygia), and Plin. lib. v. c. 32. On the banks of the Rhyndacus, Mithridates was finally overthrown by Lucullus.

ing of a remarkable description, which I could neither resolve to be mosque, church, or temple: its construction is too perfect for Turkish skill and masonry; and, yet, over the entrance are Arabic characters, which seem coeval with the building. The interior is divided into three regular nefs; the divisions are effected by vaults resting upon buttresses, as in a church. In the main nef are placed two pyramidical-formed pillars, reared upon four short granite columns. The only light which has been admitted into the interior is by these two "Abbaini," as the Italians call them; and, therefore, I suppose this edifice to have been erected by the Genoese, as a place for depositing stores or treasure. No other building or ruin is near. The whole of this district is inhabited by Greeks.

Continuing the journey eastward, we soon arrive opposite the town still called *Apollonia in limné*; anciently it was distinguished by the additional title, *ad Rhyndacum*. The inhabitants are chiefly Turks. This town is really built "in the lake," and presents a striking picture in the distance. The borders of this lake are fertile on the north side, and beautifully enclosed by folds of mountains on the south; it abounds in fish, and several smaller islands appear to float on its surface. After travelling for nearly four hours, we halted at a village; every house was closed, and all the tenants were occupied in the fields — it was the time of reaping. A solitary woman supplied

us with the two loaves she had purchased for her own use, or else we should have wanted the staff of life.

The magnificence of the territory of Broussa began to unfold itself after quitting this village : abundance of corn fields announced the fertility of the valleys and mountain sides ; and, in approaching nearer, the whole plain seemed to swell with the bounties of nature. After five hours from the village, we reached the ancient capital of Bythinia. Not the temples of the gods, but the mosques of the false prophet, now rise in such profusion, that a stranger might suppose this city full of prayer. I entered the gloomy streets a little before sunset. Having passed the hot baths, so celebrated, we continued for half an hour through the most luxuriant foliage ; the walnut, fig tree, vine, and mulberry, vying with each other in verdant beauty. Although it was not seven o'clock when I entered Broussa, every shop was closed, and every street cleared, just as if the whole city had been abandoned by its inhabitants ; and, had we arrived five minutes later, the doors of the khan would have been shut against us. Our good fortune secured us a repose for the night, in one of the wire cages which belongs to each room on the ground floor. We performed the journey from Sousougerlich to Broussa in sixteen hours of travelling ; it is called twenty-two hours, but that means as the beasts of burden travel.

CHAPTER VI.

BROUSSA AND THE MYSIAN OLYMPUS.

As in a picture from that towering height,
 The Macrian rocks and Thrace approach'd the sight ;
 The Bosphorus involved in rising steam,
 The hills of Mysia, with *Æsepus'* stream.
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

THE hotels in the large cities of Turkey, called khans, or hans, were originally intended for public institutions, — they were founded by the Mahommedan piety of the sultans, for the purpose of affording convenience to commercial travellers, and exercising hospitality towards strangers in general. They are constructed upon a large scale, and built of solid materials ; and, except the mosques, are the most striking and conspicuous objects in a Turkish city. Upon the whole, they are still nearly limited to their original purpose ; the reception of mere passing travellers is a secondary object. They are, indeed, principally used as depôts for merchandize, and permanent abodes of merchants. The khangee, or innkeeper,

furnishes the guests with nothing but the rooms ; he delivers the key up to the occupier, who pays a trifle per diem for the convenience. Ipek Han, where we alighted at Broussa, was almost all occupied in this manner, because of the season which was at hand for the sale and purchase of raw silk. The entrance into the han is by a large, clumsy gateway, which, as soon as the sun begins to sink, " on its hinges grates harsh thunder." The interior presents a large quadrangular court, with a copious and elegant fountain playing in the middle ; the rooms are disposed all round the court in two stories, and their average size is about twelve feet square ; on the ground floor they are masked by wire fences, enclosing recesses which are furnished with shelves like shopboards. It was one of these to which we were reduced for a lodging. We experienced the sympathy of as many of the Turks and Armenians as witnessed our narrow circumstances, but we did not consider our lot very hard. In the middle of the court a fire was lighted for the purpose of cooking a supper. This operation soon attracted the inmates of the khan ; but their curiosity was the cause of upsetting our best dish of maccaroni. The khangee repaired our misfortune, by contributing a few eggs and the fragments of a loaf of bread. In a little time all was still, and our sleep was not the less sound for being pent up in a wire cage : the great Bajazet, who once inhabited Broussa, and afterwards lived in an iron cage, was

worthy of more commiseration ! In the morning the Armenian merchant appeared at an early hour, to take possession of his inner room for the day, but found it blocked up by four recumbent human figures — he started back with dismay at the sight, but soon renewed his inspection. His astonishment was turned into civility, and he entreated us not to be in haste, declaring that for the sake of hospitality he would suspend his hour of business. As there was no lodging to be found in any of the other hans, we ascended to the second story of the ipek ; we were put within four bare walls, and had the covered gallery for a drawing-room — the whole not quite equal to an ordinary stable. I scarcely took time to examine the bazaar, before I began to make preparation for ascending the Mount Olympus.

July 25.—To render the ascent of the Mysian Olympus more easy, we determined to sleep half way up the mountain, and see the Turcomans. We left Ipek Han at half-past three o'clock p. m., carrying tents and beds, and accompanied by two Surgees, besides our Suhote sergeant. For the first hour, immediately after clearing the houses, the ascent is very steep, but constantly shaded by the most luxuriant foliage. Down on the right is a rich deep ravine, clothed with verdant trees and shrubs ; proceeding fifty minutes further, we gained the first view of the lake of Apollonia : pines now begin, and in half an hour more

the whole assumes the appearance of Alpine scenery. The Surgees, unknown to us, turned out of the main path, with the intention of making us rest for the night in a spot chosen by themselves, which obliged us, in consequence, to take a steep and difficult ascent of an hour and twenty-five minutes, in order to reach our destination before night. Their only reason seemed to be the cold which they dreaded during the night; to counteract which, they set fire to a tree which lay opportunely near the spot which I had taken the liberty of choosing for myself. This was upon some pleasant, dry turf, and under shelter of a cluster of pines; and I soon found, from the barking of dogs, that we had got very near the tents of the Turcomans. We immediately requested one of the Surgees to fetch yaourt and milk; but he alleged they would all be asleep, and did not love to be disturbed. I put a piece of money in his hand, took him by the shoulder, and wheeled him in the direction of the barking dogs: upon this he mounted a horse, and speedily returned with abundance of yaourt. Since I left Naples I had not known the refreshment of so gently piercing air. I suppose we were elevated about 4000 feet.

July 26.— At half past four in the morning we left our tent, and proceeded against a sharp wind across the turf, which affords excellent pasturage for the wandering Turks; it is watered by many streams

In a very little time we passed their tents, and found the women employed in milking the cows or stirring the caldron. Proceeding further we found another tribe, sheltered in a verdant valley. Our guide was a Turcoman from the tents, who showed more willingness to oblige his charge, and render the ascent easy, than the Surgees. He (probably, according to the usual custom) desired us to leave our horses at the distance of an hour and a half from the summit: but we had just met a set of horses laden with snow; from which we concluded that our horses could also reach the snow, and insisted upon breaking through the general rule. The Turcoman gladly obeyed, and sprang forward; for he saved himself a two hours' walk by my reform. Quitting our horses, we completed our ascent in half an hour more: having been nearly six hours in all from Broussa. But I am convinced that the whole might be performed in five hours, without great fatigue. The mountain near the summit presents on the east side a fearful mass of precipitous rock; snow lies in the recesses all the year round. The Sultan sells the privilege of fetching it away for a considerable sum, besides the condition of having a boat-load conveyed daily to Constantinople. The very summit of the mountain is smooth, covered with Tchingel, and dome-shaped. At seven o'clock I stood on the top, and thus surveyed the countries of Asia around me.

On the south are ranges of fertile hills, rising like

the waves of the sea: the prospect from east to west is bounded by a higher chain, for the most part monotonous. The Lake of Apollonia, with its many islands, bears W. N. W.; beyond it are the boundless plains over which we had passed, and above them stood a line of white cloud in thick array. In a N. W. direction I saw the Sea of Marmora, with the long island of Kololimni; and afterwards I caught a glimpse through the mist of some smaller isles, which I took to be the Princes' Islands. The intervening plain, with the gently swelling hills above it, is rich beyond compare. The Gulf of Macedonia bears north, shut in by a chain of mountains which hide Constantinople from view: these go off in branches towards the east. A sweet level plain lies N. E., seen through an opening at the feet of the spectator. Beyond is a glimpse of the Bay of Nicomedia, and behind it is a chain of high mountains, which limits the view; at the end of this chain be Nice, and the country which once witnessed the myriads of crusaders who invaded the Greek empire. S. E. by E. the prospect is immediately limited by some branches of Olympus itself; but when this obstruction ceases, a far distant view is obtained S. E. which was partially enveloped in mist. Down at my feet lay deep wooded valleys and the forests, once the haunts of the wild boar, which cost the life of the son of Croesus. All these objects I surveyed at one view; and, reflecting on

the many important events which had been acted on this splendid theatre, I remained until my reverie was destroyed by the rustling of an eagle's wings. A rustic staff on the very summit attracted my eye, and I carried it away as a simple memorial of the top of Mount Olympus in Asia.

My Turcoman guide began to descend with rapid strides; and as he walked before me, I took the opportunity of remarking his dress: it was of an inferior kind. Beginning from the foundation. I observed he wore a pair of black slippers; and his legs were enveloped in coarse woollen greaves so completely, that only a finger's breadth of nakedness appeared between the top of those and the bottom of the sack-breeches; the latter were of a russet brown, of coarse linen; the loins were girded with many a fold of sack, until it reached the waist; a short jacket nearly met it, but flew from the back, whilst the flaps in the front blew over the hilt of a long yatagan stuck in his girdle; his sleeves were of many colours, and exhibited the patchwork of poverty; his neck disdained all covering; his hair was sandy, and his beard short; stunted features, frequently drawn into a grinning smile; the whole surmounted by a skull-cap, which was once red, bound round by a dirty shred of a turban. He had scarcely descended a few yards, before he solicited me to give him his reward. I thought at first he was fearful lest I should give him nothing, when once at my tent; but the

real reason of his premature request was, I believe, to conceal the sum he received from the knowledge of our Surgee, who might have taxed him for so valuable an introduction.

In returning to the tent, which was a business of two hours and ten minutes, I was forcibly reminded of the Alpine scenery of Switzerland : the same dark pines, the same plants and flowers, appeared before me ; and I only missed the granite peaks which point the way through the clouds in Switzerland and Savoy. The Turcomans soon brought us all the riches of their milky store ; which were in the triple form of Yaourt, Chimac, and pure milk. We were soon visited by some of the old men, who stood at a respectful distance from the tent before they were invited to come in.

After a delicious breakfast, we bade adieu to the wandering tribes, and began to descend upon Broussa ; but the view of the Gulf of Modania at the minor elevation by far surpassed that which we had from the summit of the mountain. The magnificence of the plain was more distinctly unfolded, the features of the rising grounds more evidently traced ; now every bullock in the fields below was drawn with accuracy, and the white sails were clearly seen to move over the Sea of Marmora : nor was the advantage less in descending upon Broussa ; the whole city lay spread like a map at our feet ; the mulberry vales and gardens in the vicinity presented a scene which neither painter nor poet

could ever describe. This appeared to me to be the only country which entirely defies description, and of which nothing more nor less can be said than that it is the finest country upon earth. We arrived at our khan at half past two P.M., having been three hours in descending from the green platform; and, in all, five hours ten minutes from the summit.

Prusa was founded by Prusias, a king of Bithynia, B. C. 220; and when the kingdom was reduced to the form of a Roman province, Prusa became the residence of the governors. It is very probable that Pliny the younger wrote his celebrated letter to Trajan from hence; and we may conclude from its contents, that in the beginning of the second century Christianity was generally diffused over this fair region. Of the ancient city I find but little remaining, except some vestiges within the circuit of the more modern citadel: these chiefly consist of broken columns; some injured bas-reliefs inserted in the walls; and the materials of the Roman fortifications, subsequently used by the Genoese for a similar purpose. When Christianity finally declined at Prusa is not recorded, but it is evident that Orchan found Christian churches in it in 1326. This conqueror, the son of Othman, established here the royal residence of the Sultans or Emirs; and from that event the true æra of the Ottoman empire may be dated. The Genoese made a final effort to regain their possessions in this part of Asia, but they failed before the

vigorous arms of Orchan. From 1326 to 1453 is the period when Broussa flourished under the immediate favour of the Emirs ; and perhaps its comparative decay may be dated from the capture of Constantinople. Its rich silk trade restored, and has preserved, its population ; and the amazing fertility of the soil has made it the garden of the East.

The city is built at the foot of a mountain which forms part of the base of the Olympus. It stands upon the last declivity, and even reaches down into the plain ; but the tendency to keep to the mountain has given it a long, rather than a compact form ; so that, while its whole circumference does not exceed seven miles and a half, its length is more than three. The inhabitants are chiefly Turks : the number of their houses is estimated at 16,000. The Armenians are next in point of numbers ; possessing about 1000 habitations : they have, however, but one church, whilst the Greeks, though fewer in number, have three. There are about 300 Jewish houses, and three synagogues. The Armenians, in their ecclesiastical affairs, are governed by an overseer, not equal to the rank of bishop, but exercising nearly the same functions, called a Bartabet. The Greeks have an archbishop. An Armenian school, upon their unimproving system, has long been established ; four days previous to my arrival, a new one on the system of mutual instruction was set on foot. The number of scholars amounted to seventy ; and at

though it had been opposed by the priests, it will perhaps eventually succeed. Mr. Schneider, an American missionary who had just taken up his residence at Broussa, co-operates with some of the more enlightened Armenians in forwarding their new institutions; but it remains to be seen whether any missionary labours will be effectual or not in this morally dark city. It is said to contain as many mosques as there are days in the year; but this seems to be a mere flourish. The true number does not exceed 200; some of them appear to have fallen into decay, and the greater number are of no use except for the minarets to glitter in the sun. The abundance of water which flows from the shady sides of Olympus, renders Broussa more agreeable in its interior than any Turkish town. Every khan has its copious fountain, and the sounds of falling streams are heard in all directions.

July 27. — At the distance of half an hour's walk from the city are some mineral baths of great celebrity. The establishment called Yeni Capiglia is the most frequented. I entered, and found great numbers of Turks swimming in a large round reservoir, which the Romans might have called a natatorium. The room was so hot with vapour, that I was deterred from going through the operation of a champoo. At a further distance of a quarter of an hour is another large establishment, called Eski Capiglia; but they are all upon the same plan. The mode of

taking the bath very much resembles, I doubt not, that of the Romans. The Jews are not permitted to enter the Eski Capigha: the Turks have a notion that if a Jew were to bathe in that water, it would be turned into blood! it gushes out from the rock too hot for immediate use; but the Turks, whose delight is a sudatorium, give it but little time to grow cooler, before they devour its suffocating vapour.

I had scarcely proceeded ten steps from the baths, before I was accosted in the Italian language by a man habited as a Turk. He began by declaring himself to be the most miserable of men; but he owned that he was justly punished by the hand of an avenging deity, for his apostacy. He had been, he said, a Christian, having come originally from Trieste. He had the misfortune to fall in love with a Turkish damsel; but could cherish no hopes of ever being united to her, unless he became a Mussulman. To gratify his desire, he renounced his faith; and put on the turban and Oriental costume in which I saw him. Many months had he repented with bitter tears; but the consciousness of his crime pressed him so sore, that he had no rest by day or by night. And after delivering himself in a strain like this, he begged some relief. "If the case be as you represent," I said, "there is yet room for repentance, and I would sympathise with your sorrow; but if you are from Trieste, you are an Austrian subject, and must be known to Signor Nicoletti, the Consul. If I find,

upon inquiry, that your case is a proper one, you may come to the Han, and I will converse further with you on the subject." Nay, but if he could be relieved then and there, he should not die before evening. My suspicions were increased, and I determined not to give him a single parah : and, upon inquiry of the Austrian consular agent, I found the penitent to be an Italian Jew, who, for the sake of gain, had become a Mahomedan, and acquired of the Franks at Broussa the title of a "grand Birbante !" After this painful example of depravity, I went to the house of the American missionary, and performed divine service. The congregation consisted of my young travelling companions, Mr. and Mrs. Schneider, and two Armenians, one of whom understood English. Mr. Schneider, not being an Episcopalian, did not make use of the Liturgy of the Church of England, but made no objections to my doing so ; and thus was that edifying service read in Broussa to a congregation for the first time. The Armenian, who understood English, assisted in the school ; and there is every reason to believe that he is a sincere Christian, and will become a valuable fellow labourer with the American missionary.

The rock on which the ancient Acropolis stood, and which is now encircled by the mouldering walls of the fortress, is a manifest marine production ; the greatest part of it a coral rock. There can be little doubt that the whole plain of Broussa was anciently

a gulf like that of Nicomedia, which, also, has considerably diminished from its former magnitude during the present generation. Upon the coral rock the Romans constructed the citadel; but it probably never comprised so much space as the more modern one. The construction of that is precisely the same as the fortress of Lupathion: the same alternation of round and pointed towers; the same manner of inserting old fragments of marble in the massy rough material of the wall; and therefore we must account the whole to be the work of the Genoese, and consequently built before the fourteenth century.

I entered within the walls of the citadel by a doorway constructed of large marble cornices, and at every step saw frusta of columns strewn; a Greek cross stuck in the wall near a fountain, I regarded as a vestige of early Christianity. I proceeded straight to the mosque called Daouloo Monastir, which has manifestly been a Christian church. I observed two crosses inserted in the walls; but a more evident proof is the tessellated pavement within, which, happening not to be covered by the matting, I clearly discerned. This mosque contains the tomb of Orchan, his brother, and his children: one brother's name written on a tablet placed at the head of the tomb was Goskut. These are rude but simple monuments, resembling a common grave in a churchyard, providing it were conceived to be covered with plaster

without disturbing the arched form. The walls of this mosque are incrustated with marble ; but in some places, where it has suffered by fire, the Turks have restored it with plaster. Some women were praying at the tomb of Orchan, which for a while prevented our access ; but they easily yielded to our approaching footsteps, and with muffled chin glided round the monuments, watching our motions at a respectful distance.

Very near Monastir is another small mosque, which contains the tomb of Othman the father of Orchan ; and those of his children near him. There is about the same relation in point of glory and renown between Orchan and his father, as there is between Pepin and Charlemagne, and the memory of the son appears to have the greater veneration at the place of their tombs. There is always something impressive about the graves of the mighty dead ; and Othman and Orchan were the founders of an empire, which still affects the destinies of Europe, and the prospects of Christianity !

The word Daoul signifies a drum ; and it was given to the mosque or monastir, because of the drum of Orchan, which the Turks used to show : it was about three times the size of a common drum ; and wooden balls were rolled inside, which made a prodigious noise, and filled the minds of the listeners with astonishment : but the famous drum was burnt in a fire which took place about thirty years ago.

From hence I traced the direction of the walls to a gate—Kapaneu Kapoussee— which leads down to a beautifully wooded valley; and there ascending the batteries, I gained a view of the west end of the city, where the mosque of Mouradaja predominates: but the most splendid view is from the platform on the ruins of Eski Serai, or the old Castle, the residence of the Sultans. This place has much historical interest, but little remains to point out the magnificence of the Emirs. A pile of building is standing, which I was told not to consider as a mosque, but a school. Orchan erected a college at Broussa; and if he chose to have it near his own residence, it is very probable this may be the remains of it. I ascended to the summit of the stripped dome, and looked over the Tophanè, where the cannons, used only for salutes, point over the plain part of the citadel: it is now reduced to a garden, into which I went, and saw the view from the edge or terrace. On each side of two gates I observed some large bas-reliefs, but so injured by the action of fire that I could not tell their subjects: one, however, appeared to belong to the chase, for a dog devouring a stag might be discerned; on the others, hunting spears, and, I thought, military standards. I was accompanied by an Armenian in this survey; whose information, either local or historical, added not a whit to my own observations. He could not tell me where the prison stood, in which the Constable of France, with the renowned *Sieur de Courcy*, died.

The great trade of Broussa is its silk : one of the bazaars is dedicated to the raw material, which is exceedingly fine, of a flaxen white, and is brought to market in knots of about eight or ten ounces each. The working up of this silk is very simple ; and no one ever attempts to deviate from the straight lines and old patterns. The dye is a failure ; for the colours, which appear so brilliant when new, will be obliterated with two or three times washing. Opium is another branch of commerce at Broussa, of which I had no particular information. A very few Franks are established here. Signor Nicoletti, an apothecary, who acts as Vice-Consul for Austria and America ; Monsieur Clepin, a French trader ; and M. Constantine Zorab, a Swiss, whom fifteen year's residence in this most Turkish city has turned out a strange compound : the rest are physicians or quack doctors who come to astound the Turks. Two of these I conversed with : the one a native of Sicily, whose uncle had been established in Broussa in some branch of trade : his nephew, when a boy, was sent to him at Broussa ; and in the course of time was sent back to Italy to study physic. Having passed through the necessary ordeal, he directed his steps back again to the capital of Bithynia ; and had been then slaying the circumcised for about eighteen months. The other was a subtle Greek from Thrace, who, being displeased at the line of the new territory, which left him still among the Turks, plunged into the

thick of them by way of consolation ; and, if I might judge from appearances, I should say that he will soon take ample vengeance upon his oppressors, if he obtains practice in his profession. This man, collecting an audience, plied me for news in an almost unintelligible French jargon : — “ What are these fleets doing so near us ? What means this business at Constantinople ? — Shall we have war ? ” — “ I really cannot tell ; I have no news.” But this only increased his curiosity ; he thought I was a diplomatist, and insisted upon my declaring peace or war, and at what time it was to commence. I then thought it was time to twist round my watch-key, and whistle softly with a knowing air, which completely confirmed the doctor’s suspicions of my political knowledge ; and after winding up the curiosity of his audience, which was chiefly composed of trading Armenians, he made me declare war against Russia in three months ; and they all went away to arrange their speculations accordingly. A more interesting physician, who came from Sebaste, I met the following day. he was the private doctor of the Pacha, and not ignorant of the country in which he resided. He said it had taken him 200 hours of travelling to reach Broussa from Sebaste. — The only two remaining objects of curiosity which a stranger is expected to visit, are two bridges thrown over the bed of a river which in summer is dry. The one is a covered bridge, and inhabited by silk weavers ; the other open, with a single arch :

there is nothing remarkable in either of them, except as works of utility ; and it must be confessed that, in great works of that description, the Sultans have generally distinguished themselves. Paved roads are sometimes to be met with extending over morasses, and long bridges across swamps, which must have cost immense labour ; and that labour procured at a vast expense. It is certain the Sultan has not an inch of road in his dominions, which would not, in any civilised country, be indicted as a nuisance ; but it may very much be doubted whether such provision as is made in Asia Minor for the convenience of a thin population moving over immense districts, would or could ever have been made by a representative government. Nothing can be more ugly than the interior of a Turkish city ; and no habitations more wretched than those of Broussa, which, except the mosques, khans, and bagnios, are literally built of mud ; and yet the tiled roofs, interspersed with luxuriant trees, and overtopped by the numerous glittering minarets and cupolas, produce a wonderful effect at a distance in the landscape. Our horses for ascending the Olympus were paid at a Spanish dollar each : we agreed to pay half a dollar each to Modania, which was two piastres a horse less than the kindness of M. Constantine Zorab would have induced us to pay.

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNEY FROM BROUSSA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Arganthean mount with gloomy brow
Majestic frowns upon the stream below.

APOLL. RHODIUS.

July 28.—We left Broussa at half past two P.M. for Modania, by the same road as we came from Smyrna, passing again the baths and gradually descending into the low plain. The path branches off at a cafenèt, and crosses the plain, where the beauty of it ceases. In two hours and a half from Broussa we forded a river, which I took to be the ancient Odrysses; in forty-five minutes more, we reached a village prettily situated on the site of an ancient town. I saw an altar, erected to *Ἀγαθὴ Τύχη*; fragments of columns, and other vestiges. This, I doubt not, is one of the many ancient “Pagi” inhabited by the Alazones, who, according to Strabo, were very particular in paying adoration to Apollo. In thirty-five minutes from this village, we arrive at the top of the passage, and gain the first view of the Gulf of Modania; then, by a delightful valley, which sometimes con-

tracts into a glen ; the descending path winds among mulberry trees, olives, and vines : these intermingle their foliage more luxuriantly than a European can well imagine : it appeared to me the Val d'Arno, ten-fold increased in riches. This beautiful district was anciently inhabited by a people called the Halizones. From the heights which overlook the narrow gulf they might discern the Mountain Arganthonius, another region of poetry and romance. There was the fountain into which the boy Hylas fell, and where, in future ages, the Thiades went yearly in quest of him. Like a beautiful garden, the scene continues to the very foam of the breakers. We went along the margin of the shore, and soon came to Modania, having been five hours in performing the journey from Broussa.

I agreed with some perfidious Greeks to transport us in two caïques, eight oars each, at 125 piasters, to Constantinople, and to start at midnight ; but they only appeared at five o'clock in the morning, alleging that the sea was too rough. Their long light caïques, shaped like canoes, are supposed to be made in that form for the purpose of moving rapidly with oars ; but I found that, rather than ply the oars, they would wait eight or ten hours to catch a breeze of the duration of two. In this manner the voyage is prolonged, and rendered so tedious, that it is far more agreeable, and often more expeditious, to go to Rhio, and round by Nicomedia.

July 29. — In leaving the coast, I saw Modanis to advantage in the light of the morning sun. It is a large village, and stretches along the shore for a considerable way. It was anciently called Myrlea; but Prusias changed its name to Apamea, which was the name of his wife. There are several other villages similarly situated, but nothing very attractive in the low range of hills which rise above them. In three hours we reached the opposite coast, near the point which defines (in the distance) the limit of the two gulfs.

The Island of Kalolimni, the ancient Bebiscus, lay stretched along the blue water in front of our course: sudden gusts of wind blew the unstable boat nearly into the waves. At five minutes past eight, we touched the sea of Marmora, and then crept along the rocky shore in the Gulf of Nicomedia,—the usual expedient when a north wind blows. The first view of Prince's Islands was gained at a quarter past nine. The beautifully wooded shore sometimes reminded me of the lakes of Switzerland; keeping under the cliffs, we arrived at the village of Kalaili, at twenty minutes after eleven. Here is a good shelter, of which our boatmen determined to avail themselves; but, by an industrious perseverance and much wrangling, they were induced to start again at three o'clock p.m. The village was filled with drunken Greeks, which our boat's crew left with unwilling minds, and reluctantly drew the

our under the rocks and headlands, which we scraped for an hour and a half. We then arrived at a hamlet situated in a quiet inlet opposite to the Prince's Islands. Behind these, extending eastward, appears a range of low mountains, which close the Gulf of Nicomedia. I was indebted to the laziness of our boatmen for a ramble over the cliffs, which command an extensive view of the gulf, and caught the first, though imperfect, view of Constantinople. From hence, behind a projecting rock, I found a sandy beach, which tempted me to a nearer contact with the sea of Nicomedia. We were detained until half an hour after midnight, and slept soundly on the shore, close by the breakers, for four hours and a half. In three hours we came, with a breeze, opposite the small island of Antirobithos.

July 30.—At five o'clock, we landed at the Island of the Prince (Prinkipo)*, having been in the boat from Modania no more than twelve hours; but the stoppages made it twenty-four hours. The town, or village, at which we landed displayed some life in the interior: it is maintained chiefly by the visitors who come from Constantinople to seek cooling breezes and get away from the noise of the city. On the

* It was called Prince's Island, according to George Cedrinus, because Justin, the nephew of Justinian, built a house in it for the reception of hermits, and it was called the *suburbanum* of the prince, but Zonaras says that Irene, whom Nicephorus banished into the island, built the monastery.

cliffs, which rise from the waters like walls (of a reddish, sandy appearance), stand a few houses, the cherished retreats of their owners. A house of call is perched above, where the more humble find a lodging, and some attempts at European fare : here we breakfasted, and had in view the mosques of Constantinople, and some of the other islands near us. The largest of these Islands are four,—Proti, so called because it is the first which occurs in going from the city. Chalki, or Karki (Chaleis), lies opposite Prince's Island : on it stands a large palace-like edifice, with a mosque and many cypresses running up the ascent behind it. This was intended for a college : it is now the useless ornament of the island. On the heights of the same island are two monasteries. The island which lies between Proti and Chalki, once Antigonis, has preserved its ancient name. The general appearance of these islands is naked—a nakedness which the vines hardly cover. No sooner had I left the Prince's Island, than I saw, behind a hill, columns of smoke ascending, which I found afterwards proceeded from a village on fire. Conflagrations in the East form one of the scourges which the people seem destined to undergo. The wind blew stiffly from the north, and the boatmen pulled lustily across to the shore, and then sank exhausted on the benches. A promontory, covered with cypress trees, yet concealed the city from our view, as we coasted with a land wind, in a N. W. direction ; but,

having turned that promontory, the gorgeous capital of the East bursts full upon the view, and the eye comprehends at one glance the separate cities of Constantinople and Galata. It is filled with wonder at the novel aspect of the mosques, and domes, and minarets, and palaces, rising from among cypress groves, and reflected in the waters of the Bosphorus. The Cape Demetrius, bearing the golden walls of the seraglio on its margin, launches forth into the waves like the mighty prow of a ship bringing in all the wealth of Indus. The eye escapes from the enchantment, and runs past the point to catch a glimpse of the Seven Towers, and measure the intervening miles of habitations. A single motion of the caïque discovers a new world in Scutari, and the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus ; but, before it can well discern the palaces which line the shore, the busy port and the gay Tophana distract the attention ; and, cutting through the blue rippling of the waters, the astonished stranger is landed at Galata. Through the kind assistance of Mr. Cartwright, the British consul, we procured a lodging within an hour, next door to the house of the Greek ambassador, and nearly opposite the garden of the British embassy.



CONSTANTINOPLE.



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and addresses on the right. The names are: John Doe, Jane Smith, and Robert Brown. The addresses are: 123 Main Street, New York, NY 10001; 456 Elm Street, New York, NY 10002; and 789 Oak Street, New York, NY 10003.

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EXPLANATIONS
OF THE ANNEXED
PLAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

NAMES OF THE GATES.

<i>Modern Names.</i>	<i>Ancient Names.</i>
1. Ghemi Iskelè, or Zindan Kapoussee.	Πύλη των καραβίων, or the Gate of the Boats.
2. Oun Kapaneu.	Porta Farinaria (now closed).
3. Djubali Kapoussee.	Πύλη ἁγία, the Holy Gate.
4. Aja Kapoussee.	Porta Petri.
5. Petri Kapoussee.	Βασιλικὴ πύλη, Royal Gate.
6. Balat.	Πύλη κωμικῶν, Theatre Gate.
7. Haivan Hissari.	Porta Charsias.
8. Egn Kapoussee.	P. Hadrianopolis vel Polyan- dron.
9. Edrene Kapoussee.	Porta, S. Roman.
10. Top Kapoussee.	P. Melandisia.
11. Mevlané Yent.	P. Quinti ?
12. Selivri Kapoussee.	P. Attali ?
13. Kapaneu Kapoussee.	Porta Aurea.
14. Yedi-Koulleler Kapous- see.	
15. Narleu Kapoussee.	Psamatia.
16. Psamatia Kapoussee.	Porta S. Emiliani ?
17. Daoud Pacha Kapoussee.	
18. Yem Kapoussee.	
19. Koum Kapoussee.	
20. Tchatladi Kapoussee.	Porta Condescalii ?
21. Akhour Kapoussee.	

GATES NO LONGER USED.

<i>Modern.</i>	<i>Ancient.</i>
a. _____	P. Eugenii
b. Tchifout Kapoussee.*	P. Neoria vel P. Navalis.
c. _____	Chiloporta vel Chilocircon.

ANTIQUITIES.

- d. Hippodromus.
- e. Columna Combusta
- f. Columna Marciani.
- g. Palatium Vetus.
- h. Piscina.
- k. Piscina.

ILLUSTRATIONS (*Modern*).

- A. Saint Sophia Mosque.
- B. Mosque of Sultan Achmet.
- C. Osmania.
- D. Mosque of Sultan Bajazet.
- E. The Suleimania.
- F. Seraskier's Tower.
- G. Mosque of Sultan Mahomed.
- H. Aqueduct (partly ancient).
- K. Old quarters of the Janissaries.
- L. Mosque of Sultan Selim.
- M. Shad Zade Djami.

* The Turkish word for gate may be written indifferently kapoussee or capoussi.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
 The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest.
BYRON.

WHEN the waters of the Euxine Sea have flowed down the canal of the Bosphorus for about twenty miles, they break against a triangular-shaped promontory, the eastern extremity of Europe, and are distributed into the Propontis and the canal of Perali, which forms the magnificent harbour of Constantinople. The winding branches of this canal were compared by the ancients to a stag's horn, and called by Strabo* the "Horn of the Byzantines." On the left shore, from east to north (departing from the Seraglio), rise the mosques and habitations of *Stamboul*, including the Fanar, and Ortagiken, which extends beyond the walls: if we return by the walls which enclose the north-west side of the city, and by the Seven Towers, to the Seraglio, along the Sea of Marmora, we shall have completed the circuit of Constantinople Proper. The whole is about equal to the circumference of Rome, including the Trastevere and the Vatican. On the opposite shore of this great

* Strabon. Res. Geograph. lib. vii. tom. i. p. 453. Oxon. Edit. 1807.

harbour was anciently a district, the thirteenth in order, called the Region of Fig Trees, and which also may well enough represent the solitary "*regio Trans-tyberina*." As this was considered an integral part of the city of Constantine, it has given the indisputable claim to Galata and Pera of being called, in modern times, a *suburb* of the city. The quarter now called Cassim-Pacha must, in that case, necessarily be included, which will make an additional three miles to what may fairly be called Constantinople. I estimate, therefore, the circumference of the whole (beginning from the Seraglio Point, or Cape Demetrius, to the Seven Towers, turning from the Golden Gate along the walls to Haivan-hissari, crossing the Perami at the Balat, or Jew's quarter, to the nearest point of Cassim-Pacha, and ending below the Tophanè) at seventeen miles.* Cassim-Pacha, Galata, Pera, may be reckoned equivalent to the papal city of Urban VIII. On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, on a species of promontory pointing towards Tophanè, is Scutari. The distance across the mouth of the

* The walls running along the canal *κατὰς Βυζαντίαν* must be included, to make up the seventeen miles; and, as they really exist with most of the gates in their original positions, they ought to be included. In this respect, my method of measuring Constantinople differs from that observed in estimating the extent of Rome, for, although walls did run along the left bank of the Tiber, they exist no longer, and, perhaps, never were considered in the same light as the others. If, therefore, Pera and Galata be added to Stamboul, by drawing imaginary lines across the harbour, then fifteen miles would comprise the whole circuit.

Bosphorus here, is about two miles, which is enough to exclude Scutari from the suburbs of the *European* city, in which it has often contended for a place. At the distance of three miles from Scutari, in the Gulph of Nicomedia, but which may be called opposite the Seraglio, where the ancient Byzantium stood, Chalcedonia was built: it is now a considerable town, and is called Kadikeu. The Prince's Islands form an agreeable barrier for the eye to repose upon, in wandering over the waters of the Propontis, in this world of habitations. The stately mosques, with their innumerable minarets, — the cupolas of the bag-nios, hans, and bazaars, — the forests of cypress trees, which overshadow the Mussulmans' graves, — and the palaces of the Sultan, form the principal features. The Bosphorus and the Perami canal are covered with light caïques so thickly, that one might imagine half the population to be floating on the secure waters. Such is a general description of the capital of the east: but we have yet to ascend the Bosphorus, to Therapia and to the Euxine, and see on each shore the numerous towns and villages which, with few exceptions, extend for many miles out of sight of the city.

The "blind" founders of Chalcedonia led their colony from Megara, about thirty years previous to the foundation of Byzantium. 658 years B. C., the navigator Byzas, said to be the son of Neptune, with more discerning eye than Argias, es-

tablished his city on the eastern promontory of Europe. After the defeat of Xerxes, it was fortified by Pausanias, the Spartan general, who, perhaps, had no idea that he was handling a city destined to become the metropolis of the East. The first inhabitants of Byzantium were, probably, not much better than the followers of Romulus; but the situation of their city enabled them to check the kings of Bithynia, to fight successfully against Philip of Macedonia, and stop, for a while, the inundation of the Gauls when they rushed into the centre of Asia Minor.* The first Roman Emperors soon perceived the advantageous position of Byzantium, when their Asiatic conquests had left Rome almost on the borders of the empire. Augustus appears to have had some thoughts of transferring the seat of government towards the Hellespont; and not improbably the splendid ode, which proclaims the vengeance of Juno upon the daring act, was written by Horace with the view of deterring the Emperor from the enterprise.† Diocletian, in showing his imperial favour towards Nicomedia, pointed out the district where the masters of the Roman world ought to reside; and perhaps Constantine might recollect with gratitude his victory over his rival at Chrysopolis (Scutari), when he drew the line of his fortifications within view of the scene of his fortune. Byzantium oc-

* Confer. Herodot. lib. ii. Thucid. lib. i. Polyb. lib. iv.

† Hor. lib. iii. ode iii.

cupied no more than the point of the promontory. The principal edifices which Severus destroyed were the Temple of Neptune, another of Bacchus, an altar dedicated to Minerva Ecbasis, and the two inscribed "cippi" which Darius had left to commemorate his passage into Europe. When Constantine began to build his new city, he found an ample supply of materials within a few hours' reach:—the forests of the Euxine furnished him with wood; the island called Proconnesus afforded plenty of marble; the cities of Greece and Asia gave up the works of Phidias, Lysippus, and Praxitiles; and even Rome contributed a share to embellish the new capital. It was finished and dedicated in 334; and the "Notitia," a catalogue published about 150 years afterwards, still enables us to enumerate the public buildings, and helps us to feel our way in the comparative topography of the old and the present city. But, from the observations of recent travellers, it appears that Kauffer's map, with Banduri's chart, have rendered all labour on that subject superfluous: to these, however, may be added the description of M. Le Chevalier; and it may be useful to compare the present slight remains of antiquity with the objects which Gyllius saw, but have now disappeared.

Circuit of the Walls and the Gates.—There were anciently twelve gates which opened upon the port: most of them yet remain in their original sites, and retain Turkish names nearly equivalent to the ancient

Greek ones. The first was at the Seraglio Point, called the *Porta Eugenii*; then followed the *Neoria* or *Porta Navalis*, which the Turks called *Tchifon Capoussi*, but it is now no longer in use: it was from this gate that the chain was suspended which shut up the entrance of the harbour. Some of these gates about the promontory have been subject to antiquarian controversy: the remaining ones occur in the following order:—*Ghemu Iskelè*, or the Fruit Gate, called also *Zindan Capoussi*, anciently the Πύλη καράβων, or Gate of the Boats;—and so it is at this day, for it is the great landing place from Pera. The next is *Oun Kapaneu Capoussi*, now closed, anciently the *Porta Farinaria*; *Dyubali Capoussi*, or the Glazier's Gate; *Aia Capoussi*, or Πύλη αγία, the Holy Gate, where the people disembarked to go to the church of S. Theodosia. The Fanar gate is called by the Turks *Petri Capoussi*. This quarter of the city was designated anciently the *Regio Petri*.^{*} When Mahmoud II. had transported his light ships overland from the Bosphorus, not being able to break the chain drawn across the harbour, he launched them nearly opposite the *Regio Petri*; that is, not far from where the new buildings of the arsenal now stand. Notaras defended this gate with great courage; but his valour is defaced by his abject submission afterwards to the Mahomedan conqueror. The gate is now, like all the others on the port,

* Procop. de Edificiis, lib. 1. c. 3.

narrow and low — a mere opening in the curtain of the wall : just within it stands the house of the Greek Patriarch, and the patriarchal church of St. George. In continuing the circuit, we now pass by the Balat, a quarter of the Jews : this word is, perhaps, a corruption of Palatium ; for the gate which leads to it was formerly the *Βασιλική Πύλη*, or Royal Gate : near this stood the monastery where the Patriarch Joseph was interred (1282) ; it is now the chapel of S. Basilus. The next in order is Haivan Hissari, or the Menagerie Gate, and it was anciently called the Cynegeton : it led, no doubt, to the amphitheatre ; for so its name imports. From hence we begin with the walls which extend across the continent, from the harbour to the Sea of Marmora.

There were originally eighteen gates in this tract of wall, which are now reduced to seven, without reckoning the Golden Gate, shut up within the Seven Towers. Of these seven, however, the Chiloporta, or Chilocircon, has lost its place, although it has preserved the remembrance of its name in the Blakernes. From the supposed position of this gate, the walls begin their transverse direction towards the Propontis ; the *Egre-Capoussi* has succeeded to the gate called Charsias. Soon after passing this, some lofty walls rise above those of the city, forming a large building like a palace : it is commonly called the Palace of Constantine ; but ought rather, perhaps, to be called the Palace of Theodosius. The construc-

tion is alternately layers of brick and courses of stone, like the walls of the city in those places where Theodosius's name appears. I observed a cross enclosed in a mitre-formed outline, on another high edifice near; from henceforward, the *triple line* of wall begins to appear more or less perfect during the whole length. The interior wall is the highest, and, at regulated intervals, is strengthened and defended by lofty towers, indifferently circular, square, or octagonal. The second, a middle wall, is much lower, and the towers less — being generally circular; and the third, or outer wall, with a battery running along the top, serves as the barrier of the ditch which runs before it. The materials are almost invariably stone and brick, in alternate courses, and almost all bearing coëval marks. In some parts, the towers are completely clad with ivy; in others, half ruined, and half-overshadowed by the fig tree which has caused the rent. The most picturesque views are often combined with the interest which a gate or an historical breach inspires; and in turning from the ruins which time has spared, to the flourishing fields which time has yet wrought no wrinkle upon, the eye is arrested by the melancholy cypresses which stand over the graves of thousands. Sometimes, the solitude is as complete as the vicinity of the walls of Rome; and where it is not so, the dead and not the living are the cause of its being broken!

The second gate open is that of Adrianople, now

called in Turkish *Edrena Kapoussi*, and anciently *Poliandrion*. Here the factions of the blues and greens, under the younger Theodosius, came into envious conflict about rebuilding the walls which had been thrown down by an earthquake. The succeeding gate awakens more sympathies, and makes us linger around it, whilst we reflect upon the rise and fall of mighty kingdoms. It was here where the heat of battle took place, when the conquering Sultan pressed hard on this great prize of war. Here the last of the Constantines bravely fought and fell; and was found, after some days, under heaps of slain, recognised only by the silver eagles upon his slippers. The gate was called *S. Romanus*; the Turks now call it *Top Kapoussi*, or Cannon Gate, and they are aware of the great event for which it is renowned. Proceeding a little further, I arrived at *Mevlanè Yeni Gate*, called anciently *Melandisia* (see *Miletas*, cap. 244.). The top of this gate is formed by a large lintel, laid upon two supports, like consols. On the lintel is a long Greek inscription not legible from below; on one of the supports is a Latin one of the age of Theodosius.*

* The Latin inscription imports that the walls were made by order of Theodosius, and the name of Theodosius frequently occurs in the circuit. There is, however, no distinction made between the elder and younger, and yet a period of twenty years elapsed between the death of Theodosius the elder, and the accession of his grandson. I am inclined to believe that the younger Theodosius adopted the Roman method, and in-

From the Mevlanè Yeni gate, I struck off across a cemetery to Balouki, to visit a Greek church in building near the spot where the preceding one had been torn down by the fury of the Turks. Exasperated at the successes of the Greeks in the Morea, they wreaked their vengeance upon the Rajahs in the cities of Asia, and even were disposed to confound all the Franks in their rage and hatred. I returned to resume the direction of the walls, at the Selivri gate, which may be the ancient Porta Quintii, as the remaining one of Kapanèu may be the Porta Attali. Before the former, are the tombs of the famous Ali Pacha and his family, — a pompous parade which the Sultan has thought good to make of his trophies. These trophies are the heads of the rebel family, which, after being exposed at the Seraglio gate, were buried in this conspicuous place: They are mere turbaned stones, distinguished from others only by more gilding, a larger marble, and the order in which they stand, — Ali Pacha, his son Veli and Mustafa, Veli's son and Mustafa's son, in one row, facing the high road; near them is the cenotaph of Kourchid Pacha. The Golden Gate may be descried behind the trees which hang from

scribed the honours of his great predecessor's name on the walls, which he may have planned and ordered, but did not live to see established. Theodosius the younger was seven years old in 408, when his father Arcadius died.

the walls, and between two large square marble towers which appear to have flanked it. I discerned a column of small dimensions, and some indications of a triumphal arch. The Golden Gate was, probably, never remarkable for its elegance or richness. A statue of Theodosius stood on the top, and, after it had been thrown down by an earthquake, was replaced by a statue of victory: perhaps it was the gate by which the triumphs entered the city.

The fortress which existed at this extremity of the walls in the time of the Greek emperors, was called Cyclobion. The Latin armies who attacked Constantinople by the Golden Gate, overthrew it. John Cantacuzene rebuilt it, but only for his son-in-law to destroy anew: it was in ruins when Bajazet threatened the city: finally, Mahomet II. rebuilt it in the same place, but added several towers.* The Greeks now called them Heptapirghion; the Turks, Jedi Koulèler: but of the seven towers, I could only discern four rising conspicuously above the walls: they are all undergoing, at present, a thorough repair, but to be restored according to the original model. The one in which the foreign ambassadors were put, stands nearest to the Golden Gate. We may believe that many victims have been sacrificed to Turkish jealousy within this renowned "bastile;" but the horrors which have filled the minds of so many with consternation, were perhaps never prac-

* Nicetas, lib. iv.

tised. The well of blood, and the instruments of torture, may fairly be relinquished; and for finding ingenuity in punishment, we must still have recourse to the Spanish Inquisition. The fate of the unfortunate Brancovan, Prince of Wallachia, cannot, however, be forgotten. He, with his wife and four sons, were destroyed within the walls of this gloomy prison.* Sultan Achmet then heaped his favours upon Demetrius Cantemir, who had delivered Brancovan into his hands. Count de Bucalof, a Russian ambassador, was confined here near two years, during the last war; also the French ambassador, Ruffin, who is said to have experienced harsh treatment. St John Arbuthnot was threatened with a lodging in the towers, but he went off and sent some men-of-war up the Dardanelles instead.

The first gate that occurs in going from the point of the Seven Towers to the Seraglio, is called, in Turkish, *Narlu-kapou*, or the Gate of the Bomb-shells; the second is received in its Greek appellation, *Psamatia Kapoussi*, or the Sand Gate; and the quarter of the city above and about it is called by the same name. Here many Greeks and Armenians dwell; and there are churches dedicated to St. Nicholas, St. Polycarp, and St. Basilus. The walls now recede, and form an angle at the gate of *Daoud Pacha*, which is supposed to be the old port S. Emihani: from here the valley begins, which runs across the

* Hist. Ottom. par Mignot, tom. iv.

city, under the ruined quarters of the Janissaries; and in this angle or bay was the ancient port. It is with good reason supposed that the city of Constantine ended here, and the rest, which now forms one third of the space enclosed, was added by Theodosius: the quarter above this gate, with a towering mosque, is called like the gate *Dzoud Pacha*. It is by no means thickly peopled: the houses have gardens attached to them, and the numerous trees give the whole an appearance of a large Turkish village. The fourth gate is *Jeni Kapoussi*, or the New Gate; and then succeeds the *Koum Kapoussi*, which also means the Sand Gate. Here are vestiges of a port which has been embraced within a small bay or inlet—the walls running concave for that purpose. From this gate to the Seraglio, I could distinguish very frequently the original work of Constantine, by its well cemented brick; but the whole is now a mass of patchwork. The towers are often built upon rows of columns inserted lengthways; and numerous are the fragments of marble which start out from the crumbling heaps: sometimes an inscription on high reminds us of the Byzantine Empire; or the remains of a house, with marble windows*, of the Genoese or Venetian construction. Such I observed near the gate *Tchatladi Kapoussi*, anciently,

* One house of this description is called the Tomb of Marcellus, I suppose that Marcellus who killed himself in the reign of Justinian is meant.

perhaps, the P. Condoscalia: they appear to have been built upon the walls, and the curtain made to serve as a part of the house, in which the window frames still appear. The last gate is *Akhour Kapoussi*, or the Stable Gate, because it leads to the stables of the Harem. Then begins the enclosure of the Seraglio. I passed a faded green kiosk called *Bahli Hane*, which was built for the execution of a Vizir; and although it has now served its purpose since many years, it is suffered to remain as a monument of inflexible justice. The Turks never destroy except in war, nor build where once destruction has been. In this way, a quarter of the city once being burnt, generally remains so for years.

In passing under the walls of the far-famed Seraglio, through the deep water which has received many a victim, I observed cannon in disorder, thrown under the sheds partially tenanted by guards. Within these mysterious walls rise the hospital and the treasury, the harems for summer and winter, the kiosk called *Indogouli*, or the Pearl. It was now sunset, and all around began to be as still as midnight, when I crossed from the point of the Seraglio to *Tophanè*; thus completing my circuit of the most singular city in Europe.*

* Bondelmonte reckons from the Golden Gate to the angle at *Blakernes*, 180 towers; from thence to the *Cape S. Demetri*, 110; and he makes the whole circuit of the wall eighteen miles: a little too much, if he means to include *Galata*; if not, evidently exaggerated.

Circuit of Galata. — The Genoese were found settled as a colony in the suburbs of Galata and Pera after the storm of the "holy wars" had blown over; but it was not until the reign of the elder Andronicus (1282.—1320), that they obtained the suburb as a fief, and fortified it with walls. Their rivals, the Venetians, at one time rendered their situation doubtful; but in 1352, the victory declared in their favour. For a century they engrossed the commerce of the East, which came to them over the Black Sea; and their wealth enabled them to overawe the enfeebled powers of the Greek Empire. They made an attempt to obtain a separate treaty from Mahommed II.; but notwithstanding their last struggle to save themselves, they were involved in the general ruin of Constantinople. The walls of their city have stood until this day, whilst their native country has been delivered into the hands of a petty sovereign. The Turks have spared the shadow of their power, but the Christian potentates have devoured the substance.

The walls of Galata run from the artillery barracks of Tophané to those of the mariners, near Cassim Pacha, along the shore of the Perami; they then ascend the hill in a zigzag line to the Tower of Galata, and descend in the same manner to near the grand mosque of Mahmoud. In many places they are so involved in the habitations, as to form part of them: they are built of small

square stones, with plenty of fragments of antiquity filling up the voids. The towers are round or square without any rule: the gates appear to have been chiefly on the port. The colony was governed by a Podesta, as an inscription, dated 1390, which I copied, may bear witness.* I found also the name of Grimaldi upon a tower, with the date 1433: but the latest date I observed was 1447; that is, only six years before Constantinople was taken by the Turks. Justinian joined this quarter (then called *σινάρ*, or of the Fig-trees) to Constantinople by a bridge thrown across the harbour: he gave it the privileges of a city, with the name of Justinianopolis; but the name is now forgotten except in the pages of Procopius.† Honorius built in this "regio," which was the 13th, a forum and a theatre; and there was a Temple of Amphiaraus, and another of Diana Lucifera. A few broken columns, employed in some of the Genoese houses, or lying in the corners of the streets, are all the vestiges which can be found of those ancient monuments. The capital of the East is a melancholy city for antiquaries; they have not even the pleasure of disputing.

General Topography and Antiquities. — The best and most comprehensive view of the great city and its suburbs is gained from the top of the Seraskier's Tower, which stands within the walls of the "Old Seraglio," and on the highest ground in Stamboul.

* Spectabil. Nobil. Maris Imperialis Potas Pera.

† De *Ædificiis*, lib. v.

From this advantageous position, I thus traced the outlines of "seven hills," on which the city of Constantine, like Rome, was said to be built. The first, beginning from the Bosphorus, may be limited by the walls of the Seraglio, comprising St. Sophia, and then returning round the promontory to the point of departure. The second may be traced from the mosque of Sultan Achmet inclusive, in a line towards the Osmania, the two Hana (conspicuous by their quadrangle of cupolas), and the Bezestein. The "burnt pillar," stands upon the most elevated part of it, and its outline runs down towards the Propontis, at the Tchatlad-Capoussi. These two hills may be supposed to cover the whole site of the ancient Byzantium. The third hill is crowned by the splendid Solimanea and its surrounding dependencies: the line may be drawn from it, round the walls of the old Seraglio, leaving the mosque of Sultan Selim's son, on the adjacent rising ground, on the south-west: it will then comprise the mosque of Sultan Bajazet, and run down below the wall of the Seraskier's court, including the tower on which we stand, in a circuit, as far as the Valide Han, where it falls away to the canal. The fourth hill begins with the aqueduct of Valens, comprising, on the south, the ground above the old quarters of the Janissaries: it then runs up to Sultan Mahomet's mosque; and turns by the S. side of the Fanar, into the valley, W., below the old Seraglio. The fifth hill is distinguished by Sultan Selim's mosque, and com-

prises all the Fanar, down to the "Golden Horn." A mosque, now called the Kilesi-Djami, from the circumstance of its conversion from Christian use, I take to be the St. Antony mentioned by Clodius, where the city of Constantine ended. These five hills (cut off from the rest of the present city by the almost unpeopled valley of the Janissaries' quarter) formed, no doubt, the city originally traced by the founder, ending at the gate of Daoud Pacha (S. Emiliani) on the Propontis, and the Petri Capoussi (Regio Petri) on the canal. But it remains to trace the subsequent additions of Heraclius and Theodosius.

The suburbs of the new city soon spread along the sea-shore, beyond the Porta S. Emiliani, and covered the extensive sixth hill, which now forms about one third of the entire space within the walls; extending in length from below the mosque of Sultan Mahomet, to the Seven Towers. In the year 413 Theodosius constructed a wall ample enough to comprise this space. That wall was thrown down by an earthquake thirty-four years after, and restored by the Præfect Cyrus; and to this restoration the inscription on the present walls in all probability allude. The remaining hill, if it may be placed last in order, reaches beyond and comprises the Blakernes (Blachernæ). The walls, to include the whole of it, turn abruptly from the building called the Palace of Constantine, and appear, by their tortuous direction, to be a subsequent addition. This is attributed to

the renowned Heraclius, who completed the city as it has ever since remained, and entitled it to the proud distinction of the "seven-hilled." The Meriboa Sultana Djiami is the conspicuous object which marks this hill as viewed from the Seraskier's Tower. The space covered by these seven hills was divided into thirteen "*Regiones*;" and one on the opposite side of the canal made the fourteenth (although thirteenth in order). By the help of the "*Notitia*," and the measurements therein contained, we may ascertain much of the topography of the ancient city. It is true we should sometimes find an eminence too many, or a valley too undefined, to cleave to the sacred numbers of seven and fourteen; but sufficient may be ascertained by a slight survey, to illustrate the few worthy deeds of antiquity which have been acted upon this turbulent theatre.

But the topography, which no ravages of time, or war, or fire, can change or efface, brings before the eyes of the spectator the most dazzling features of history; and the view which is gained from the Tower of the Seraskier appears to concentrate all the kingdoms of the world, and unfold the pages of their history. A narrow space of water divides Asia from Europe — those two quarters of the world where man and his works have chiefly flourished; — the first, the cradle of the human race, and of those arts which adorn its existence; the other, the seat of civilisation, and the residence of those arts when grown to perfection.

The very waves which separate those two portions of the globe, the waters of the renowned Bosphorus, are immortalised by deeds consigned to the lasting page of history. Over it passed the innumerable phalanxes of Darius, the ten thousand warriors of Xenophon, and the crusading multitudes of the pious Godfrey. Upon it the celebrated Doria destroyed three hostile fleets in a single battle. Beyond rises the first city in Asia—Scutari, the ancient Chrysopolis; near which lies Kadikeu—once Chalcedonia, the school of sacred learning, but the victim of religious disorder. Around us, and at our feet, are the hills of Byzantium, rivalling those of old Rome in number: on the first of them still stands erect the gigantic mosque of St. Sophia, which three centuries of profanation have not despoiled of every ray of reverence which surrounded its dome in the more happy days of Christianity. Below appear the walls and towers of the Seraglio, the secret depository of the lust and cruelty of twenty Sultans. The eye runs over the magnificent port, crowded with innumerable skiffs, and half shaded by the spreading sails of the Ottoman fleet. Opposite is Galata, the work of the Genoese, once the emporium of the universe, and yet distinguished by the colossal towers which defend its precincts. The countless habitations appear never to cease, as the view extends up the Bosphorus and the splendid canal. On the south, glitter on the Sea of Marmora the sister isles of “Prin-

kipu," Akalki, Antigone, and Proti, — the alluring retreats of the idle and wealthy ; and, finally, the horizon is bounded by the azure tops of a thousand famed hills, amidst which, as a sovereign among his subjects, towers the lofty Olympus.

But in descending to particularise the few remaining objects of antiquity, the Hippodrome is the first which attracts our notice. With it is connected many of the most important events in Byzantine history : upon its disfigured " Arena " we are met by the shades of Justinian and Belisarius. The Turks yet give it a name expressive of its original use — " Atmeidan," or the Place of Horses. It existed as a *Circus* before the foundation of Constantinople, having been begun by Septimius Severus in the midst of the ancient Byzantium. The *Circus Maximus* at Rome, no doubt, afforded the model ; and the representation of a " Spina " and a race now existing on the base of the obelisk shows that the " *Ludi Circenses* " of the Romans were transplanted to the shores of the Bosphorus. The space which was the Arena is yet clear of buildings : the corridor of the court of Sultan Achmet's splendid mosque may mark the direction of one side ; and the establishment of the army tailors may define the opposite one, and the width. From the position of the obelisk, and the built pyramid, I should suppose the " *Carceres* " to have been at the end nearest St. Sophia ; and if we place the Imperial Palace on the site of the mosque, we shall have all

in the same relation as those things were at Rome. The four "steeds of brass," now glowing before St. Mark's at Venice, may therefore have stood nearly opposite the fountain at the end of the corridor ; for they probably were placed over the " Porta Pompee " of the " Carceres." Who can stand near the obelisk in this open area without calling to mind the glory of Belisarius, and the prosperous reign of Justinian ? But the Christian must blush for the scenes which were acted here in the name of the Saviour of mankind. The Turks have never exhibited more revolting examples of cruelty and bloodshed, than did those factions of the blues and the greens within the walls of the Hippodrome.

Three monuments of antiquity remain in their original positions: a *half-ruined Pyramid of stone*, which, it appears, was covered with bronze by Constantine Porphyrogenitus ; the *twisted Column* of the bronze serpents ; and an *Egyptian Obelisk* : and as these all stand in a line, I can imagine no other use for them than as ornaments of the " Spina ;" and, perhaps, the bas-relief on the obelisk has been a representation of them. The pyramid of stones is a rude work, and merits no description ; the twisted column is one of the most classically interesting monuments remaining. No one ever doubted that this curious relic was brought from the Delphic temple, the consecrated offering of the Greeks after the glorious defeat of Xerxes. It now stands about

eleven feet above ground: the entwining is composed of the three serpents' tails, whose heads supported the golden tripod. Mahmond with a stroke of his battle-axe broke one of the serpents; and the other two heads have disappeared. Turkish characters are visible upon the folds, and stones are inserted in the hollow of the bronze.* The Obelisk, whether brought from Rome or Egypt, was erected in the reign of Theodosius, as appears from inscriptions still legible on the lower plinth of the pedestal.

Above the inscription, occupying the side of the pedestal, which looks toward the mosque, is seen the Emperor with his crown in his hand; and, as if in the act of recreation from the cares of government, he is looking down upon a crowd of dancers and musicians, all rudely sculptured. On the contiguous side we see an obelisk lying prostrate; the sculpture on the plinth is probably meant to represent the rearing of the one in question. The Emperor appears with his two sons, Arcadius and Honorius, to whom he seems to be giving counsel. On the west side is a Greek inscription.†

* See Gibbon on this relic, chap. xvii. note 48.

† The Latin inscription may allude to the victory which Theodosius gained over his rival Maximus, or to the later defeat of Eugenius, it is as follows

D flic his quondam dominis parere serenis
 Inasus et extractis palmam portare tyrannis
 Omnia Theodosio cedunt subolique perenni
 Terdens ut victus duobusque diebus
 Sub iudice Proclo sublimis elatus ad curas.

The other two bas reliefs appear to represent the Emperor, in the act of receiving presents: on the plinth, towards the south, the "Ludi Circenses" are represented. From the stone pyramid to the twisted column, I measured 47 paces; to the obelisk, 22 paces; to a piece of a granite column, 196 paces; from thence to opposite the fountain, belonging to the mosque, where the ground begins to fall away, 69 paces: in all, 334. Behind the stone pyramid, may be reckoned 60 or 70 more. I calculated my paces at two feet and a half English, giving for the length of the Hippodrome, 1000 feet, about half the length of the Circus Maximus at Rome. The Atmeidan has recently acquired an additional his-

The last line is now concealed under the soil, but Gyllius furnishes us with it entire. See Gyllius de Topographia Constant. lib. ii, p. 87.

On the west side of the Stylobata —

ΚΙΟΝΑ ΤΕΤΡΑΠΛΕΥΡΟΝ ΑΙΧΘΟΝΙ ΚΕΙΜΕΝΟΝ ΑΧΘΟΣ
ΜΟΥΝΟΣ ΑΝΑΣΤΗΣΑΣ ΘΕΟΔΟΣΙΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ
ΤΟΛΜΗΣΑΣ ΠΡΟΚΛΟΣ ΕΠΕΚΕΚΛΕΤΟ ΚΑΙ ΤΟΣΟΣ ΕΣΤΙ
ΚΙΩΝ ΗΕΛΙΟΙΣ ΕΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΝΤΑ ΔΥΟ —

vel,

Κίονα τετραπλευρον αιχθονι κειμενον αχθος
Μουνος αναστησας Θεοδοσιος βασιλευς
Τολμησας Προκλος επεκεκλετο και τοςος εστι
Κιων ηελιοις εν τριακοντα δυο.

In the east as well as in the west, we see the præfect and generals gradually rising above the honours of the Emperors. Proclus stands by the side of Theodosius as Stilicho does by Honorius, but this would not have been permitted under Tiberius, or even the Antonines.

torical interest, from the place where the contest began between the Sultan and his refractory guards, — the Janissaries.

There were in Constantinople, as in Rome, several triumphal columns, the one in honour of Theodosius, stood on the seventh and most remote hill; and though no longer existing, is supposed to be that which Gentile Bellini copied in his pictures. Near the Avret Bazaar, which is situated west of the aqueducts, there remains a pedestal sustaining the "Torus" of a column's base: this is supposed to be the triumphal pillar of Arcadius. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the Shah Zade Dgiami, or Mosque of the Sultan's Son, stands a column, called by the Turks "Kistash," or the Virgin's stone. It is now surrounded by the rubbish of burnt houses, and has itself suffered much injury from fire. The basement and pedestal of this pillar are of marble; the shaft of granite. On the upper plinth remains an inscription now despoiled (and almost rendered illegible) of its bronze letters. The last three words may, however, be deciphered, QVOD TATIANVS OPVS. Our early travellers who discovered this monument, read more*, and concluded, from the whole, that this

* Wheeler gives the inscription thus: —

Principis hanc statuam Marciani
Cerne Torumque
Ter ejus vorit quod Tatianus opus.

was the triumphal column, erected by Tatian to the Emperor Marcian, who ascended the throne of Constantinople in 450. The pedestal, with its torus, reminded me of the pillar of Antoninus at Rome; but the capital is a curious example of the architectural ignorance of the age. A ponderous weight of marble placed on a tall shaft, and the winged figures at the angles add not a little to the caprice which has, of course, been crowned by the statue of the Emperor. On the pedestal are three Christian monograms, and below the inscription a winged female figure, reaching her hand, now mutilated, towards a centaur. I here found myself at the extremity of the city, until it recommences beyond the barracks of the Janissaries. A valley, very little inhabited, divides the six hills from the seventh, which extends to the walls and the seven towers. Those barracks were burnt down in the last famous struggle between the Sultan and his insolent guards. The houses around the barracks were all purchased by the Sultan, and set on fire, so that none of the rebels could escape; and it is said, that 10,000 fell in the flames in one day. The scene (although it is ten years since the tragedy was acted) is still one of desolation. In the midst of this great city, here is almost an unpeopled solitude, and the grass has grown over the ruins of the stronghold of the modern Prætorians. A tribunal established at the Hippodrome, put an end to the rest by a species of

trial, and many of the condemned, it is said, died the death of Romans, upbraiding the Sultan and his ministers with deserting the laws of the Prophet. Perhaps the number of 60,000, said to have perished within a few days, is exaggerated, but the most moderate calculation only reduces it one half.

After surveying the scene of modern carnage and rebellion, and having observed the features of the adjacent hills, I retraced my steps to the aqueduct, as it is called, of *Valens*. I passed over the highest part of the ruins, and saw the walls of the city which enclose it on the land side, in the distance. The aqueduct is best seen near the At Bazaar, or horse market. Whoever built the aqueduct originally, it is easy to separate the ancient from the more modern construction. The two rows of arches make it lofty, and the repairs of the Sultans give a heavy appearance; but after having seen the Marcian aqueduct in the *Campagna of Rome*, who would linger an instant, near the patched-up masses of a declining period, standing amidst the shapeless fabrics of Turks and Armenians.

Pursuing my antiquarian round, I next went to the Burnt Pillar, the monument which, after the twisted Column, appears to have attracted the special notice of travellers. It is of porphyry; the shaft composed of several blocks, and the joinings are concealed by garlands. It is now encircled, in many places, by bands of iron, to keep together the calcinated pieces

which the fires have nearly dissolved. Its pedestal is said to be square, but the Turks have hid that from the traveller's curiosity. It stands upon the second hill and is said to have been brought by Constantine from Rome. On the top of it a statue of Apollo is said to have been placed, for the first Christian Emperor still permitted that pleasant god to be revered. The statue is supposed to have been struck down by lightning in the reign of Alexis Comnenus; and one of his successors rudely repaired or disfigured the upper part, around which is an inscription mentioning the name of Manuel Comnenus as the restorer. When Constantinople was entered by the troops of Mahmoud II., the Greeks had a prophecy, that when the infidels arrived at the Burnt Pillar, they would be stopped by a destroying angel; but they waited in vain for the fulfilment of that false oracle. Pocock observes that Arius died near this column. Whilst I examined it, I was joined in the gaze by a crowd of passers-by. The Turks seem to wonder what there can be to engage attention in an object that they have passed, unheeded by, for four centuries.

The cisterns, which are subterraneous, and now used for spinning silk and making ropes in, are near the Burnt Pillar; the first into which I descended has five divisions, supported by thirty-two granite columns, of perfect regularity: the second is much larger, but the effect less striking; it is said to have 1001

columns, which I did not take the trouble to verify. The columns are small, and the objects, upon the whole, rather curious than imposing ; but there is a third of those royal cisterns, which still answers the original purpose, — it is called the *Batan Serai* ; and I think *Gyllius* counted in it 336 columns. It is situated not far from the *Sublime Porte*, and at once explains the nature and object of those large works of the *Byzantine* emperors. The principal antiquities have now been enumerated, but there are still the columns and spoils of edifices which have been used in rearing the mosques ; and there are continual fragments and vestiges which catch the eye of the stranger in his walks through the lanes of *Stamboul*.*

* I use the word *Stamboul* to designate *Constantinople* without *Galata*.

CHAPTER IX.

STAMBOUL, BOUTARI, AND GALATA,
AN HEBDOMADARY SURVEY.

_____ or where the Russian Ksar
 * * * * * or Sultan in Bizance
 Tufchestan-born. MILTON.

Monday, August 4. — The Seraglio and St. Sophia.
 — WE descended from the quarter of the Ambassadors to the port, through Galata, and crossing the harbour, landed near the gate called Gherni Iskeli, we passed through the Egyptian Bazaar, traversed and ascended some of the crooked streets, and passing by the outer walls of the Seraglio, entered the Court of St. Sophia. These and the surrounding places occupied our attention for the day.

The palace called the Seraglio, seen from afar, presents a mass of building rising among trees, chiefly cypresses. There is neither method nor symmetry regarded in the construction; here a kiosk, and there a pavilion; yonder a couple of leaded domes, and further a score of smaller ones. The whole may be called, notwithstanding, magnificent, because of its extent;

and its barbarous riches. The first court is entered by the far-famed gate Baba-oumayun, or Sublime Porte—a title which is now transferred to the Grand Vizier's palace. This gate is flanked by two ponderous stone buildings, made by Mahmoud the Conqueror, and on each side is a long niche. Above the entrance is a Turkish inscription in gold letters, the most common ornament of all doorways. The heads of meaner criminals used to be exposed here. This great gate leads to the first court: on the left is the mint Taraphanè, and the depôt of ancient armoury, which was once the Church of St. Irene. Proceeding up this long open court, we arrive at a second gate called Orta-kapoussi: this leads into the second court, which is as far as strangers are allowed to penetrate. The second court is a quadrangle, encircled by a corridor: on the right side, the whole length of it, are the kitchens, which, even now that the Sultan is far removed up the Bosphorus, seem to be in full operation. The middle of this space is planted with trees, under which the Janissaries used to be paid in presence of the foreign ambassadors, who were then admitted to an audience. We were shown the state hall where his Highness saw them admitted, and the gate called Bab-shadeh, by which they passed to the presence-chamber. Near this gate the heads of unfortunate Pachas were exposed: but all these things are now in disuse, the present Sultan having abolished these vain and useless cere-

monies ; but a profusion of dingy gilding still clings to the vanity of his predecessors.

Returning by the gardens, I saw under the walls a number of fragments of marbles ; and having gone out by "the Ivory Gate," re-ascended to the court of St. Sophia. I was forced to content myself with an outside inspection of this renowned temple ; and nothing can be less satisfactory. The dome, not of the aspiring form, is nearly concealed by the ugly buttresses and fabrics set up against it. The minarets do not recompense the ancient portico ; and the mausoleums which are near it want both solemnity and grandeur. Justinian may be considered as the builder of this temple, which cost him seventeen years in accomplishing ; and it would be long to recount the scenes which its interior has witnessed, from the age of that Emperor, to the last profanation by Mahomet II. : perhaps it is now standing again on the verge of another conversion. Sir John Hobhouse's description of the interior is to me the most satisfactory. Had we arrived twenty-four hours earlier at Constantinople, we should have seen the interior, under the auspices of the Mareschal Marmont. The unbeliever is equally forbid to enter the adjoining mausoleum, where the forty slaughtered sons of a jealous Sultan are said to be interred. Descending a little way by the garden wall of the Seraglio, we come to the Sublime Porte : there is nothing in the

appearance of it, or of the Palace of the Vizier, which can be called sublime. The Hall where thousands crowd for justice or arbitrary decision does not equal the room of the Conservatori, in the Campidoglio, at Rome. The Palace, built of wood, would hardly be thought good enough for a summer-house in a Parisian's garden ; and the gilding above the entrance into the court is neither lavish nor cleanly. A kiosk at the angle of the Seraglio garden, where the Sultan sometimes gives audience to the Ambassadors, is more in oriental guise. It should, however, be observed that the Vizier's Palace has not yet recovered from the fury of the Janissaries ; and, perhaps, the Porte will be no more Sublime.

Tuesday, August 5. — The Solimanea and its Appendages. — Proceeded from the harbour direct to the Solimanea. This mosque was erected by the most glorious of the Sultans, out of the spoils of the ancient Chalcedonia : its dome, like most of the other large mosques, is built after the model of St. Sophia. A fine quadrangular court, like the cloister of a monastery in form, is supported by ancient columns of granite and porphyry : in the midst is the fountain for the religious ablutions of the Mussulmans. We obtained permission to enter this mosque, which some, who have had the opportunity, compare to St. Sophia in every thing but the richness of material. The whole magnitude of the interior is displayed to the eye of the stranger, at his

first entrance. There are no nefs or subdivisions to obstruct the full comprehension of the whole space enclosed: in *this*, perhaps, the Mahomedan temple suggests a more sublime and simple thought than the intersected churches and chapels of the Christians. The dome, supported upon four splendid granite columns, covers the whole space on which we stand, not unlike the Pantheon of Agrippa. The lamps, suspended and crossed in all directions, add as little to the simplicity and dignity of the whole as the innumerable wax lights of the Romans add to their fine churches. On the side opposite the entrance are several windows with stained glass, reported to have been done by some artists from Persia: the colours are rich, but generally much deeper than in our cathedrals. The Keblè or Caaba* is on the same side;—here the Chief Priest delivers his prayers at the stated hours. On his left hand he has an elevated pulpit, from which he expounds the Koran. Opposite this is the Mollah's seat; not unlike those places which are constructed in the churches at Rome for the Pope's singers to chant in. On the right, but not conspicuous, is the Sultan's seat, whenever he chooses to pray at the Solimanea. Behind the pillars, and in the recesses on the sides, I saw people praying, and some reading aloud the Koran, copies of which are chained to the walls. We walked round the whole interior, accompanied by a Mollah, tread-

* A good account and description of the Caaba may be found in Bush's Life of Mahomed.

ing with shoeless feet upon smooth matting: only the Caaba is carpeted. Thirty piastres given to the priest, was the reward for violating this sanctuary of Islamism.

Near the mosque, in a garden, is the mausoleum of Soliman and his relations. The building is octagonal, and covered by a neat dome: the arches on which the dome stands are supported by ancient granite columns, and four of white marble, modern. Under the centre of the dome is an enclosed space, in which are three tombs, of Soliman, his father, and his uncle: a burnished balustrade secures them from intrusion. Without this space are three other tombs of the Sultanas; and that of the mother of Soliman stands alone. These tombs are large coffin-shaped repositories, with a turban at the head of each of the males. The same mausoleum contains models of Mecca and Medina ill-executed, but probably correct. This building is not without some pretensions to elegance and proportion. The shops where the opium-eaters resorted are now all swept away, and the space they occupied along the outer wall of the court of the Solimanea, is now vacant: a row of barber's shops, which the opium shops half concealed, now have assumed the first rank.

Near the Solimanea is a mad-house which I visited; and saw (without any other ceremony than the bribe of a piastre) the poor wretches who were confined within the cells. The cells or rooms are

airy and large ; and the patients have each a couch to sleep upon : but a ponderous chain is fastened round the neck of every one, without distinction ; and many of the figures which I contemplated with painful sensations, will remain engraven on my memory. The countenances of almost all were pale and haggard, and the flesh of their bodies dusky with hair and filth. One poor man sang and whistled for our gratification, beating time upon some sonorous object he had covered with canvass. Many of them asked for money to buy tobacco, and several sat smoking with apparent content. This is only one of several such asylums belonging to hospitals, which the royal founders of the mosques added as appendages. From hence I went to the old Seraglio, where formerly the women of the deceased Sultans were lodged : it is now the Palace of the Seraskier Pacha, and a barrack. In making the circuit of its ample walls, I passed the house where the " *Moniteur Ottoman*" is printed ; and upon asking, received two numbers of that paper gratis, accompanied with politeness, from a Frenchman. Within the high walls of the old Seraglio stands the Tower from which is so advantageous a view of the whole city. The ascent to the gallery at the top is by 179 steps ; the height is about 140 feet from the level of the courtyard in which it stands. The view is more extensive and complete than that from the Tower of Galata. From the Seraskier's Palace we passed through a street

of regular arcades, supported upon small square pillars. This street leads, and properly belongs, to the mosque Shabzade which was built by the son of Soliman. From hence we visited the "aqueduct of Valens."

Wednesday, August 6. — The Tershanè.—We visited the Arsenal (Tershanè). Hassan Pacha, the garçon of a café at Gallipoli, and afterwards the scourge of the Morea, gave an impulse to this institution, which its imperial founder, Selim I., could hardly anticipate: it is now under the direction of an Englishman, Mr., alias Captain Kelly. This individual has his steam-engines at work, for sawing wood and rolling copper; and it is curious to behold the thick black smoke of the chimney of a foundery, ascending amidst the painted houses and cypresses of Constantinople. The Sultan is the only man in his dominions, who takes an interest in these engines of civilisation. He is, however, attempting to "put a piece of new cloth in an old garment;" but he has nearly succeeded in building the largest frigate in the world, under the superintendence of an American. Only a few ships are built at Constantinople, and the term arsenal is scarcely applicable to a place where there are no instruments of war. The Sultan has built Mr. Kelly a house, and fails not to visit his works twice a-week. A cannon foundery will be in operation in a few weeks.

Thursday, August 7. — Excursion to Scutari and the environs.—The passage across the Bosphorus

from the steps of Tophané to those of the port of Scutari, is about two miles ; from hence I ascended on horseback, direct, to the top of Bourgaloue. This mountain commands a magnificent view of Stamboul and Pera, the gulf of Nicomedia, and the right shore of the Bosphorus. On the N E. is the range of hills which conceal the Euxine Sea from view ; and on the S. E. and E. are the azure-folded mountains of Asia. The Castle of Mahmoud II. bears N., and directs the eye to a part of the Bosphorus beyond ; which, partially concealed by the mountains, appears like a lake. A few points more W., and we look over the fields of Europe ; and, in turning round to the W., we catch the view of the Propontia. Chalcedonia bears S. W., and the rocks off Fanar ; Bouron is discerned in the sea, a little more to the left. The Mount Olympus was enveloped in mist and clouds, and I could scarcely see the mountains of Nicomedia. The Prince's Islands bear nearly S. From the mountain top I descended to the Kadikeu, and entered the chapel of S. Euphemia : the name of the saint preserves the remembrance of the famous council of Chalcedon (held in 451,) when the heresy of Eutychus, which the Armenians still cling to, was condemned. The present chapel or church contains not a relic of antiquity ; but, perhaps, it is built on the same spot where the original church stood. A Papas spoke of the famous synod, and pointed out to me a modern Greek inscription which

had nothing to do with it. I did not even find a relic of the Crusaders. Between the promontory of Kadi-ken, and that called Fanar Bournou, is a deep bay, which was an ancient port: in this the monster Phocas, whose "clemency" is celebrated in the Roman forum, put to death the unfortunate Maurice and his four sons. From Kadi-ken, or Chalcedonia, I ascended to the vast cemetery of Scutari, observing on the sea-coast, some fragments of columns and marbles. A forest of cypresses extends for many miles, and in the deep recesses of its gloom, lie interred the pious Turks of many generations. A true Mussulman prefers the country of the Prophet, for his place of burial. He thinks his mortal remains will be better shielded from the profanation of the infidel; and he is, at all events, a little nearer to Mecca, which generally measures the distance between earth and paradise: this predilection is the cause why the burial ground in Scutari is so extensive. Near it are some open fields, and the large barracks, built originally by Sultan Selim, and after being burnt in the Janissary war, were reconstructed, in their present magnitude, by the reigning monarch. The gaiety which reigns around those fields and barracks, contrasted with the gloom of the tombs, offers a singular spectacle to the eye of the stranger. Life and death appear to go hand in hand, and no one would say that the Turks consider there is any difference. Under the shade of the cypress tree, we

saw groups of women, in gay attire, reclining against the painted turbans, and sitting, perhaps, on the very graves of their relations : but the merry laugh went round, and not a thought of gloom appeared to cross their revelry. The gilded sentences, which bedeck the stone, and the fantastic ornaments which they weave around the more conspicuous monuments, seem intended as furniture for the place of assembly. The Arlabats, which jingle past, are saluted from the tombs as freely as from the balcony ; and the grave, which has not yet grown green, awakens no solemn reflections in the thoughtless group. Thus do they become familiarized with death, and it ceases to produce any effect upon their moral or political condition : hence they shun neither sword nor pestilence, thinking that their fate is already decided. The tombs are distinguished by the form of the turban, so that it is easy to know whether the dead be Janissary, priest, noble, or plebeian ; but they seldom depart from the orthodox standard, of a stone at the head and another at the foot of the grave. The inscriptions are seldom more than the name and age of the deceased, with sometimes a few words from the Koran. After surveying the extraordinary scene, we were shown a sepulchre, more dignified than all the rest, a canopy supported on some columns, covering an ample space ; but this was the tomb of no distinguished Mussulman, or victorious Pacha, but only of Sultan Osman's favourite horse.

Scutari, although said to be as large as Smyrna, and as populous, offers, in its interior, the stillness of a village, except down about the port. It occupies the site of the ancient Chrysopolis; but the armies of the "pious Godfrey" have fixed a more lasting renown upon its modern appellation. An important contest was decided, upon the heights, above the port, when Constantine finally triumphed over his rival Licinius; but since that event, Europe has been more familiar with the name of Scutari. It was Thursday, and I went to be present at the awful worship of the howling Dervishes. The impression of that scene is so little likely to pass away from my mind, that my memory can afford to postpone the description of it. The mosques of the Scutari, though inferior to those of Constantinople, are constructed with some degree of splendour, and, from the houses in every direction, is an advantageous view of Constantinople and Pera.

Friday, August 8. — The Greek Church and Imperial Mosques. — Crossed from the marine barracks to the Fanar. Just within the gate stands the patriarchal church of St. George. In entering the court, through a very common door-way, I could not but shudder as I passed under the beam to which the aged Gregory was suspended, in his pontifical robes, on the Easter Sunday of 1821. The Jews took his body, and with much mockery and cruel insults, threw it into the canal, mutilated and

bleeding : but, perhaps, Greece owes her freedom, in a great measure, to the thrilling effect produced throughout Christendom by that horrid deed. The interior of the cathedral is cleanly, no richness of material ; but the screen is in better taste than any I had seen in Greek churches. An episcopal chair of burnished wood, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, is shown, with diffidence, as the chair of John Chrysostom ; but the utmost stretch of credulity which an Asiatic Greek can exercise, will not brook the tradition. The "column to which Christ was bound," appears to be held in greater trust and veneration. The frieze, under the gallery, is painted by some Italian artist, who, perhaps, followed the steps of Bellini from Venice. A coarse mosaic of the Virgin, and some ordinary Greek paintings, decorate the walls about the sanctuary, and the gilding of the screen is the richest ornament which the Cathedral Church of the Greeks, in the East, possesses. It cannot accommodate more than 600 or 700 people at once ; and there is no other Christian temple in Constantinople, either so large or so well conditioned. A little above the Patriarch's dwelling, stands the mosque of Sultan Selim, and higher up the hill that of Sultan Mahomed, which occupies more space than any of the other Imperial mosques : there are seven in all. I have already spoken of St. Sophia, and the Solimanea : the remaining three are called after their respective founders, Achmed, Osman, and

Bajazet: they have all four minarets each, except Sultan Achmed's, which has six. We passed through a variety of streets, and reached the Osmaneæ; and within a palisadoe, which defends the entrance to the Sultan's tomb, I perceived an immense porphyry Sarcophagus, not unlike that of Constantine, now in the Vatican. This, also, has acquired the title of the tomb of Constantine, upon what authority I know not. The court of this mosque is spacious and elegant, supported upon fine ancient granite columns of one single piece. In the neighbourhood of it are the usual appendages of royal mosques. As fountains, hospitals, and Imarès. After a wearisome threading of streets and bazaars, cautiously avoiding contact, because of the plague, we descended through the Egyptian Bazaar, to the canal.

Saturday, August 9. — The Roman emperors displayed their magnificence in the construction of the public Thermæ, Porticos, &c.; the Sultans have chosen bazaars and hans for that purpose, — the mosques being of a different class of monuments. The hans were consecrated to a kind of religious hospitality, and they are yet the only secure places in Constantinople as depositories for goods. They are built of solid stone or of brick, and the compartments well secured; so that all the first-rate merchants are to be found with their goods at the hans. The rooms are disposed round a vast court, in two or three stories, not much unlike the cells of a monastery. I visited

the "Validè" han, that is, the one built by a mother Sultana. The rooms on the ground story were chiefly occupied by Persian merchants; in the midst of the court a private mosque, and a fountain, with the striking anomaly of a Parisian tailor's shop, his sign-board announcing "au bon gout." In another, (the Yanglic han) near the bazaar, I found the rooms in the second gallery particularly clean, the largest bazaar is Ouzan Tchazan; but they all resemble one another very closely in their general economy. You either walk under rude arcades of stone, or plastered brick, or wooden sheds, amidst rows of slippers, or whole streets of shawls, caps, &c. I went to the Armoury Bazaar, called, more commonly, the Bezestein, which contains more objects of real curiosity for sale than any of the rest. The eagerness of the shopkeepers to catch the attention of passing travellers, like ourselves, shows that such are profitable customers, or else that the competition is great.

In descending from the Hippodrome towards the Koum Kapoussi, I observed the remains of a Roman wall; and near the shore of the Propontis, saw four large granite columns, almost entire, but prostrate, and half-buried in the soil. In several of the narrow streets, I found fragments continually, more numerous than in any other quarter. The granite columns, and the Roman walls, may point us to the site of the baths of Arcadius. The Armenians live

in great numbers along the shore between the Koum Kapoussi and the Yeni Kapoussi: their public places of resort are the cafenèts, which, for the sake of the cooling breezes, are thrust into the very waves. Around them float innumerable caiques; in one of those we were quickly conveyed round the Seraglio point into the secure harbour.

It is not difficult to see the interior of a non-Imperial mosque. I easily found access to the Yeni Djiani, which is situated near the Egyptian bazaar. I was accompanied by an Imam over the gallery of the dome, and he frequently called upon me for my admiration of the edifice. Several men were praying, and reading aloud the Koran: and the lamps were suspended in the order in which they are lighted during a solemn festival. I could, indeed, have expressed my admiration, if "the only name given under heaven whereby men must be saved" had been the object of such fervent invocation. I returned to Galata, and ascended the tower, from whence I recapitulated, by the setting sun, the various objects I had visited, and viewed the splendid shore of the Bosphorus.

On Sunday evening I visited the burial-grounds of Pera, respectively of the Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Franks. In the large Turkish one, which looks upon the Bosphorus, and towards Fundoukli, I observed many of the marble turbans cut off from the inscribed slab: these were the Janissaries who

found no rest from the Sultan or his partisans, even in death. The condition of a Turk is distinguished on his tomb-stone by the form of his turban. In all the burial-grounds the Janissary turban became the object of violence ; and there the severed heads lie in stone, a more faithful monument of the death they died. The Protestants have also their burial-ground in this quarter, situated on the highest part of the hill of Pera. A few names are engraven on the marble slabs which awaken the Englishman's sympathies. Here lies the father of the author of *Haji Baba*, — the wife of an ambassador, — and the hopes of some secretaries and attachés. English, Belgians, Swiss, and French, are buried in the same place. A pathway separates their long home from that of the Roman Catholics of the same nations. I could not but indulge myself in many reflections, whilst passing through those varied repositories of the dead. With what different hopes and fears they must have died ! but here their place of rendezvous. In returning, I looked over the Greek village or suburb of St. Demetrius ; the tops of the hills are generally covered with barracks, the playthings of the present Sultan.

CHAPTER X.

EXCURSION UP THE BOSPHORUS, AND THE RETURN
FROM BUYKDERE TO PERA BY LAND.

Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along.

BYRON.

THE proper hour to embark at Tophané for Buykdere, in a summer's evening, is four o'clock. It requires two hours and a half in a caique, pulled by two men, to reach Therapia easily. We proceed close by the European shore, passing Fundoukli and a palace of the Sultan. The house of Halil Pacha had just lost all its inmates. The new-married couple had fled from a case of plague which occurred among the domestics. The windows were all set open; and in gliding past, it was easy to peep into the gaudy apartments. The eye is caught by Dolma Batche and its towering mosque; near which is the Kiosk of the Melons, by a favourite residence of Selim III.; below this, where the

Bosphorus forms a bay, was the ancient port of the Rhodians ; next succeeds the village of Beshik-tash, so called, from Hadgee Beshik, the original organiser of the Janissaries. After passing the village of Ortakeu, the promontory of Defterdar immediately succeeds, and then Kourou Tschesme. We now enter the great current "*μεγα ρευμα*" at Arnoutkeu. It beats so strong against the quay, that the caiques must be towed through the dancing waters. After turning the promontory, Effendi Bournou, the current subsides ; the retiring shore allows the stream to settle itself under the heights of Bebek. Here is an imperial domain. The next succeeding promontory of Kislár-Bournou, is more celebrated than any of the rest, both in ancient and modern history. From it Darius contemplated the passage of his army, and here the Crusaders passed from Europe to Asia. It is now distinguished by the castle (Roumeli Hissar) built by Mahmoud II. ; and on the opposite shore, which is not much more than half a mile distant, stands another castle of the same age (Anatoli Hissar). The boatmen account this half way to 'Therapia. Turning this promontory (the ancient Hermæum) ,we again meet the current which beats strong against the quay of Balta Liman, the broad promontory of Kislár-Bournou. The scenery here on both sides of the Bosphorus increases in beauty. Stene is an excellent port, where I saw a twenty-gun frigate lying. It was anciently Leos-

tenios. The hills above Stene enclose its bay in a perfect triangle ; a river runs in at the vertex. Near Stene, at the point Comarodes, the Byzantines vanquished Demetrius, the general of Philip of Macedon. This portion of the Bosphorus is called Sertan Akentisi. When I had turned the point of Neochori, I saw a hill covered with green tents, on the Asia side. A whole army of Turks lay encamped on the Selvibornou. It was a delightful scene in passing Kalendar, viewing the handsome buildings which lined the opposite shore of Buykdere. The village of Therapia I thought gloomy, as I turned from Buykdere to look into the bay, surrounded by mean habitations. The quay chosen by the ambassadors of the two civilized nations is not liable to the same objection. They gain a view of the entrance into the Black Sea, and enjoy the cooling breezes of the North, with "the Giant's Mountain" rising before them. It was sunset when I passed the deep bay (Buykdere) ; the moon began to throw its beams over the still waters, and I found it was a scene and time adapted to reflection, as I walked along the quay, where Godfrey of Bouillon may have trod. Who, in visiting these spots, can forget the Persian hosts, and the multitudes of the Crusaders ; the great events in times both ancient and modern, which impressed a new character upon the face of the known world.

Buykdere, August 12. 1834.—At seven o'clock

in the morning, the Bosphorus was as smooth as glass; and sweet was the picture of the quay as the caique glided past the houses of the ambassadors. The mountains which nearly overhang them are richly clothed with vines and spreading foliage. The living beings which walk up and down the shore have no Turkish air; the cleanliness of the habitations, and the general disposition of this village, makes the stranger for awhile forget that he is in the land of Mahomedanism. We enter the Gulf of Sangeri, anciently Selectrinum. This gulf is enclosed by two promontories, Mega Bornou, anciently Simas, and Milton: the latter not wooded, but yet not without beauty. Having passed the village of Yenimachala, we turn the fort, Tellitavia, pointing its guns close upon the water; we turn a crumbling rock, and come to the European fortress, Roumeli Kavak, constructed by the French engineer, Toussaint, in 1783, and enlarged by Monnier, the Genevan, in 1794. A ravine runs inland, through which descends the stream, Chrysohoas. The hill above this fortress, towards the North, was fortified by the Genoese, to respond to the old castle, yet remaining on the opposite shore. Some ruins of the former are seen among the brushwood, and in advancing up the Bosphorus, we discovered still more remains on the heights. The coast now becomes rocky, and we enter a shoal, Xeras, or ξερας. The Bosphorus now opens wide, and an infinite waste of

waters begins to appear in front. In ancient times there stood a Pharos (Tunee) upon these neighbouring heights. The coast now grows in rocky altitude, and in one hour from Buykdere, we reached Buykliman, situated behind a promontory: this was anciently the port of the Ephesians. The fort was constructed by Lafitte * and Monnier. Here a river enters, — the Keratze (κισατζε), — which is also the name of the promontory. Sandrocks, with imbedded stones, now succeed, and there are everywhere marks of Nature's convulsions. We come to Karipchè, a fort built by De Tott in 1773. Here are rivers, rocks, and some green strata: it was anciently the port of the Lycians. After crossing this port we come to the promontory called Papas Bournou, where the Fanax of Europe overlooks the Cyanæan Symplegades. These rocks of poetic fame are separated a little from the coast of Europe, and are also separated from one another, rising out of the waters, in five distinct heads. They are not so high, but the spray of a roaring sea may almost reach the top; and yet they are difficult of access, from the shelving nature of their surface, and the abrupt steepness of the scarcely-trodden path. I

* Lafitte, after serving in the Turkish war with much honour, and having struggled against insuperable difficulties, was forgotten both by friend and foe: he ended his days at Perpignan. Le Chevalier sought in vain for his grave, or any remembrance of his name; his "nominis umbra" only flutters on the foreign shore of the Black Sea.

climbed up the highest. On the top of it stands an altar, commonly called Pompey's Pillar, but is, in reality, an altar erected in honour of Augustus ; for old travellers have read upon it this inscription : — CAESARI AVGVSTO F. CL. ARMIDIVS, L. F. CLA. FRONTO. Previous to its having been turned into a dedicatory altar, it appears to have served some other purpose, for it is the " frustum " of a column, upon which ram's heads and festoons have been added at the consecration. The names of travellers are scratched all over it, and these, together with the corroding spray, have effaced the above inscription. On the shore stands the Fanar of Europe, and fortress, erected in 1765. A naked village, also, overlooks the wide waters ; and the shore, becoming more dark and rugged, falls away from this Panium promontory towards Chila.

We continued along the coast, as far as the promontory of Osanía ; — passing some more rocks similar to the Cyanæan, and having a sullen coast on our left. Far away down the shore, I saw the azure hills of old Thrace, and a vast expanse of waters towards the N. and E. The face of the deep was calm, and many a sail slowly tending towards the Bosphorus. From the promontory of Osanía we returned, steering due E. towards Asia, at half past nine, A. M. The Roumeli Fanaraki was now conspicuous, as we again approached the European Cyanæan rocks. The projecting fort seems connected with the " azure rocks," and guards well

the entrance of the straits; but the Cyanæan isles of Asia can scarcely be said to be at the mouth of the Bosphorus. They lie beyond the town of Riva, with its fort and river; nevertheless it is here where we must look for the rock, from which Jason took his stone anchor, and where the name of Medea is still remembered amongst the inhabitants. The promontory chosen for the Fanar of Asia (Anatoli Fanaraki) is properly the corresponding "jaw" of the entrance — Ancyreum. Upon this I ascended, and contemplated, in a hot sun, the lands which tradition (and now science agrees) says were rent asunder. The waters rush through the passage which they have made for themselves, as if they were resolved to connect the portion of the globe in which man was first instructed, with that which now seems more favourable for the developement of human genius. I descended the rocky shore, and scrambled along the rugged coast, to a secure recess which served me for a bath; and as soon as I had enjoyed the luxury, and the idea of bathing in the waters of the Euxine, the waves began to whiten, and the wind rolled over the water in a darksome mood.

Returning now by the Asiatic shore, we pass the promontory of Pilaf (πυλαφ βουρνε), on which is the fort Porias Liman, built by De Tott in 1773: the mountains on the coast form a harbour; next succeeds the promontory Fil Bournou (φιλ βουρνε) anciently the Κορακίον: it has a battery behind the

point which is connected with the old Gulf of Pantichium, now called Keteli Liman: this is a fine expanding bay; above it stands the ruined fortress of the Genoese, at the S. W. end. The coast here falls into smooth hills; the trees which crown the top of the nearest mountain being the only clothing; this may be the retreat of Belisarius, although another Pantichium, on the Chalcedonia shores, contends for "the glory and the shame." The promontory which bears the Asiatic fortress (Anatoli Kavaki), with the village of the same name, now intercepts the view down the shore. The eye is soon attracted by the corresponding fort (Roumeli Kavaki), which in this first narrowing of the Bosphorus is not more than a mile and a quarter across. The ancients appear to have considered this as the proper beginning of the strait, for they generally count the length of it 120 stadia from *the Temple to Chalcedon*: that temple to which Herodotus, Polybius, and, I think, Strabo allude was the Jupiter Urius. It is generally allowed to have stood upon the site of the "Anatoli Kavaki;" and the name of the village—Ioro is supposed to preserve the memory of the Hieron of antiquity—from hence Darius took his survey of the Euxine. The Greek Emperors, no doubt, saw the importance of securing the narrow passage, and the Genoese held the keys of the Bosphorus, when they had erected these two forts on the respective shores. The French engineers who

assisted the Turks in the Russian war of the last century, were not likely to neglect the securing so important an ingress. After veering round the promontory, anciently the Cape of Bithynia, the Magiar promontory, with its castle, appears at the extremity of the crescent-formed bay. The whole lies beneath the Giant's Mountain, encircling woods, and the ruins of a monastery, relics of departed empire and religion. It was now thirty minutes P.M. when we left the calque and began to ascend to the Genoese fortress. This monument of foreign, but now departed power, stands on a pointed hill, rearing its bleak walls amidst vines and shrubs which grow on the uneven sides of the mountain. The keep is defended by walls and towers, and a fortification wall runs down the edge of the hill to the very harbour: the materials of which the whole is constructed are brick and rude stone mingled. Viewed at a little distance, the time-worn massy walls, rising amidst fig trees and vineyards, offer a picturesque appearance; whilst the relics of the corresponding fortress on the Europe side show with what care the Italian republicans had secured to themselves the passage of the Bosphorus. From the castle, we descend to the outskirts of the village, and then reascend by a winding path to gain the top of the Giant's Mountain. The sides of this mountain are often broken into glens thickly wooded, and the frequent glimpses of the Bosphorus, with the fortresses and villages on

its shores, invite the traveller to check his footsteps for a while to contemplate the scenes. In about an hour from the village of Iero, I reached the top, where two Dervishes, attendants upon the giant's tomb, supplied us with coffee and eagerly received our *Bakchish*.

The view from this celebrated top is not so extensive as I had imagined: it is hardly semi-panoramic, and bears chiefly upon the Bosphorus and a portion of the Euxine sea. The Gulf of Buyk-dere bears W., with its habitations lining the shore as far as Larkeu. From W. to N. E., the eye follows the canal until it reaches the wide expanse of waters: to gain the other half of the prospect we must go behind the Giant's Tomb; then, towards the south, we see the Bosphorus again running down as far as the Sultan's Asiatic palace: the castle of Mahmoud is also conspicuous. On the east is a richly wooded vale, and a broken surface of mountainous fertility. The tents which I had seen in going up the canal were now nearly at my feet on the Mountain of Oysters (*Selviournu*), and the Sultan's Valley of Beikos, which is the delight of the stranger inhabitants of the Bosphorus. Therapia lies near, across the canal, but the Propontis is hid from the view. I could, however, distinguish the tops of the islands which rise out of its waters, and the minarets which stand in the vicinity of the Seven Towers.

The Giant's Grave is generally allowed to be a

second or third edition of the Tomb of Amycus. It is like an elevated flower-bed, being fifty feet in length, and hardly twelve in width. Its borders are stone: at each end is a sculptured turban. Numerous pieces of dirty linen are tied about the "grave;" the ex-votos of such as have recovered from fevers. The Dervish who guards the *Tekè*, or chapel adjoining, appeared greedy of filthy lucre, for he not only expected a reward for himself, but begged for his child and his colleagues. It is somewhat singular that the Turks should have adopted a fable of antiquity, and made it a subject of their superstitious reverence. By a steep descent of twenty minutes (which is the most frequented path for ascending also), I came to Omogheri, a village or hamlet situated *behind* the Magiar Bournou, with reference to the fortress of Asia, from which I began the ascent to the Genoese fortress. At Omogheri there is a pleasant platform close on the shore, well shaded by fine trees: here persons coming from Therapia land, and may be accommodated with horses. A column, inscribed with Turkish characters, bearing date 1158*, stands almost a solitary object on the shore. In crossing the bay of Buykdere, the Bathycolpos of the Greeks, I was struck with the propriety of the ancients considering the Bosphorus as terminated by the promontory of Argyronium, on which the Temple of Jupiter Urius stood, and where Justinian built a church to

* The Turks are now in the year of Hegira 1250.

St. Pantaleone. Between Omogheri and Tzephiken is the widest part of the Bosphorus, which is seen in crossing the Bathycolpos: it is three miles and a half in width. The space intervening from the Selvi-Bournou to the Castle of Asia, near Jok-su, is the only part of the coast I did not pass near; but I could see from the opposite shore the Gulf of Catangium, only terminated by the promontory of Glarium, now Kandlge-Bournou. This line of shore is less peopled than the rest. From Beikos to the Castle of Asia, at Jok-su, but one or two small villages occur. Kutchuk-su brings us to the kiosk of the Sultan, and to Candale, "the supposed site of the Bithynian Nicopolis." From thence to Scutari the shore is lined with continual habitations, and thus is the Bosphorus peopled with the inhabitants of about twenty-four villages, and a great number of villas and separate dwellings; these extending along so much line of coast, has given to the astonished spectator an erroneous notion of the population. But from Foundoukli on the one side, and from Scutari on the other, comprising every village and habitation to the Black Sea, will not afford a population exceeding 70,000. I arrived at the well-conditioned inn at Buykdere at half-past three o'clock P. M., having been eight hours and a half in performing the excursion to the Black Sea. In the evening I crossed the bay, passing Tzephiken on my right, to Therapia. The confined shore is the only place where the equestrians can take

their exercise, unless they go a good distance from their houses; but this can seldom be done by men who escape from Galata only to arrive at their sweet home by the close of the day. The movement on the shores, however, and the groups sitting under the shade of the trees, the gardens cultivated and enriched with a profusion of shrubs and flowers, all reflected in the calm mirror of the deep bay, offer an enchanting spectacle to the stranger as he glides softly past on the edge of the water.

I left Buykdere at seven o'clock A. M., August 13th, to return to Pera by land, visiting the aqueducts in the way. Hardly do we get clear of the rough pavement and houses lining the shore, before a green plain unfolds itself, having, in the midst, some plane trees of extraordinary magnitude: they seem, indeed, to have grown together and engrafted themselves; for, although united near the roots, they grow up in separate trunks. This plain of Buykdere, which runs a considerable way up the country, with branches on the right, is celebrated as the spot where Godfrey of Bouillon pitched the tents of his innumerable hosts. A French author, who has written the History of the Crusades, was at the pains of measuring the whole, in order to calculate whether the space was ample enough for containing such countless numbers as went to the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre. The spot, at all events, was well chosen; for the hungry multitudes might easily be supplied both by land and

by sea. But the pious Godfrey must have gone down the Bosphorus as far as the Castle of Mahmoud before he found the most convenient place for passing his army over into Asia.

After one hour's riding from Buykdere, we arrived at the aqueduct of Batshekeu which, indeed, is seen from the plain of Buykdere. This aqueduct crosses a valley about 400 feet in length, and is used, like the others, for conveying water to Constantinople. Near it is one of those reservoirs called, in Turkish, Bend: the design is as simple as that of schoolboys, who sometimes amuse themselves by damming up a stream to collect the waters for the sport of letting them off in a flood. The work of the Sultan's, however, is solid, and forms, at the same time, a bridge, over which we passed. Leaving this reservoir, which is called Yeni-bend and Mahmoud Bend, we ride for twenty-five minutes through woods, and come to the Validè Bend, a reservoir of the same description, but on a larger scale; in half an hour more we reach Belgrade, a village pleasantly situated on the edge of the forest, and having a vale well watered on the west. This was the residence of Lady W. Montague, whose raptures excite more surprise than the places she describes. Her Ladyship's successor, though remote, is now the editor of the "*Moniteur Ottoman*," Mons. Blac, or Belac, who has a house here. The inhabitants I found to be chiefly Greeks, not of the most captivating description. On each side of Belgrade is a reservoir, respectively

called Kutchuk, and Buke-bend. We passed the latter, which, seen through the thick foliage, has the appearance of a gently flowing river. The forest now becomes magnificent; no where had I seen such tall, majestic oaks. In half an hour we came to Sultan Mahmoud's Yeni-bend, one of the most splendid, owing to the quantity of marble employed in the construction. After passing under some more lofty arches of an aqueduct, we reached the village of Bourgas, or Πύργος in forty-five minutes.

It is not the village of Bourgas which could possibly attract the notice of the traveller; for it only consists of mud-houses, situated on a naked eminence, without any extent of view to recompense the dullness of it; but the aqueduct called "Cistiniani" is worthy of inspection: it is at about the distance of a quarter of an hour's ride from the village, and the corrupt appellation means it was made by Justinian. This, however, may be doubted; for it is more probably the work of Valens or Theodosius, though little remains of that period to compare with the work of Soliman the Magnificent. Two rows of arches, rising one above the other to a great height, run across a valley, which may be estimated at 2000 feet in length. In the depth of the hollow we easily distinguish some of the ancient construction, which excels in solidity, but not in regularity, the modern arches of the Sultan. This work alone would give an exalted idea of the great Soliman. His mosque

might be reared from a feeling of devotion or fanaticism, but this was a work of utility. As the ground rises from the hollow, the aqueduct, of course, diminishes in altitude, until it comes to the level of the soil. The whole is built of stone; but the channel at the top has a triangular covering, instead of a flat one like the Roman species. We returned to Bourgas, and, after some slight refreshment under the shade of a Greek kafanet, we took the road to Pera, the excursion from Buykdere having now occupied us four hours.

Scarcely proceeding fifteen minutes, we arrive at the angular aqueduct, which reaches from the top of a hill across a hollow so deep as to require three rows of arches; amongst them I observed a pointed arch. The whole may be about 400 paces (120 toises) in length.* The whole is entirely modern; but, in all probability, follows the line marked out by the Byzantine emperors. After a ride of one hour and a half across a naked and uninteresting country, we arrive at the village of Kiat-hanè. This village, so called from its paper-mills, is situated upon the river Petinocorum, which, having its source near a village of that name, not far beyond Bourgas, descends through the Valley of Sweet Waters, and forms the best portion of the Lycus. From Kiat-hanè it is conducted in a straight line through the meadow, which belongs to the kiosk of Sultan Selim, and its waters make the

* The water comes from the rivulet Hydralis.

fountains of the little Versailles, which a Frenchman planned in the time of Louis XIV. The adjacent palace was under repair: the rows of cannon stood on one side of the meadow, and a few guards were loitering about the kiosk and the bridge, which leads to the left bank of the river. I did not see this celebrated resort to advantage, for there were no Arlabats, nor groups of Turks, male and female, nor dancers, nor jugglers, which have amused former travellers! I was obliged to content myself with looking through a pretty valley, and following the windings of the river, until it almost reached the entrance of the Golden Horn. Another river, the Alibekeu, flows into the same stream at a little distance, but contributes nothing to the Valley of the Sweet Waters. These two rivers are, I believe, the ancient Cydaris and Barbysses. We ascended the heights above the Sultan's kiosk, and soon looked down upon the whole extent of the valley. The opposite hills were covered with green tents, where the Turkish troops lay encamped in great numbers. The country was naked and open; and, unless an occasional glance at the minarets of Constantinople had reminded me of the vicinity of a large city, I could have imagined myself in some remote wilderness. But, within a mile of Pera, the city, with Scutari, and a portion of the Bosphorus, bursts upon the view. It was to me like entering the city anew, and my enraptured eye, for a moment, was caught by the gorgeous city of the Sultans. I arrived

at Pera at four o'clock, having been nine hours in performing the whole excursion from Buykdere. It will thus appear, that, in three days, a diligent traveller may see the Bosphorus, the entrance of the Euxine Sea, and the aqueducts. .

LETTER IV.

To Dowager Lady Kinloch, Eaton Place.

Constantinople, 14. August, 1834.

As I first saw the metropolis of the West under your auspices, (and although some years have passed away, the recollection of those days is still grateful,) I am led by one of those associations, for which we can hardly account, to introduce you into the capital of the East. I cannot, however, pretend to describe within the limits of a letter the interior of the third largest city in Europe; nor need I attempt to describe what a panomora in London will more effectually exhibit. My inclination for antiquities has, as you will easily imagine, led me over the sites of the old Byzantium and Chalcedonia, and sent me in quest of "seven hills" and "fourteen regions;" but you would, doubtless, prefer to hear something of the Sultan, the Dervishes, the slave-market, and such things as particularly distinguish this city and people from the nations of the West. Friday is the day of the week when the Sultan goes publicly to mosque. It is generally known the pre-

vious evening what mosque he intends to honour. The one he selected for the 1st of August was at the village of Candele, situated on the Asia side of the Bosphorus, and on the way from his splendid residence, near Konskoutzoki, to one of his kiosks at Tchuksu, or Sweet Waters.

At twelve o'clock, the hour of prayer, he arrived in his barge of state, followed by a second, which was intended for a change. A gilded canopy, supported upon massive pillars, and a rich lining of silk and embroidery, together with a profusion of carving and gilding in all directions, encircled his Highness, as he sat in luxurious ease in an arm-chair-formed sofa across the boat: about twelve pairs of oars, pulled by fine stout men, in costume of thin linen, moved this floating mass of gorgeous material. Several Pachas were in attendance to wait the arrival of their lord and master. The aged Seraskier stood forward first, followed by Halil Pacha, the new-made son-in-law, the Capudan Pacha, or High Admiral, and other officers of state, who all advanced to meet his sublimity as he stepped out of the golden barge upon the rustic landing-board of the village. Two men, holding in their hands silver censers, out of which issued the smoke of sweet perfumes, advanced and bowed themselves to the earth, and then went before the Sultan. He walked between the Seraskier and his son-in-law, leaning on their arms, and appeared to discourse familiarly with them, with a

smile bordering on laughter ; but this was, I understood, unusual. A Turk, standing behind us, intimated very respectfully, that we ought to take off our hats ; which, without the intimation, we should have done : the act attracted his eye, and he passed a slight survey of us. His dress was simple : no turban, but the ordinary Fez, or red Tunis cap, like those of his officers. He wore very little beard ; strong (rather coarse) features, black eyes, and solemn step : his under dress was adjusted with a girdle, and over this a flowing robe of a light olive colour. A row of guards on each side, between the landing-place and mosque, formed all the military parade. The band struck up, and the Muezzina began their nasal songs. He remained about half an hour in the mosque ; during which I heard the voices of the Muftis and attendant priests, not unlike the notes which proceed from a chaunted mass or vespers. The Sultan returned to his boat, No. 2., and continued his way to the kiosk at Tchuksu. I followed after the train of Pachas, and found, on landing at a green, a great company of Turkish women and men ; some reclining, others driving in their grotesque arlabats, drawn indifferently by oxen or horses. The whole presented the appearance of a fair in our own country, except that the colours were more varied and bright, and the distinction between the sexes more rigorously observed. By ascending a little way up this delightful vale, we

came to a river bearing the same name, Tchuksu; this runs into the Bosphorus, near one of the castles of Mahmoud II. Crossing a wooden bridge, I found myself in a still larger collection of groups and arlabats. Here the Sultan comes to divert himself and his children with bow and arrow; but I returned before his arrival, and had again the advantage of seeing him pass on horseback. He was soon followed by his two sons: the eldest, about nine years of age, shows much of European grace. He returned our salute with dignity, bowing from his horse. His brother is an infant. The tutor, a dwarf, preceded the pupils, and gave certain orders with a voice like a mosquito.

The public promenade, where I saw the Sultan, is situated near a fort on the Bosphorus, and on the opposite shore is another of more imposing aspect. The Bosphorus here makes an angle; and these forts appear to have been built by Mahmoud II. for the purpose of securing his conquest, and so far his passage to Constantinople. The round towers are covered with conical roofs, and the turretted walls run up the banks amidst thick groves and fruit trees. These forts are not more than a mile asunder, and this is reckoned half way to Therapia.

I shall now speak of the Dervishes. The Mohammedans have their religious orders like the Greeks and Romans, and, in many respects, they have both presented the same features in the two

extremes of licentiousness and devotion. The wandering Dervishes, who, under the cloak of sanctity, committed the most horrible excesses, are now abolished ; their convents have been burnt and destroyed. There remain at Constantinople two classes — the Mevlevî, or dancers of the Tekiè, a splendid convent erected for them near the tower of Galata by Kalet-Effendi (the unfortunate minister who was beheaded by the present Sultan), and the Ruhani, or howlers of Scutari. The dancers perform twice a week ; but, as their establishment is now under repair, I cannot witness their revolutions. The Mevlevî Dervishes owe the foundation of their order to Mevlana Djèlalleddin, surnamed the Sovereign of the Wise. He was born in the capital of Khoracan, in the year 604 of Hegira. He taught publicly at Iconium, and founded the order in 643. His work, entitled “ Mesneve,” contains many things taken from the Scriptures. He died in 672, i. e. A. D. 1257. Before a Dervish of this order can be admitted into the convent, he must perform the office of a menial servant during 1001 days.

The howling Dervishes content themselves with assembling once a week ; but their exertions for that once are more than equal to those of the dancers. I was present last Thursday at their revolting ceremonies. The room in which they assemble at Scutari is situated at the end of a small garden, and is capable of containing not more than 120

persons. On the walls are suspended knives, daggers, large nails, and various instruments of torture, the use of which, however, is now prohibited by a firman of the Sultan. At the upper end, on the boarded floor covered with a carpet, sits the Imam, or principal Dervish; and the candidates for the exhibition gather round him in a semicircle, kneeling and rocking their bodies, whilst they repeat in a chanting tone, their preliminary prayers. During this exercise the Dervishes continue to assemble. They have no particular costume, except the cylindrical white cap, and not all have the same appeared in the European dress, one in a military uniform, who afterwards became the most frightfully devout. The Imam is properly robed and in his air and carriage there is a marked superiority to the rest. At a signal from him, they all stand up, and dispose themselves around the room in front of a barrier, behind which a few spectators can be admitted. The Imam then, by a slight incitement of clapping his hands, gives the time for the howling strain to commence; but it is not howling the breath is fetched from the bottom of the lungs and emitted in a stifled groan; and the merit of it lies in increasing the rapidity, always urged by the redoubled clapping of the Imam's hands, until it exceeds the capacity of a stranger to follow in distinctive pulsations. At this pitch of excitement, and when their eyes begin to roll as if in deadly sickness, a Mufii begins to sing, in plaintive tones, some of

the most affecting passages of the Koran ; and this, which seems to fascinate the whole audience, has the effect, real or feigned, of producing convulsive affections among the Dervishes ; so that they fall down, or throw themselves headlong into the middle of the room, and lay senseless. This happened to the soldier, whose visage had become black with his exertions, and, after his fall, he lay with clenched fists and contracted limbs. The Imam then advances, and with the aid of some one, places the exhausted fanatic on his legs again. He then gently smooths the part convulsed, and, as by some magnetic influence, the patient appears restored, and resumes his awful task. The fury begins to subside as the Imam ceases to excite : he returns to his seat, and then are brought to him children, and others affected with pains or maladies ; these are laid down before him, and receive something like a benediction. He then rises up, and walks over the body of the patient, passing his foot lightly over the parts affected ; and all this with an air of solemnity, which a stranger might easily have taken for sincerity : but I discovered two things which led me to doubt of the religion of the Ruhani. The pious soldier had moved a spectator, at his last convulsions, to give him five piastres ; and the faithful Mustafa, our Janissary, who is now immortalised in the society of the lovely "Ayesha," hinted that he expected a similar piece of fortune on the occasion of our at-

tendance. In walking the streets of Stamboul, a few days after, I espied the Imam eating his kebab in a cook's shop, and he too recognised his visitors at Scutari. The merry mood in which he then spake, and his different air, showed that he had thrown off the trammels of his priesthood; and, although he might be a wonder-working Dervish in Asia, it was very doubtful in what capacity he visited Europe.

I hardly know whether this scene at Scutari, or my visit to the slave market, left the most melancholy impression upon my mind; for it was but contemplating slavery in two different forms. The market is held every Saturday, in an unpaved open court, situated not far from the Osmania. In the midst, sit groups of black females, waiting for purchasers; and many of them, with an air as gay as if they were expecting a bridegroom. The male slaves are stationed on the opposite side of the quadrangle, and appear, for the most part, as regardless of their lot as the women; but if there be a single one who appears to feel his or her situation, it brings before the mind all the sorrows and misery of the captive. It is not in looking over the enslaved many, with an average eye of good and evil that we feel; but it is seeing the iron enter into the soul of one. Thus I felt, in discovering among the white Georgians a young man, seated in irons, and leaning his handsome brow upon his hand. It is probable he had been

attempting his escape, and I wished to learn something of his history ; but I was not permitted to ask him any questions. On two sides of the courts runs a gallery. Behind this, rooms are disposed for the reception of such slaves as have already acquired an additional value from previous service. Some are sent for sale by their needy masters, whom fortune may have reduced to that necessity ; others have been brought for speculation by Turks breaking up their establishments, &c. The argument which has been so long used in defence of our colonial slavery is equally ready at Constantinople. The slaves, they say, are happier when they get good masters, than they would be if left to themselves : but in Turkey there is a humane law, or rather a custom, which is, if a slave serve his master faithfully, for nine years, he is made free ; and it is not an uncommon thing for a man to raise himself from the chains to the Pachalic ; but as long as the picture of the poor Georgian youth haunts my thoughts, no casual recompense of a good master, nor any idea of expediency, shall ever reconcile me to the doctrine of slavery.

You have often heard of the splendid and extensive view which Constantinople and its precincts present at a distance ; but this deceives the eye of a stranger in two things : the idea he forms of its interior, and his first notions of its population. Although so magnificent, when seen from afar, the

whole is but a theatrical illusion as soon as the disappointed spectator enters the streets, or, rather, the lanes, of the city; and to complain of the filth and inconvenience of the streets, the meanness of the habitations, the dusky sheds which overshadow, and almost darken the very footsteps, were only to repeat the observations of every stranger in Constantinople. Secondly, although the space within the walls be so ample, yet there is much entirely unpeopled: we frequently pass by whole streets that have been reduced to ashes, and so lain for years. Open places, without habitations, or shells of buildings without inhabitants. The valley of the Janissaries, that is, where their barracks once stood, is a wide space of country without inhabitants in the very centre of the city; and the population is by no means thick over the whole of the hill of Theodosius. Upon the most liberal computation, Constantinople Proper does not contain more than 400,000 inhabitants; 160,000 more will amply comprise the population of Galata, Pera, Cassim Pacha, Tophanè, and as far as Foundoukli, inclusive: there may be 60,000 in Scutari and Kadi-keu; and a very liberal estimate would assign no more than 60,000 for the villages on both sides the Bosphorus. Thus it will appear that all the population which can be brought within the utmost limits of the capital of the East from the Princes' Islands to the Black Sea, and from Chalcedonia to the forests [of Belgrade, will not

equal 700,000 ; and many persons who had resided for years at Pera, to whom I proposed this estimate, thought the numbers rather over-rated.

To a man who values human life, or can feel for the degradation of his species, no city on earth can be less tempting, as a residence, than Constantinople. Wherever he walks for his recreation, he must tread upon the graves of the dead, and involve his steps under the gloom of a cypress forest : in the streets, he will frequently stumble over the ravages of fire, and for some months in the year he must warily avoid the contact of plague and disease, as at the time I now write : he is condemned to witness the semi-barbarism of a people which he has no hope of contributing to ameliorate ; and if he would escape from the dreary streets of the city he has no whither to go but into an unpeopled wilderness. The few honourable Franks which inhabit Pera, are too much immersed in their own business to contribute much to the amusement of the stranger, or the unemployed resident ; and an intercourse with the great majority of others would only increase his disgust. On these accounts, the foreign ministers run off to Therapia and Buykdere, where they are gradually fixing their permanent habitations. The heights of Pera still affords a tolerable residence for the Consuls, and there are a few boarding-houses for the reception of strangers !

LETTER V.

To the Rev. John Hartley, at Geneva.

Constantinople, 15th August, 1834.

I HAVE now not only visited the scenes of your missionary labours in Greece and the islands; but I have followed your steps over some of the prostrate churches of Asia: and having now spent fifteen days in this great city and the environs, I am preparing to return to a land of less sun but more congenial elements. The places you have so well described in your "Researches in Greece and the Levant," still remain faithful to your descriptions. The same unbroken silence pervades the Mounts Prion and Cissus; and the "amber waves" of the Cayster "in lingering labyrinths," still creep through the naked plain as one views them from the Castle of Ajasaluk. The swarthy Arab still keeps the cafer near the ruins of Metropolis; and Smyrna, with its motley population, may yet occasionally hear the message of everlasting peace, although your voice heard in another, but not less important, sphere of usefulness. I might also recal your thoughts of Sardis and Thyatira; but as you left them, so

remain : at the latter place, however, I must tell you that I made a curious discovery of a remnant of what I supposed to be the first church ever built there. At Broussa you would now find an American missionary, and at Constantinople two others, the Rev. William Goodal and Rev. D. G. O. Dwight, whose zeal is only equalled by their wisdom and discretion. The Sultan has commenced regular schools in all the barracks, and it is estimated that about 1500 young officers, under twenty years of age, are daily receiving instruction. The avidity with which they seize the learning is remarkable; and Mr. Goodall says he can compare them only to a man who has suddenly awoke from a deep sleep to see novel wonders standing around him. The missionaries have furnished the schools with elementary books printed at the expense of their Society in the Turkish language : and they have made use of something like a pious fraud in inserting sentences from the Proverbs of Solomon, and even some from the Psalms. So that there may be seen in the school-rooms, Scripture texts suspended to be learned by heart : they are of course approved of by the Mussulman teachers, but they are ignorant from whence the words of wisdom are drawn, otherwise they would not be admitted by the side of the Koran. If these schools succeed in the capital, it is the Sultan's intention to establish similar ones throughout the kingdom. As soon as the Firman is issued to that effect,

Mr. Brewer and Mr. Jetter, at Smyrna, will be able to recommence their Turkish school. They had got upwards of seventy Turkish children to attend it, when the local authorities ordered it to be closed. In estimating the religious prospects of the East, I think we should put down these things as a large item in the account. I have also found a most favourable disposition among the Greeks to receive the Scriptures and to listen to spiritual instruction. It was highly gratifying to me to find a similar spirit in no less an authority than the Patriarch of Constantinople.

Having received an introduction from an Englishman here resident, I paid the Patriarch a visit at the Fanar. His house stands near the Cathedral, and the first access to his apartment announces the poverty of the Greek church, and contrasts strangely with the pomp and splendour of the Bishop of the West. Instead of a body of noble guards, the Patriarch has a few attendants of the sacred order who appear at the clapping of his hands. Instead of the 1000 chambers of the Vatican, he has a simple but clean room for the reception of his visitors, and another for his bed-chamber; and instead of being a sovereign prince, he is a slave or "a stranger in the land of Egypt." He is about fifty years of age, with a magnificently spreading beard and a ruddy complexion, not undignified in his manners and affable in his intercourse: he is

the same person who, when in a less elevated station, assisted Mr. Leeves, our missionary, in translating the Scriptures into Romaic. He spoke of those translations with pleasure, and expressed himself ready to aid in their circulation: he lamented the fallen state and moral degradation of the Asiatic Greeks, whom he called his children: and he appeared impressed with the necessity which exists for instruction, both amongst the priests and the people. But, like every one else, he seems to be looking forward to some speedy and great change in the condition of the Turkish empire. He had just received a prospectus from some French philosophers, styling themselves "*Chevaliers de l'ordre du Soleil*." they propose to establish institutions at Athens and in other parts of Greece, and the islands, "for the diffusion of light like the sun!" they had also addressed a letter to the Prince of Samos, which he had forwarded to the Patriarch. These documents I read, and concluded from them that those Frenchmen were some emissaries, though a little disguised, from the St. Simonian school; with which idea the Patriarch coincided, and laughed most heartily at the sounding phraseology of the *Chevaliers de l'ordre du Soleil*!

But whilst a spirit of enquiry, and a thirst for instruction is growing up among the Greeks and the Turkish youth, there are other circumstances, trifling, perhaps, in themselves, but which conspire to bring

about the same end, viz. some great moral change in the people of the East. There is a prophecy well known among the Turks, and confided in by many,—that they were not to hold Constantinople for 400 years. Such was the prediction of Constantine, before he closed his eyes in death ! It cannot be expected that we should give credence to a popular prediction of this nature ; but such things, when *believed* by a semi-barbarous people, may at a critical juncture turn the scale, and decide the destiny of a nation. We must look upon our own prophecies however, with greater veneration ; and it is a remarkable coincidence, to say the least, that we should possess more than one prediction which seems to decide the fate of Turkey about the same period. You are, no doubt, aware that the four angels which “were loosed from the great river, Euphrates” have been very generally interpreted to represent the rushing forth of the Turks into Europe ; and the description of the cavalry, and the colours, and the power of their tails, have been accurately applied to the Mahommedan armies. Now, they were “prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year* ;” which, according to the well known language of prophecy, designates a period of 391 years & weeks. And how nearly this coincides with the supposed prediction of Constantine, as the Turks have it, and believe it ! But this is not all : the Turk

* Revelation, ix. 15.

entered Constantinople on the 29th of May, 1453; if to this be added the above period of 391 years, and the fraction, it will reach the year 1844 of the Christians. And this same year will be the 1260 of the Turks: now the 1260 years for the duration of a certain infidel power is frequently mentioned in the prophecies; and it is the coincidence of all these things which is so remarkable. If we call in the aid of politicians and diplomatists, who never believe any prophecies, they could hardly, I conceive, from the present aspect of things, allow the period here pointed out to elapse before the great change must take place. I say nothing more of all these prophecies and signs of the times in the East, than that they have struck me as very remarkable in their coincidence.

The various nations and languages that inhabit this city, have also occupied my attention. *The Armenians* are still considered the most respectable, as they are the most numerous, of the Frank population. About 15,000 of them (as I was informed by one of their order) now acknowledge the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome; and since their recall to the city, after the banishment of 1828, they have had a spiritual head, — a Bishop sanctioned by the Pope. *The Greeks*, rayah or subjects of the Porte, are neither considered among the Turkish nor the Frank population; but they stand alone, the original inhabitants of Roumelia, and now the most degraded portion of the community. Since the in-

dependence of Greece they have begun to seek protection from foreign ministers and consuls, and the Greek minister has justly incurred some censure by granting passports to subjects of the Ottoman Porte. Several of the better sort, who retired from the Fanar have returned, and prefer the protection of their old masters. The Jews have been established in great numbers, ever since they fled from the bloody hands of Philip II. of Spain, they found a more hospitable reception among the infidels, and remain, to this day a reproach to the spirit of the Inquisition. But their moral character is lost withal; and, making allowance for the prejudice which is every where raised against that devoted people, a native Greek is still more trust-worthy than a Jew of Constantinople. These observations do not apply to the Greeks who have come from the islands: they have the reputation of being more industrious. There is, also, a colony of merchants from *Aleppo*, whose character stands high for all the mercantile virtues of good faith and fair dealing. The appellations of *Frank* includes Italians, French, English, Germans, and whatsoever nations put on the dress of London or Paris. Formerly the Turks made no distinction, and took their ideas of the Christian world from the very refuse of Christian society; now they have got to know the difference between a Frank, born under the influence of their own institutions, and one who is guided by those principles which have given

decided superiority to a portion of mankind. They even discriminate between French, English, and Italian; and the name of an Englishman (without any self-congratulation) inspires them, at present, with the greatest respect. The Russians they are too well acquainted with to like; the Germans are too obscure to invite their attention; the French are looked upon as too unstable and volatile. England is liable, in their estimation, to none of these defects. She appears only in her invincible fleets, and disappears only for interchange of commodity.

After enumerating the various tribes and nations which people this city, and of which the Turks form but a share, it may appear strange that such a motley population should be governed without an army and without a police. There is something wise in the system of administering justice; but that system necessarily contains in it the seeds of decay. The Turkish government relinquishes entirely the civil causes, and almost entirely the criminal, into the hands of the respective communities. A dispute or suit between an Austrian and a French or English subject, is decided by the Consuls, with an appeal to the Ambassador, which is final. The Jews refer their disputes to their own Rabbis and heads; the Armenians to their Patriarch, and Vekil, and Bishops, who constitute the Synod. This Synod has power to decide in all cases, civil and ecclesiastical, and in minor criminal cases; but the contending parties may

have recourse, if they will, to the Ottoman tribunals, which are generally venal, from the Kadi * upwards. In the same manner is justice administered among the other communities; and thus is this heterogeneous mass kept together by allowing each body to decide their own causes: in this manner, too, the direct taxes are raised by allowing each community to collect the stipulated sum total by assessing themselves. †

The reforms which Sultan Mahmoud has attempted, since the destruction of the Janissaries, are chiefly confined to the military and naval departments; but he has also abolished many of those barbarous punishments which have ever held up the Turks as an abomination to mankind. Hence there are now no more impalements, nor prolongation of a victim's sufferings; the cheating baker is no longer nailed by his ears to his shop door; the prisons are

* For a list, and signification of titles and places, see an annexed note.

† Mr. Urquhart has written a book to show the benefit of direct taxation, and of the working of the system which allows municipalities to tax themselves for the gross contributions required by the government. This system, laid down by the Arabs, and pursued in Turkey, excites the author's admiration, to it he attributes the hitherto durability of the Turkish power, and, to a contrary system, all the evils which commercial nations suffer. Mr. Urquhart has also added some excellent observations and statistical tables upon Greece. He estimates the population of European Turkey at 13,050,000, including Greece and the islands, which (now to be deducted) only makes a difference of 866,000.

not such scenes of carnage and torture ; and something like humanity has succeeded to ages of cruelty. The descriptions which travellers once gave of the capital of the Turks, are now no longer true. The opium shops are swept away ; the fanatic, or roguish Dervish, is no longer permitted to cut himself with knives ; the tedious ceremonies of receiving ambassadors ; the exposing of heads and bloody scalps, at the gate of the seraglio, takes place no more ; the very turban has yielded to the fez, or red Tunis cap ; and the Scheik-Islam himself, has put on a French sur-tout and a pair of Wellington boots. A well-dressed Turk, after the old fashion, is rarely to be met with ; even the aged have found the convenience of the European costume. It is true, that sometimes we see an attempt at trowsers, which are but one remove from the flowing robe, a species of sack, split asunder from the knees downwards ; but a person of the rank of Halil Pacha, turns out as well rolled up in a straight coat and trowsers as a first-rate Parisian. The red cap, it must be confessed, is a poor exchange for the turban, and certainly not sufficient to protect the shaven head of the Mussulman from the heat of a burning Eastern sun : but it was the badge of the Sultan's cause against the Janissaries, and is still the sign of the citizens' loyalty. It is, therefore, most generally worn ; and the complexions of the Turks continue to suffer. The Sultan did, indeed, propose that the soldiers should wear fronts to

their caps ; but it was objected, that with such a projection, they could not touch the ground, at prayer, with their forehead. His highness thought they might, during that solemn exercise, have turned the front of the cap behind ; but the expedient has not yet been adopted.

It would a little surprise the travellers of the last century, to be told that the smoke of a foundery chimney now ascends from the arsenal of Cassim Pascha ; and even more recent travellers than those, may wonder to hear that engines are worked by steam, and copper rolled out by machines for the Ottoman Porte, in their own dock-yards. But whilst, at a distance, these things may appear to be effecting a great improvement in the hopeless land of Mahomedanism, to a nearer inspector they are but as snow flakes falling into the ocean. The Sultan has no one to sympathise with his feelings of inferiority ; not a Pascha sees the necessity, which he sees, of civilising his people or losing his throne. He stands alone on the embankment, which he himself has reared, to stem, for a while, the torrent of destruction which is coming upon him ; and before he has entered upon the threshold of his regenerated fabric, it must fall and bury him under the ruins. When he has patched the old garment, with new cloth, it must rend asunder, and the fragments be divided, like the Greek empire of former days, on the plains of Buykdere. There, the ministers of the nations are already gathered about the carcass,

and why should not England divide the spoil with the strong? Sultan Mahmoud would find a better field for his exertions in Asia Minor; fixing himself at the royal seat of his ancestors, at Prusa. His son might reign, under the protection of the powers of Europe, at Hadrianople, over Thrace and Bulgaria; and the city of Constantinople, the great prize, be made an independent port, with the two keys of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont. Then might the Colossus of the North be appeased with Wallachia, and the inglorious Austria might reach her long-extended finger along the shores of Albania. The vanity of France should be satisfied with a descent upon Egypt; and England, retaining Corfu, and acquiring Candia, should give up her Ionian Isles to the new king of Greece! But after this division of territory, it is time that I take my departure from the Sultan's dominions.

I am, &c.

NOTES.

•• As several terms and titles have been used in the chapters and letters on Constantinople not familiar to every reader, the following explanations may be useful —

Sceik-Islam. The head of all civil and religious laws, supreme interpreter of the Koran, and infallible interpreter in matters of faith; vicar of the prophet, and crowns the Sultan — but, touching the infallibility, — in 1756, the Sultan Osman, more rigorous than his predecessors, entirely prohibited the use of wine, and the Sceik-Islam decided that such was the precept of the prophet, and not a counsel merely. In 1828,

Sultan Mahomet permitted the use of wine, and the Sceik-Islam decided that to abstain from wine was a mere consilium of the prophet, and not a precept; so that Mahomedan intemperance, as well as some others, has a certain elasticity.

Ech-in-Basri. Proto-medico, generally a man of great learning, and often the person chosen to be promoted to the dignity of Sceik-Islam.

Imam or Derwish. A person belonging to a religious order; the monk of Islamism.

Mufti. An ordinary priest.

Muezzin. He who calls the Ezaan, or invitation to prayer, from the gallery of the Minaret.

Ramazân. The Turkish Lent, which generally lasts during a whole moon. It is then unlawful to eat or drink, or smoke, from sun-rise to sun-set.

Şerâf. The last three days of the Ramazan, when the mosques are illuminated and all sorts of rejoicing take place.

Çurban-Başram. A festival that follows soon after the former, when the Sultan goes out of the city to pray in the open air.

Merâat and Mirâat. Festivals destined for celebrating the birth and death of the prophet.

Emir. Title of those who are believed to descend from the prophet's stock, and are especially entitled to wear the green.

Executive.

Grand Vizer. First minister of state.

Reis Effendi. Minister for foreign affairs.

Seraskier Pacha. Acting commander-in-chief of all forces by land.

Capudan Pacha. Admiral-in-chief, and commander of all forces by sea.

Pacha. A governor-general, or a lieutenant-general.

Bey. Minor governor of a district, equal to the rank of Colonel.

Aga. A commandant of greater or less dignity.

Varvode. A governor of a town or city.

Muxtelim. A governor of a city of greater importance, or an officer in the camp, but not responsible to the Pacha.

Namr. A commandant under the control of the Pacha.

The Grand Vizier, the Seraskier Pacha, and the Capudan Pacha, have alone the power of ordering an execution at Constantinople.

The Turkish Alphabet renders these sounds : —

ا	Elif.	} é, as in French.	ط	Tdeu.
ب	Bé.		ظ	Zugh.
ت	Té.		ع	Ayn.
ث	Cé.		غ	Ghyn.
ج	Gim (soft).		ف	Rhè (Phè).
ح	Ha.		ق	Kaf.
ه	Xugh (guttural).		ك	Kef.
ر	Dal.		ل	Lam.
ز	Zel, or Ze.		م	Mim.
ی	Ré.		ن	Nun.
س	Sin.		و	Wav.
ش	Tschun.		ف	Hè.
ص	Sat.		ی	Yè.
ض	Tdat.			

Numerals (Turkish).

۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷ ۸ ۹ ۰

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

۱۰۰۰ 1000, Bin.

Bir	-	-	1.
Iki	-	-	2.
Utsch	-	-	3.
Dort	-	-	4.
Besh	-	-	5.
Alti	-	-	6.
Jedi	-	-	7.
Sekiz	-	-	8.
Dokuz	-	-	9.
On	-	-	10.
Onbir	-	-	11.
Oniki, &c.			

Yrmi	-	-	20.
Yrmi-bir	-	-	21.
Otuz	-	-	30.
Kürk	-	-	40.
Elli	-	-	50.
Altmush	-	-	60.
Yedmush	-	-	70.
Sekizen	-	-	80.
Dokizen	-	-	90.
Uz	-	-	100.
Bin	-	-	1000.

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNEY FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO BELGRADE.

This ended, to high Rhodopè he hastes,
 And Hæmus' mountain bleak with northern blasts.
OVID.

THE distance from Constantinople to Belgrade is estimated at 184 Turkish saharts, or hours, and is divided into stages, where alone relays are stationed. These, however, are not given, except to couriers extraordinary, and other privileged persons, until the traveller gets beyond Hadrianople; so that this former part of the journey must be performed with the same horses, and it is seldom done in less than four and a half days. The reason for not allowing relays to travellers on this road seems an odd one; it is to secure a priority of intelligence to the Sultan from the northern regions. The four and a half days' journey may often be reduced to three, by going to Rhodosto by sea, and then proceeding straight to Hadrianople. The itinerary of the whole is as follows:—

ITINERARY.

	Hours, or Saharts
Ivan Hissari	- 10
to Boadez, }	- 10
„ Tschurlu	- 10
„ Bourgas	- 10
„ to Apsa	5
„ to Hadrianople	-
	45 *
„ Ebibza -	- 9
„ Haskeu -	- 9
„ Philippopolis	- 16
„ Tatar Bazarlich	- 6
„ Ilkiman	- 12
„ Sophia	- 12
„ Sharkeu	- 16
„ Nissa	- 12
„ Resna	- 10
„ Jogodina	- 10
„ Batchukina	- 6 } †
„ Hassan-palanca	- 6 }
„ Hissar-gik	- 10
„ Belgrade	- 5
	<hr/> 184 <hr/>

* Forty-five saharts may be performed in three days
relays can be obtained.

† Sometimes these two stages are put into one of
hours, because there are not always horses to be
Batchukina.

The shortest time in which this journey has ever been performed is four days and seventeen hours; this Captain Dundas accomplished in the summer of 1834, escorted by the Tartar Ibrahim. The Turkish *sahart* is not a fixed quantity, but taken frequently according to the nature of the country; it is, however, never less than three and a half miles (English) in mountainous districts; but more frequently is equal to four and a half miles. The average may be taken at something more than four miles; and thus it will appear, that the distance from Constantinople to Belgrade may not be rated at less than 750 miles, and perhaps it would not be over-rated at 800. Couriers, with despatches, perform this journey in eight or nine days, which will allow them to sleep three nights. Some active travellers, with light baggage, have performed it in ten days; but with heavy baggage, and without the privilege of changing horses until they reach Hadrianople, twelve days (the time in which we performed it) may be considered fair travelling. An English saddle, covered with a sheep skin, and a mantle buckled on behind for support, makes the most comfortable seat for so long a distance.

The preparations for our departure were made where all British travellers find a home, at the Consulate. It would be ungrateful in me not to record the hospitality and kind attentions of Mr. Cartwright; but it would be unjust, in mentioning his name, to

pass unnoticed the high claims which he has to the gratitude of his country. His experience of eighteen years has rendered his services, as British Consul, almost indispensable to the mercantile interests at Constantinople ; and such is the respect in which he is held among the inhabitants of Pera, and the people in general, that whatever the embassy may be at Therapia, he is the representative of the English nation at Constantinople, and really does the business of it. There is a certain number of Tartar couriers employed, in their turns, by the Consul, to carry despatches to and from Persia, and to Belgrade. One of these is generally chosen to conduct English travellers, such as ourselves, over the Balkan to the Austrian frontier ; for the conveyance of four masters and two servants, including four baggage horses, which, with those of the Surigees, made a cavalcade of thirteen ; — we agreed to pay 5000 piastres, and to provide ourselves with food on the journey, which cost about 700 more ; we added 200 more in consideration of the Tartar's good conduct as *Bakshick*, making a sum total of about sixty-two pounds. A single person cannot be escorted for less than 2000 piastres. The name of our Tartar was *Fezi*, whom we can safely recommend to others.

At seven o'clock, in the morning of August 16th, we descended from the Pera for the last time, and embarked on the canal to go to Haivan Hissari — the place of rendezvous for post-horses and travellers.

The Tartar and his "Surigees" had thirteen tired animals ready packed and saddled by half-past nine o'clock: we passed through the suburb of Ortagikeu, and left the walls of Constantinople.

The road lies over those extensive burial grounds which run parallel with the walls from the canal to the Propontis; and looking back through the cypress trees, we obtain partial views of the lofty old towers and of a tall minaret rising above the now concealed city. The solitude begins already at the plain of Daoud Pacha, and is only relieved by those huge barracks and trains of artillery which appear to be nearly deserted: — bare hill and valley, often approaching to wildness, conduct the traveller on the road to Hadrianople. The lowly promontory of Agios Stephanos is seen at a distance, reaching into the sea. In three hours we gained the town of *Kutchuk Tchekmadji*, or the "Little Bridge." This is considered as a key of the Hadrianople road, and accordingly it is embellished with a custom-house. The bridge alluded to in the name of this place, is built over the end of a salt lake, which runs a considerable way inland, and communicates with the sea by a kind of natural-formed canal. The ground lying between the bridge and the sea-coast is marshy, and full of little pools which infect this neighbourhood with mal'aria: travellers are always recommended to avoid it the first night, and for that purpose to leave Constantinople in the early part of the day. At the

distance of an hour and a half from hence, on some high ground, is gained the last view of Constantinople. A wide extent of sea and open country lies on the right and left, respectively; and in a little time we come to another similar lake, formed by the sea, with a village situated upon it, and a town at a little distance on the shore, not without beauty. This is called Buyuk Tchekmadji, or Great Bridge: the bridge is indeed a continuation of four bridges built of stone, and a work "not unworthy of being looked at." The same kind of marshy ground intervenes between the lake and the coast, and which has, no doubt, been covered with water in ancient times, whereby this must have been rendered a fine harbour. I observed, before arriving at Boadez, another similarly formed receptacle for a lake, but without any water and under cultivation; but it was evident, from the flatness, that it had also been covered with the sea like the former, and it affords additional evidence that the sea has considerably retired since the days of the Roman dominion: the convenience of the harbours is therefore lost, and the situations rendered more unwholesome. Justinian built a bridge across a morass between a lake and the sea, twelve miles from the city, at a place called Rhegium: the distance and description answers well enough to Kutchuk Tchekmadji. The tents of Zabergan, who led his Bulgarian army against the capital of the East, were pitched at twenty miles

from the city, on the banks of a small river which encircled Melanthias, and although Melanthias (Villa Cæsariana) is fixed at 140 stadia only from the city; we must be in the neighbourhood of Zabergan's tents at the Buyuk Tchekmadji; but whether the supposition be accurate or not, the scene of the last victory of Belisarius (A. D. 559) could not be passed over in silence. The town on the shore above alluded to, may be the ancient Atyras, where Justinian built a castle, and its present name of Atiraglia, seems to justify the supposition. At Combourga the road joins with the sea-coast, and so continues to Boadez, which took us *six hours and twenty-five minutes* from Kutchuk Tchekmadji to perform. Boadez or Bovados, or Boidos, contains an old tower and a few good houses and a decent lodging may be secured at the Han. The moon-beams fell from behind a dark intercepting cloud upon a distant portion of the waters of the Propontis, as I arrived at this long-looked-for repose.

August 17.—We rode to Selivri in *one hour and forty minutes*. This town containing, perhaps, 500 houses, was then infected with the plague; it is the ancient Selymbria*, and is mentioned by Livy and other writers. Its large castle stands on a cliff overlooking the bay, and a wide open country is behind it: the position of the town is best seen from the

* Where the marriage of Orchan with Theodora, the daughter of the Empress Irene, took place A. D. 1346.

Hadrianople side, after having crossed a bridge and a dry marsh. Ascending a small eminence, we saw vestiges of a Russian encampment; — the advanced posts of General Diebitsch arrived as near Constantinople as this is — that is, within thirty-five miles of it. The Turks made some resistance from the opposite rocks of Selivri; but the negotiations at Hadrianople recalled the invaders. From here we can see as far as the point of Rhodosto, a port to which some travellers sail in preference to performing the whole of this tedious journey to Hadrianople by land. If the wind be fair they may easily arrive in three days, for they are furnished in that case with fresh horses at the relays.

Rhodosto, called by Herodotus, Bisanthe, and by the Romans, Rhœdestus, was, and is yet, on the high road to Thessalonica: that road branches off to the left, from the Hadrianople road, at about a league and a half distance from Selivri*; but we continued in the former direction, N. W. by W., over

* If the Tourist wishes to return to Corfù, he may proceed from Rhodosto to Salonika by land and see Philippi, Berea, and the ancient Neapolis (Act. xvi. 11) Recommencing from Salonika, he might then see Thessaly, and descend as far as Thermopylæ, or cross by Meteora to Yannina. In my summer's excursion of 1834, I omitted the Hellespont and the Plains of Troy, Thessalonica, Philippi, the Straits of Thermopylæ, the Tempe, &c., and a great part of Northern Greece: also Chios, and the rest of the Sporades; and the coast of Asia below Samos, — all these, with a closer inspection of the Cyclades, and the south coast of the Morea, would form a delightful tour for a second summer, and would chiefly require to be performed by coasting.

a wild tract of country. I saw no object to divert the attention for a moment, save a large village, the name of which I could not learn, situated on a distant hill on the left. In four hours and twenty minutes, we arrived at the village of Kinikli, and in three hours more, at Tchorlu. Near Kinikli we saw more than twenty "eagles gathered together where a carcase was." The country in this ride of three hours, was fine, though open, and almost without inhabitants: the soil is of a sandy nature: the distant azure mountains rising over the sea now no longer visible, appear to render the prospect yet more boundless. At Kinikli we had a specimen of the "*mos thracum*," although exhibited in the person of our Tartar, "*Natis in usum*," &c. Tchorlu, the *Turullus* of the ancients, afforded us a lodging at a *han* or *cafenét*, where the shed in which we lay was ornamented with suspended vine branches; a good portion of the inhabitants of this place I found to be Greeks; but a towering mosque announces, also, the presence of Mahomedans. There are many remains of Roman pavement: I observed, also, a granite column and a large fragment of white marble, but without an inscription.

August 18.—At a quarter after six o'clock we left this town, in a fog; in two hours and a quarter, across an uninhabited country, came to a bridge and stream: this is, perhaps, the ancient *Agrianes* which flowed through the "*Campus Serenus*." In two

hours more we reached a miserable cafenét, far removed from shelter, and nearly concealed from the village of Karasinthia. The mosque rising above the screen of hills, detects the habitations of men. An aqueduct is traced by the pyramidical towers which mark its course ; a bridge across a stream, a branch of the *Ergene*, and a village, Messini, on some distant low hills, are all the objects that arrest the eye in this wilderness. At the distance of two hours from Karasinthia, I ascended a tumulus close by the road side, and gained a panoramic view of the plains and valleys of Thrace, 200 miles in circumference : in all this space I could only count eight or ten villages, indicated by the clumps of trees, which relieve the dreary face of the country at wide intervals. These tumuli appear in every direction, not less numerous than in Asia Minor ; the district of Sardis being excepted. In three hours and a half from Karasinthia we reach Castal Bourgas. This town presents an appearance of greater prosperity than any of those I had hitherto passed in Roumelia : its manufactory of pipe bowls, and small terra cotta vases, rudely gilt, is celebrated, and contributes to its affluence : it had lately been visited with a few cases of plague. I found grapes in abundance, and a decent han : the mosque is large and ugly : the Muezzin was calling to prayer from the Minaret, as I saw the sun set through a shady, spreading tree, behind the walls of the court.

August 19.—From Bourgas the road turns off to Kirk Kilessi, to go towards Bukarest, the direction which Dr. Clarke took. We took our departure at five o'clock in the morning, and a delightful freshness exhilarated, for a while, the spirits. No sooner do we leave the town than we cross a river, by a not unhandsome bridge: this appears to be a branch of the ancient Contadesus, which falls into the Agri-anes. In four hours we arrive at the poor village of Baba-Eski, past it runs a river, which is made up of the Iena (anciently Iona), and the Dearadere, the ancient Tearus; which runs past Kirk Kilessie; the confluence is at about fifty minutes' distance from the village, and these, when united, fall into the Agri-anes (Ergene); and, finally, into the Hebrus. *In two hours and fifty minutes* we come to the village of Kukeli; the chain, called the Takır Dag, now recedes far on the left towards the Gulf of Saros: from Kukeli to Apsa we went in two hours and a quarter. the lowering appearance of a storm changed the aspect of the heavens, and the black clouds began to roll over the distant hills. In this traverse, we approach within about fifteen miles of Demotica, on the left, a place which figures so often in the Byzantine history.* Apsa is a small town, with two mosques,

* Charles XII., of Sweden, after his exploits at Bender, was conveyed to Hadrianople, and the little town of Demotica assigned for his future residence. Demotica is about twenty miles from Hadrianople, and situated on the Hebrus. Charles

and in the immediate neighbourhood more cultivation appears than usual.

August 20.—The journey to Hadrianople from Apsa occupied four hours and a half: the road lies over hills and shallow vales, and at length the Minarets of the Grand Mosque are seen beyond the last bill, at a good distance: we descend gently into the plain, which unfolds itself gradually on the left; the city is continually in view whilst passing over the deceiving plain: it offers little that is striking on approaching it; and, when entered, the meanness of its streets alone surprises the stranger. Through the kind offices of Mr. Blunt, the acting British Consul, we obtained a lodging or "ionak," near the house of the Greek archbishop. Recapitulating the hours spent in riding from Constantinople to Hadrianople, it will appear that we were thirty-nine hours and forty-five minutes on horseback; thus having gained no more than five hours and fifteen minutes upon the Turkish saharts, or upon four miles and a half per hour.

Hadrianople carries its origin in the name. The situation already consecrated by Grecian fable, and near the confluence of three copious rivers, may have tempted the imperial founder to immortalise

was also at the little castle of Demistash both before and after his residence at Demotica.

his name there. The celebrated Hebrus, now called the Maritza, receives, a little above the present city, the Hardessus (now the Arda), and a little below, the Tonskus, now the Tonga. The city may rather be said to be seated on the latter, for the Maritza, having received the Arda, flows past it. The abundance of water which flows through the plain may have induced the poets to choose the meeting of the streams as the place where Orestes was purified from the furies; and the same imagination might float down the head of Orpheus, with the cold tongue still articulating the name of his Eurydice.

But the city founded by the emperor, although it figures but seldom in the pages of ancient history, has effaced the recollection of the fabled Oresteium. On the hill which declines towards the Hebrus, Constantine found the troops of his rival, Licinius, posted, when he arrived from Thessalonica. The battle fought on that occasion directed the eyes of the world to the plain of Hadrianople. Valens, in the year 378, was defeated, and lost his life in a conflict with the Goths in those same plains. Swasolaus, the savage but warlike Czar of the Russians, first showed the way to this city, by penetrating through Bulgaria and passing the Balkan; his steps were followed, at an interval of near a thousand years, by the general of Nicholas I. The Turks first got a footing in Europe by their success in taking Hadrianople, where Amurath I., in 1361.

fixed the seat of his government: issuing from thence, he subdued the greatest portion of ancient Thrace, and was enabled to attempt Constantinople. Since the final establishment of the Turks in Europe, Hadrianople has shared the fortunes of the Sultan: it became the favourite residence of some of them, and the splendid mosque of Selim attests his regard for the capital of European Turkey.

The present city occupies the ascent upon which Licinius posted his troops, and an ample space of the level ground, which lies on the banks of the river. Its streets, branching in various directions, with such buildings as they are, cover so much ground, that in less than a circuit of seven miles the whole can hardly be comprised. The population might easily be perceived within one half the compass, for it does not exceed 90,000: of these, about one half are Turks, the rest are Armenians, Greeks, and Jews. There is much industry among the inhabitants in general: they export annually 400,000 pairs of slippers, and a countless number of those brooms which are used in every Turkish house; they have also for exportation wine, grain, and raw silk; and such is the value of labour, that a common carpenter cannot be found to work for less than ten piastres per diem, that is, six times the sum he can live for; and yet, with all these means of procuring the comforts and luxuries of life, there is scarcely an habitation which a European would call decent in the whole city.

The people were all agog, waiting the arrival of the newly appointed Pacha Mustapha. The day was the fatal 20th of August, the anniversary of General Diebitch's triumphant entry; but this circumstance did not appear to be dwelling on the recollection of a single soul.

There are but three objects worthy of a stranger's attention,—the grand mosque, the bazaar of Ali Pacha, and the bridge across the Maritza. The mosque erected by Selim is accounted one of the most splendid and largest of Mahommedan temples: it stands on the eminence of the city, has four stupendous minarets, with a triple spiral staircase, a magnificent court and ingress, and a dome worthy of a Christian church. The arcade, through which is the entrance, is ornamented with marble and lunettes, inlaid with Turkish characters, made of rich blue material. Several of these were picked off by the Russian soldiers, who defiled the "sacred" precincts, and have left behind them the marks of their depredation. The interior is grand and imposing. A fountain of venerated water springs up in the midst, under a species of tabernacle; the wide-spreading rectangle admits of the worshippers freely to pace under the lofty dome; the lamps are suspended in various and multiform figures; and the sacred characters, inscribed under the vaults and angles of the roof, attests the piety and splendour of the royal benefactors. I ascended to the upper gallery of the

minarets, after having visited the interior with shoeless feet. From this elevated station I had a comprehensive view of the city, the windings of the river, and the plain, which has ever been chosen for the grand assembly of the Turkish armies. The Hebrus is seen to a great distance, winding its way, in a broad bed, among mulberry trees, joined by the Tonga, which flows from a low range of hills on the North. The plain extends towards the south, continually watered by the Maritza, which is traced, in imagination, almost to the Archipelago. On all sides, except towards the plain, the city lies in a basin, the declivities around gently sloping towards the buildings. On looking down from this giddy height upon the roofs of the edifices, nothing appears conspicuous, except two or three of the next principal mosques, amongst which the Eske Djiami is distinguished, the long roof of the bazaar, the cupolas of ruined hans, and, finally, the residence of the Pacha, which stands aloof from meaner things, in a green solitude of its own. After this general view of the region of old romance, and present fertility, I descended and went to the bazaar: its length is about 600 feet; and it certainly excels, in regularity and taste, any of those of Constantinople. I found it, however, far inferior in the quantity and quality and variety of its merchandise. There are other inferior bazaars; one is dedicated to slippers, another is called the jewellers'; but these are nothing more than rows of shops under a shed.

The bridge of Sultan Mahmoud, whose upper structure is of wood, reposes on eleven piers of stone. Five trees grow on each bank of the Hebrus, affording a grateful promenade and luxurious places of repose for the inhabitants. Along the left bank of the river, looking up, I was struck with its resemblance to the banks of the Arno, as viewed from the Ponte de S. Maria Novella. The view of the grand mosque from this bridge is most splendid. Close by is a *cafee*, a rendezvous of the inferior class of Turks, who thus enjoy the coolness of the river and the trees. I found no vestiges of antiquity, except a piece of pentelic marble, used in my own dormitory as a hearthstone. Not far from our Conak, were some walls and towers of a venerable appearance, but cannot go beyond, in antiquity, the period of the Turkish invasion. The nearest places to Hadrianople, where we know Christianity was planted in the apostolic age, were Thessalonica and Berea: but St. Paul's expression, of "round about unto Illyricum," will amply comprise the whole of Thrace. I shall, therefore, indulge the thought that I am following the footsteps of the great Apostle, even to beyond Mount Hæmus, until they are lost sight of on the shores of Dalmatia.

August 21.—In leaving Hadrianople, the plain becomes more rich and beautiful to look upon: the course of the Hebrus is marked far away by a thick

row of trees. the country soon begins to open wide on the right, and, in approaching Mustafa Kupris (village), the river comes nearly in contact with the road, and begins to appear in a valley of its own. Some villages enliven its banks, but the rest of the scene is left solitary. In three hours and fifty minutes we came to Mustafa Kupris. In leaving this village we cross the Hebrus, and enter a small forest of stunted oaks: the country beyond the Hebrus now appears rich. In one hour and sixteen minutes we arrive at Ebibza: the cafenèt here was served by a gipsy youth; and from here the Surigees were frequently of that race. After refreshment and repose in the heat of the day, we proceed on our journey: the Mount Rhodope chain rises on the left, and beautiful outlines of hills; the banks of the river on the right, are prettily wooded. In two hours and forty minutes we arrive at Hermanli: this is a cleaner looking village than usual; a large lead-roofed han is the most conspicuous object it contains. In the names and situations of those villages that have occurred since Hadrianople, we may look for the ancient Burdipta, Subzupara Assus, in the country of the Odryse. This people dwelt between the Mount Rhodope and Hæmus, and their principal city was Philopopolis. After leaving Hermanli, the road gains a mountainous pass, which comes under the general denomination of Balkan; the passage winds over the tops of some wooded hills, from which a

an extensive view of Old Thrace and its mountains. The descent is by a pretty stream leading to a grassy plain, on which gipsies had pitched their tents, and their night fires had already begun to burn; the remainder of the road to Haskeu was passed in the dark, at a famous speed, which left one Tartar in the rear, and bewildered a Greek servant, who was only found the following morning. From Hermanli to Haskeu, four hours and forty-five minutes.

August 22.—From Haskeu we begin a sixteen hours' stage, with the same horses, and those very bad ones. We left this straggling town at about seven o'clock: it is situated upon the river Usum or the Grape river, and in a kind of basin, which preserves humidity. We rode across a fine country, in three hours and five minutes, to Cayalis; thence to Jenimali, in one hour and forty minutes more. Here the Balkan appears to begin to embrace the whole district which intervenes and lies beyond Philopolis; whilst the Rhodope Mountains on the left rise boldly from the plain. The villages are now of that style called Bulgarian, and are, indeed, for the most part, inhabited by that people. They are thatched huts, of the most wretched appearance outside, but within there is much order and cleanliness: the orchards and gardens, and other signs of industry, give a totally different appearance to the poor inhabitants. Papasli is a village of this description, which we reached in one hour and fifty

minutes' riding from Jenimali, where we had reposed for four hours, under a shady tree belonging to a neighbouring cottage. Near Papash is a splendid view of the plain, and the vale of the Hebrus: a ruined mosque is all that indicates the Turkish name here. It took us four hours to reach Philipopolis: the greater part of this journey lay over the fine plain, which is scarcely exceeded, in extent and fertility, by any other in Thrace.

The city at which we had now arrived, by moonlight, called by the Turks Filibè, was founded, as its ancient name imports, by Philip, the father of Alexander. (See Livy, lib. 39.) A group of mountains, curiously broken, rises out of the vast plain; around these the Hebrus insinuates itself, so as to form them into an island. The town is at present built upon the heights, and about the banks of the river; but the lower town is liable to much inconvenience: the streets are generally knee-deep in mud, and in winter, if it were not for the stepping-stones which are placed across them at frequent intervals, would be impracticable. The buildings placed on the heights have a striking appearance, seen from a little distance: a great portion of the inhabitants is Christian: there are fifteen Greek churches, and one for the Armenians. There is a Greek Archbishop, for whom I had a letter of introduction, which I had not an opportunity to make use of. The population is estimated at 50,000, which, I should think, was over-

rated: their manufactories are of cloth and stockings; and they have exercised their arts and industry in peace, since the alarm created by the descent of the Russians, and the army which Scutari Pacha encamped on their plains. There is a tradition in this city, that St. Paul preached the gospel in it *; and he is the patron of the place. We left Philipopolis at midnight, and when the moon-beams alighted strong upon the waters of the Maritza (Hebrus). Continuing through the plain, we arrived, after four hours and fifteen minutes, at Tatar Bazardjick, the ancient Bessabara; every thing an-

* This traditional ascendancy of St. Paul may be some confused history of the Paulicians. These religionists of Armenia were transplanted into Thrace by Constantine Copronymus in the middle of the eighth century. In the tenth century, they received an acquisition of numbers and privileges under John Zimisces, the conqueror of the Bulgarians. They peopled many of the valleys of Mount Hæmus, being, with reference to the Greek church, what the Waldenses in Piedmont were with regard to the church of Rome, they finally held the city of Philipopolis, and many villages and castles in Macedonia and Epirus. The sect of Christians, whom Lady W. Montague found at Philipopolis, in 1717, calling themselves Paulines, were probably some descendants of those Paulicians, and not particular observers of St. Paul's doctrines, as she supposes. They were introduced into France and Italy in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and, perhaps, some remnants of their worship might yet be traced in the valleys of the Balkan. There are still some Paulines at Philipopolis. This city was reduced to a heap of ruins in the war of Calo-John, the Bulgarian. For the awful siege and massacre of 100,000 persons by the Goths, see *Ammian. Marcell.* cap. xxi. 5.

reminds this to be a Turkish mosque: the mosques are again monumental, and if they were not, the superstitious which I witnessed a specimen of, would be hardly worth the statement.

August 23. — In leaving Tatar Bazaradjick, we found the cemetery filled with priests, candles, flowers, and the howlings of women and children: this is called the *Giai*, or service for the dead. They beset the graves of their departed friends with flowers, pour wine upon the earth, and offer them to eat and to drink. They place lighted tapers around the borders of the grave, and a priest reads certain offices over the libation. I saw several conversing with the dead, speaking with their mouths close to the grave, and uttering loud imprecations. This is a superstition much resembling that of the Turks, who perform the same kind of ceremony, asking the dead why they died, and wherefore they left their homes? The mingling of voices, and the wailings heard from this multitude, gave me a shuddering impression of the degradation of Christianity in these unhappy regions. Tatar Bazaradjick has a bazaar, and a large manufactory of vestments: it is situated in one of the finest countries of Europe. Nowhere did the scenery, and the splendid scale on which it stands, more attract me wonder and admiration. The Mount Rhodope rises lofty on the left; and at its fertile roots the bounties and riches of nature. This

is the ancient country of the Bessi; the minor Goths of Jornandes. The Balkan meets its long-divided fellow-mountain, and the country is thus enclosed by the ending or beginning of the two chains. After travelling for three hours in this fair country, we came to the village of Yeni-keu, which is situated on the first declivity of the ascent of the Balkan. The passage of Mount Hæmus I found pretty, without being grand. The scenery above the road is upon a small scale, but richly wooded: our first halt, being overtaken by a thunder storm, was at Palanka, reckoned two hours distant from Yeni-keu. A few ruined habitations mark the solitary spot. From here the danger begins to be apprehended from the robbers of the Balkan; and from time immemorial the Tartars have had the custom of descending those rugged passes at an incredible speed. The traveller is still subject to this new mode of riding over rocks and loose stones; and in an incredible short time he is hurried on to Capugee, where there is a guard station, and no more danger dreaded. This place derives its name from an old brick arch which stands across the horse-path, and which has been dignified with the names of Trajan's Arch, and the Gate of Macedonia. A more appropriate place could not well be chosen for stationing a barrier. Here the limits of the ancient Moesia and the Macedonian kingdom may be supposed to meet: but the brick arch wears no marks of an antiquity so

remote as Trajan's age : it is more probably the relic of some barrier erected by Justinian during the first inroads of the Bulgarians, more especially as this must have been the way by which that Emperor passed to his native town of Tauresium, near Sophia, which was built by him. From the brick arch of Capugee we descended in a trice to the plain. The passage of the Balkan is effected when the traveller arrives at Ilkiman. Our two stoppages might amount to three quarters of an hour, which leaves for the time on horseback, from Yeni-ken to Ilkiman, about four hours and a quarter.

We now entered upon the land of Bulgaria, and rode, before it was dark, over a beautiful green plain, as far as a ruined and deserted Greek village called Carricul. From here the road runs up and down hills, which separate the plain we had traversed from a more extensive one, reaching towards Sophia. This low range of mountains may be considered as an outwork of the Mount Hæmus. We halted at a wretched hovel, about half-past eight o'clock ; and the moon had just risen as we resumed our journey over the smooth plain to Sophia. Within an hour of the city, we passed through much water, which I took for the overflowings of the Isker, or Oscius. In about seven hours from Ilkiman, we reached the closed gate of Sophia, which being opened, a rush of our cavalcade was made through the tortuous, narrow, and stony

streets. This was kept up at a furious rate, as far as the Han, without any other accident than that of a horse falling headlong down, and rolling our beds in the mud, which in all kinds of weather adorns the streets of this city.

Sophia, although one of the meanest cities I ever saw, must still be considered as the capital of Bulgaria, and as holding a high rank among the cities of European Turkey. The situation appeared to me the most unfavourable that could have been chosen for a city; sunk in a hollow, and receiving all the humidity which flows from the declivities of some hills rising behind it, it is constantly liable to be inundated, and never free from the effects of rain; and, without canals to carry off the superabundant waters of the Isker, the plain is almost lost to the labour of the agriculturist. The habitations are all made of baked mud; and I scarcely saw one which ought to be qualified with any other appellation than that of hovel. Yet we tread upon the native soil of the great Justinian. He was born at a village called Tauresium, situated in the district of Sardica, where he afterwards built the city which he called Sophia. I have, however, no doubt that the ancient Sardica stood nearer the "Mons Scomius," enjoying the advantages of the river and the plains, without their inconvenience. Tauresium became the seat of an Archbishop, and a Præfect, under the name of "Justiniana Prima;" and the town of Guistendil,

situated behind those mountains (Mons Scamius) which rise to the south of Sophia, is supposed to retain in its corrupt etymology the name of Justiniana. The history of Sophia is necessarily involved in the obscurity of Bulgarian records; nor do I know that it figures in the annals of Turkish conquest. At present it contains thirty mosques and ten churches. There was a Romish, as well as a Greek, Bishop; The former, perhaps, the successor of him originally granted by Innocent III. to the humble but subtle request of Calo John.

The kingdom of Bulgaria sprang up like a weed in the Greek empire, upon the blood of the Emperor Nicephorus, A. D. 811. His skull, enchased in gold, was used by the savage victors in their potations; but under the educated Simeon, the kingdom of Bulgaria was ranked among the civilised nations: he reigned for forty years. In the beginning of the eleventh century, this first Bulgarian kingdom was annihilated by the prowess of Basil II.; and, with the exception of a few chiefs and their followers, the inhabitants of that wild and extensive country were reduced to the allegiance of the Byzantine throne. But a second kingdom of Bulgaria was re-established in 1186, and Calo John was seated on the throne. This savage hero awed, for a while, the empire of the East, until he sank under the arms and reputation of the Emperor Henry, A. D. 1216. The new-born kingdom gradually died away, until it passed, with the

rest of the Roman empire in the East, into the hands of the Turks.* But the limits of the kingdom of Bulgaria, when Lychnidus was its capital, extended beyond those of the ancient Mœsia. That country, the theatre of some of Trajan's wars, is well defined by the Mount Hæmus on the south, and the Danube on the north, as far as the shores of the Euxine. But the Bulgarian kingdom comprised a good portion of Illyricum, Dardania, and even Thessaly; it also included much of the modern Albania; and if such a kingdom were again established, it would be the most effectual means of securing the now tottering balance of the powers of Europe.

August 24. — We proceeded from Sophia over the wilds of Mœsia or Bulgaria to Halikeu, a ride of four hours. From thence, among mountains the wildest, and over plains the most uncultivated, in two hours and fifty minutes, to Sarabulut. The appearance of the country in this space changes: after traversing an uneven plain, we passed through wooded ravines, at a great speed: occasional pretty scenery, and at Sarabulut, an evident improvement in the habitations: the country then assumes all the characteristics of agriculture. The peasantry have the most happy appearance; and their demeanour is respectful towards travellers. As we passed through a wide valley, not unlike some I have seen among the Alps,

* See Colonel Leake's Sketch of the Bulgarian History; also Ducange, and Letters of Innocent III.

I was struck with the abundance of cattle and the comparative numbers of the population. The mountains on each side close in the valley beyond Sharkeu, and it appears to end in the form of a triangle. In three hours from Sarabulut, we arrived, in the dark, at Sharkeu.

August 25.—We left this rural town soon after five o'clock in the morning, and passed through a well-watered grassy plain, which also abounded in melons. We entered, after an hour and a half, a mountainous passage, and by a rugged road came down upon Aspalanka, where there is a large castle-fortress. It required us five hours and a quarter to reach the half-way han to Nissa. We then continue through mountain paths, amongst trees and shrubs, to the top of the pass; from whence is a view of Nissa and the plain in which it stands. After emerging from the woody passes we arrived at a four-sided building faced with human skulls: I counted about 600 on each side: this is the ferocious monument erected over the vanquished rebel Servians — a monument, however, of their present independence as well as of Turkish barbarism. After five hours of riding from the half-way han, we arrived weary at Nissa. The attention of the enquiring traveller is first awakened here by finding himself at the native place of the first Christian Emperor. It seems now to be allowed by all critics, that Constantine was born at Naissus, which is certainly a town of ancient

Moesia: it was one of the great manufactories of arms during the reign of the successors of Constantine. Not a vestige of antiquity, that I could see, marks this now as the site of a town of antiquity. Its situation, however, was well chosen upon the banks of a clear running river, now the Nissava, and perhaps formerly called the Brongus. it was once considered as the capital of Servia, although modern geography has limited that country by the left bank of the Morava. At present this town contains about 2000 houses, and by far the greater number are Turkish. The bazaar is chiefly furnished with fur skins, which the people wear even in the oppressive heats of summer. The river, which runs through an extreme part of the town, is passed by a wooden bridge, and is defended by some inferior fortifications. Having several hours and a night to spend at Nissa, I had recourse to the "Caja" or "huissier" of the governor, to procure a "conak." A Christian woman was the victim of the billet, and was rudely ordered to put her house in order for our reception. This inconvenience I endeavoured to repair, by acting as widely different from a Turk as possible. The only time I ever heard a hissing from the Turkish boys, was in this town, which, however, I found it easy and safe to resent.

August 26.—After a comfortable night's lodging at Nissa, and the unknown luxuries of a decent meal, we proceeded across the river, and soon came

upon a moor where many gipsies were encamped. They ran out of their tattered tents, half naked, to beg, and scrambled with all their might for a few parahe. In looking back upon Nissa, I could not but admire the beauty of its situation. The mountains which rise above and beyond it, fall away on the left into a fertile plain, (perhaps the scene of Claudius's victory over the Goths in 269): this plain continues to attract admiration, whilst the country on the right is wild and uncultivated. In two hours we arrived at a cafènet, where a bridge stands over a clear stream,—a pleasant place of repose; the road soon after this falls in with the Morava, running through a rich vale, thick with trees and foliage. The forests of Servia appear on the opposite side. After *five hours* travelling from Nissa, we arrived at the village of Alexintha: wooded scenery on both sides the road continues until Resna, a small village, situated in a deep hollow, where are the ruins of a large ban. This hot journey from Alexintha was performed in *three hours and thirty-five minutes*. I found Resna all alive with the continued arrivals and departures of the Servian peasants towards a village about three hours distant, called Picol. This was the eve of the great fête of the Panaghia, the Assumption; a legend received as eagerly by the Greek as it was by the Latin church. The costume of the women was the perfection of what I had witnessed ever since my approach to the Balkan. They suspend round their

breasts and down their backs long rows of piastres, strung together, and put upon cloth or velvet. Sometimes, an incredible weight of this coin is arranged in metallic folds upon the head, spread over a kind of hat, like the head-covering of a Chinese mandarin or Indian. Some of the better dressed women, especially the young women I saw, must have carried thus about their persons an amount of 1000 or 1200 piastres. I supposed it was in this manner they carried their dowries.

Leaving this grotesque and pious throng to continue their pilgrimage, some on foot, others in carts and on horses, we took our way through the fine woods towards Iogodina. The sun set beautifully behind the Bosnian hills. In *three hours and forty-five minutes* we came to Paracini by night: we passed the Morava at a village of that name, (with the addition of Kupris,) over a long broken-down wooden bridge; we continued for a short way along its banks, and saw by the pale moonlight the remains of two impaled bodies close by the road. Such disgusting sights are not yet removed from the eyes of the traveller: meanwhile, the Servians are daily becoming more independent; they despise the authority of the Turks, assume an air of boldness in the face of a Tartar, and make their own laws. In *two hours and thirty minutes* from Paracini, we arrived at Iogodina. This town is built upon a totally different plan to the Turkish towns:

the streets, instead of being uncommonly narrow, are uncommonly broad; they are roughly paved, and the habitations appear like rows of tiled shambles. A despotic-looking mosque rises above them all; but upon approaching, it is found to be abandoned, and fast falling into ruins. Here we were obliged to lower our tone or run the risk of getting no horses; it required an argument and some persuasion to obtain a little milk and a few eggs, — such are, generally, the first sallies of a rude independence. Through forests we ascended and descended to a village prettily situated among some cultivated fields; the road then runs through the middle of a forest, which reminds one of travelling near Fontainebleau. The next village is Batchukina, where we reposed for some hours, and changed a few of our horses; these six Turkish hours from Iogodina occupied us in riding *four hours and thirty minutes*. At Batchukina the mud houses are whitewashed, and a greater sense of comfort displayed in the interior. In *one hour and thirty minutes* we travelled through forests to the village of Radsha, and here observed the manner in which the Christians of that country delight to honour the Virgin. The inhabitants were dancing to the sound of a lyre, except such of them as could not stand upright from too copious a sacrifice to Bacchus; two of such accompanied us to the border of the forest, through which the path lay to Hassan Palancha. We rode

for three hours by night through this gloomy region, and I seldom experienced a more expressive silence. The place at which we arrived as the moon began to rise was a straggling village, surrounded by corn-stacks; here we slept a few hours on the mats of the *cafenè*, and resumed our journey through the woods at four o'clock in the morning. In *three hours and twenty-five minutes* we came to the village of Kolar Palancha — a few huts, built on the edge of the forests, but a beautiful mountain side running behind them. a quantity of lambs were roasting, which afforded us a rare repast. After riding about two hours, we emerged from the immense forest through which we had travelled, with little interruption, from Nissa. The plains of Hungary and the far-rolling Danube burst upon the view, and it appeared as if we had now reached another section of the globe. The Danube fills the spacious plain like a flood, and encircles the islands of its own creation, so that it is easy sometimes to fancy oneself on the shores of some great lake or ocean. In *two hours and thirty minutes* from Kola we reached Hissarjick, the last post station on the road to Belgrade. Here we found fruit in abundance, and some signs of civilization. The road strikes across the valley and mountains which are encircled by the Danube, but left untouched by its floods. The scenery is beautiful as far as Chesma, and continues such until, from the top of the last descent, we descry Belgrade and Semlin.

We descend the naked hill, and view the "rude huts" which, since the time of Trajan, have characterised the low banks of the Danube.

In *three hours and thirty minutes* from Hissarjick, we arrived at Belgrade. From an enumeration of the hours as set down in this diary, it will appear that we were nearly *ninety-five hours* on horseback, to accomplish the 139 Turkish saharts from Hadrianople to Belgrade — that is, reckoning the sahart at four miles and a quarter, we averaged six miles per hour; but the frequent delays on the road, on account of the baggage, will make our average speed nearly eight miles an hour.

LETTER VI.

To John Letsom Elliot, Esq., Pimlico Lodge.

Semlin, September 8. 1834.

HAVING left all the Turks on the other side of the Danube, and having nearly undergone a purification of ten days' quarantine, I consider my "summer's excursion" to the East at an end. "And now instead of mounting barbed steeds," I must have recourse to the vulgar conveyance of a vehicle drawn according to the civilized regulations of Post and Police. You have already received a hasty sketch of the tour I intended to follow before I finally decided to return by Turkey in Europe; but now I can answer some of your enquiries concerning the great barrier against which so many waves of conflict have broken, both in ancient and modern times. I can also tell you, *re expertâ*, what a quarantine is on dry land; and although I cannot give you any adequate account of the state of Turkey, I may at least give you my own impressions.

The question agitated throughout Europe now is, whether Turkey contains in herself the elements of re-organisation, by which alone she can maintain her

integrity and independence in her new relations with Europe? And the answer, as generally given, is—that she has such elements, providing the Russians could be prevented from oppressing, and finally sinking her into a province of their own. From this question and answer arise others of more immediate interest, such as, whether England and France ought not at once to put forth their strength, and roll back the tide of Russian encroachment? What part Austria would take in such a case? How Mehemet Ali would be influenced? and what effect would be produced upon the rising kingdom of Greece. As mere questions of diplomacy, these may be as well discussed on the banks of the Thames, as on the shores of the Bosphorus. As far as they have been hitherto agitated, they have, like most political questions of the present day, been stamped with the exaggerated views of the respective partisans. Ambition and duplicity have been attributed to Russia which perhaps she never dreamt of; and so much has been boasted of the Sultan and his empire, that one might think we had alighted upon the best governed country upon earth; on a soil where liberty had grown to perfection, and where industry in all its branches flourished. It is now the fashion to vilify the Greeks as much as it was to extol them during their revolutionary struggle; and the government of the Turk is now unhesitatingly declared to be more adapted to the Rayah population than any

they could frame for themselves. Such are the highly-wrought pictures now presented to us by a few English travellers, who having got the Turcomania, pique themselves upon being the first to discover that the Turks are a wise and understanding people. The wealth and strength of a nation I conceive to consist chiefly in its industry; and whatever may be said in favour of the Turkish character, or of Turkish experience in the administrative system, no one can shut his eyes to the fact, that a Turk will not work; that every undertaking which requires energy of body is committed to the Rayahs; and even the traveller is indebted for his modicum of refreshment to a Greek innkeeper, or to a swarthy Arab. In Asia, therefore, where the population is chiefly Turkish, I see no elements of re-organisation from the great source of human labour and industry. I readily admit that a person unacquainted with the language and customs of a people, and who has passed through the country at the rate of eight miles an hour, is in a sorry condition to give an opinion upon that country's resources. I do not propose to give opinions, but merely to tell you my own impressions; and the first is, that the Turks both in Europe and Asia, are indolent, and can seldom be roused to any exertion. Whenever they can, they commit the execution of their affairs to others, even to the Rayah population, which they despise. But the hopes of re-organisation in *European Turkey* are

in a Christian population ; and then the question is, how far will a Christian population care to maintain the integrity or independence of an infidel government. The population of European Turkey has been estimated at something more than 12,000,000, which I strongly suspect is far beyond the mark. It may be analysed in the following manner : —

Of the Hellenic race and language				
there are about	-	-	-	1,250,000
Others of the Greek Church, amount-				
ing to	-	-	-	600,000
Of Slavonic race and dialect, the				
Boaniacs, Servians, Bulgarians,—				
all of the Greek Church	-	-	-	4,000,000
<hr/>				
Making the Christian population				
amount to	-	-	-	5,850,000
The Jews, Gipsies, and Franks of				
various denominations	-	-	-	600,000
The Albanians, who may be con-				
sidered as doubtful subjects of the				
Porte	-	-	-	1,600,000
<hr/>				
				8,050,000
Add to this total, the population of				
Wallachia and Moldavia, now neu-				
tralised	-	-	-	1,500,000
<hr/>				
				9,550,000
<hr/>				

—and we shall have about 2,500,000 left, or, say a fifth part of the population, on whose devotion the Turkish government might reckon in her European dominions. The local attachments, indeed, of the Christian population are perhaps as strong as those of the Turks in Asia; but they now understand that they may remain undisturbed in those, without being subjects of the Sultan, and they have the example of Servia before them to show that it is possible to have their immunities and local interests guaranteed by independence. The Bulgarians are certainly a happy and industrious people; and the strange contrast of their cleanliness, with the filth of the Turks, living under the same government, can only be accounted for as you account for a similar contrast in the Swiss cantons, by the different influence of their respective religious systems: and it cannot be absurd to argue from these facts, that the religion of the Turks is an hindrance to that very re-organisation which is so much talked of. The struggle, therefore, in European Turkey will not be between the Sultan and his subjects, but between independence and Muscovite dominion. But the diplomacy of Russia has succeeded in misleading England upon the real course she is pursuing. Ever since General Diebitsch advanced to within a few hours' march of Constantinople, we have heard of nothing but Russia in possession of the capital of the East. Now, if such had been the intention of Russia,

why, when all the powers of Europe would have sanctioned the act, did she not enter the Sultan's capital? The Russians neither did then, nor do they now, desire such possession; but to have it believed that they do, conveniently diverts the attention of France and England from the more secure establishment of her power in Turkey. Russia does not want actual possession of Constantinople, for the obvious reason, that without possessing Asia Minor, also, she could not hold it by all the force she has the power to send. She could never be at rest with her splendid acquisition, unless, like triumphant Sylla, her eagles should at the same time fly "over prostrate Asia." It can never be the policy of Russia to do imperfectly herself what she can so well accomplish by an agent. The masterly hand of Count Nesselrode, when he closed the Hellespont against all nations, whenever it should please him, did more than as if he had sent an army of 100,000 men to take possession of the shores of the Propontis. Neither, therefore, are there the elements of re-organisation, that is to say, the means of consolidating the Turkish empire, nor does Russia want actual possession of Constantinople; rather there are the elements of a speedy dissolution in European Turkey at least,—and there Russia will and must lay her hand, unless independence is secured to the nations by the interference of France and England. Already has Servia led the way, and the controlling powers of Europe

have but this alternative — but I will not trouble you further with the politics of the East.

Belgrade. — The situation of Belgrade rendered it an important bulwark of the Roman empire; and it was considered by the Greek emperors as an extreme point of their dominions in Europe. The countries lying below it, may be considered, with reference to ancient history, as an independent portion of empire, and some of those countries have preserved that character up to the present day. Dacia the complete but not durable conquest of Trajan, is now become the almost independent principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, and the wilds of Mœsia on the right bank of the Danube, were as little under the sway of the Roman emperors, as they appear now to be under that of the Sultans. The spirit of independence which animated those fierce barbarians of antiquity against their conquerors, seems to have been transmitted to their latest posterity. Belgrade being built at the confluence of the Danube and the Save has the advantage of occupying the right banks of both those rivers; — the former, the ancient Savus, rises near the confines of Istria, not far from the top of the Adriatic Sea, and “it was considered by the early Greeks as the principal stream of the Danube.” It runs in an easterly direction from its source across Croatia, and from where it falls in with the Unna to its junction with the Danube, forms the common limit of the Austrian and Ottoman empires: the

territory included between those two great rivers and the Inn, was known to the ancients under the names of Noricum and Pannonia. Dacia, which, contrary to the advice of Augustus, became a Roman province *beyond the Danube*, preserved the memory of Trajan's conquests until Aurelian found it expedient to relinquish it to the Goths and Vandals ; but the Wallachians, who preserve some traces of the Latin language, still boast of their Roman descent. After Dacia had thus become an independent state, we may conceive Belgrade to have acquired greater importance as a frontier : it was the key of the Save, and consequently of Pannonia, and could not be neglected when the Gothic King, Araric, forced the passage of the Danube in the Reign of Constantine, 331. Most of the invasions of the Goths and Vandals were, however, effected much lower down the Danube, about its confluence with the Teyss or Tibiscus, and other parts of the present Wallachia. But the *name* of Belgrade, is only conspicuous in modern history. The first event of the brilliant reign of Soliman, was the siege and capture of Belgrade. The conqueror of Constantinople had attacked it in vain against the famous defence made by John Hunniades, in 1456, and Amurath II. had no better success. It was then not only regarded as the bulwark of Hungary, but the chief barrier of Christendom, against the invasions of the Turks. It was subsequently lost

and won*, but it still remains in the hands of the successor of Soliman. The banks of the Danube rise high and are covered with fortifications. The principal part of the town lies in the alope, hid from the view of the Save; but a line of new habitations has now sprung up on the banks of the latter river; near these, we embarked at half-past three, P. M., on the 27th of August.

The strong current of the Save soon bore us into the Danube: on entering that river, the view of the fortifications of Belgrade and its advantageous position, opened down the stream. Our boat was then towed along the banks, accompanied by an Hungarian sentinel, whose costume was of the most grotesque description. This descendant of a Dacian sire, was relieved by another in a more soldier-like garb: he escorted the boat along the clayey banks, up to the place where we were ordered to land. Our baggage was laid upon a grassy bank where three men, in Oriental costume, were reclining; these we found to be porters who had preceded us for the purpose of earning thirty piastres for about ten minutes of fatigue. We then passed along a gravel walk, followed by a sentinel. The town of Semlin lay on our right, and a dead flat running within the two rivers on our left: a low-roofed quadrangle of buildings announced our abode for ten days to come, and

* See further accounts of Belgrade in the "Sketch of Hungary."

at half-past four, we read (not Dante's inscription over the gate of his Inferno, but a short translation of it) "Oesterreichisches Contumaz." It requires an hour to go from Belgrade to the quarantine at Semlin.

Unfortunate travellers arriving from Turkey, supposed to be infected with the plague of the East, their baggage suspected to contain the seeds of contagion, and they themselves supposed to die in the quarantine, are shown into a room with a brick floor, from which all things liable to contagion, are carefully removed: two or three officers (inspectors) eye the new comers through a wooden cage, where they remain to interrogate them during the process of initiation. The passport being duly fumigated in an adjoining room which is eternally smoking with the infallible antidote, is presented in a pair of tongs to the man of authority. The eyes, nose, and complexion of the traveller are carefully delineated on the official paper: his birth, parentage, and education booked, the sum of money he possesses, together with his watch regularly registered, and all earthly precautions taken, ready for his passage into another world. This awful preparation is followed by a list made of all his linen, clothing, and pipe-sticks. This is meant to be made accurately; but the list, when compared, would be found very incorrect. When this tedious process is accomplished, the order issues from the mouth of the scribe to emit one grand cloud of the panacea smoke: the goods

are then all gathered up in indiscriminate bundles and carried off to the quarter which is destined for the ten days' abode. Great expectations of fees are visible in the eyes of every deputy, especially the civil gentleman who runs over the infected articles. but a wooden barrier soon delivers the weary stranger from such importunities; and to be free from interruption or the least apprehension of a superfluous visit, is the greatest blessing of quarantine.

The domain in which we (four travellers and a servant, together with a "guardiano") were pent up comprised a space of about 100 feet by 60, including the ground on which the dwelling stands. This dwelling consists of two bed rooms, fifteen feet square, a kitchen lying between them, and a disproportionate, but on that account, convenient passage. The whole is set round with a rude palisade, except on the side where some dependencies afford additional comforts to the inmates. Breakfast and dinners are supplied by a "wirth," of Semlin, at the rate of two florins per diem a head. Every morning the rooms are fumigated by a cloud of sulphureous vapour, which the "guardiano," as he spreads around wittingly, calls the *frühstück*. The habiliments of every description are hung out or spread on the grass, to be blown about by the restless winds. The rest is strict confinement, and the word to all who pass by, touch not. I cannot say that I found it irksome.

September 9. — But the whole of the ten days' quarantine is not equal in quantity of vexation and inconvenience to the one day which comes after. The list of articles so carefully taken, with the *avowed* object of securing the property of any one who might die in quarantine, is delivered up to the Custom-house officers, and they enter the rooms with the proscriptions in their hands, calling first for the "heads" of books. Every thing except the poor remnants of a wardrobe, which an unfortunate Oriental tourist brings home, must be delivered up to those harpies, who hurry them away in disorderly bundles to their taxing-den, called a Custom-house. I was stripped even of my travelling map, and the only pair of old slippers I had. After a process of many hours, the trifles are made up into as great a number of parcels as they can possibly be distributed into, because, to every packet there are two stamps, which are to be paid for, as well as the papers which set them forth. They are then to be sent to Vienna, "*per transito*," at the owner's expense; and when they get there, are subject to a duty of 60 *per cent. ad valorem*. The full value of the books and articles seized for this operation could hardly exceed 100 francs; but one entire day was hardly enough to get them "protocolled," registered, certified for, declared, signed, sealed, and yet not delivered, until a Commissioner had been paid his enormous charge of twenty francs and upwards for his attendance; a great share

of which, as I was told by an inhabitant of Semlin, would go back into the hands of the Custom-house officers, and officers of the quarantine. Into such things as these do national assemblies degenerate, when they are deprived of the power of making laws which really affect the welfare of a people : thus is the "independent" Hungarian Diet doomed to sit, and consume its remaining strength in framing laws for the fettering of all commerce, and the proscribing of all foreign intercourse, of which commerce has ever been the fore-runner. A more venal Custom-house I never met with : every man, from the director downwards, expected a fee ; and although I am breathing freely in a very comfortable hotel, I can hardly persuade myself that I have yet escaped out of the lion's den. There are, however, around me the elements of peace and good humour : I can now expatiate along "the banks of the dark rolling Danube," and see the evening sun-beams fall upon the broad waters ; I can walk through the streets, where the civilisation which I have for some time missed, begins to re-appear ; the Steeple and the Cross rise triumphant, instead of the Minaret and the Crescent, and the merry sound of the pipe enlivens the "promenade." I have now before me a journey through Hungary,—a country I have long wished to see ; and to-morrow morning I shall bid adieu to Semlin, and all the circumstances of a quarantine.

I am, &c.

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[illegible]

HUNGARY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH HUNGARY
TO VIENNA,

DEDICATED
TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE COUNTESS CADOGAN.

MADAM,

THE knowledge which your Ladyship possesses not only of the territorial divisions of those countries which have been incorporated into the kingdom of Hungary, but also of their complicated History, has induced me to solicit your attention, in particular, to the Sketch and Itinerary which follow; being well persuaded that if they bear your scrutiny as to the matter, I need be under little apprehension from others as to the hasty manner and imperfect style of a Diary, in which they were written.

JOURNEY

THROUGH HUNGARY TO VIENNA

HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

THE Huns are said to have issued originally from the confines of China, and made their first conquests in Scythia ; they first invaded the Roman empire in the time of Valens, and drove out the barbarous tribes which opposed them. The Huns of the Volga spread themselves along the banks of the Danube : they were established in modern Hungary under Attila, 433—453 ; but the genuine ancestors of the modern Hungarians are the Turks or Magiars of 889. The first empire of the Huns was extinguished with Attila ; and old Dacia, from Carpathia to the Black Sea, became a new kingdom under the Gepidæ. The empire of Charlemagne was only bounded by the Save and the Teyss ; and consequently comprised much of the then undefined kingdom of Hungary. No irruptions of barbarians upon the fair provinces of Europe were ever so dreadful as those of the Huns in the tenth century : they

were at length checked by Henry the Fowler, and Otho the Great, in 934—955; and those fierce warriors were reduced to a sedentary life in 972. The house of Arpad reigned for 300 years; but the people asserted their right of choosing or deposing their kings. From the end of the twelfth century the kingdom of Hungary is continually involved in the history of Poland and Germany, and the Turkish annals. The basis of the Hungarian constitution was laid in 1222: in 1396 Bajazet defeated Sigismund at the battle of Nicopolis, and threatened Buda. The kingdom of Hungary now was looked upon as the barrier of Christendom against the Turks; and Ladislaus was induced to carry his arms as far as Sophia. He was assisted by the vigorous hand of John Hunniades, and gained an honourable peace from the Sultan of Hadrianople; but by the subtle counsel of the Cardinal Julian (Cæsarini) he broke the terms of the convention, and the result was the fatal overthrow of the Hungarians at Varna, in 1444. In that celebrated fight the king was defeated and slain. John Hunniades defended Belgrade against Mahomet II. in 1456; and at his death, which happened about a month after the retreat of the Turks, the grateful people elected his son, Matthias Corvinus, as the successor of Ladislaus.* But the eyes of Europe were intent upon Hungary, when Soliman the Magnificent pushed his conquests beyond the Danube: Lewis

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ch. 67.

was killed in the fatal field of Mohatz, A.D. 1526, with 20,000 Hungarians; and the conqueror entered the capital without any further resistance. In 1529, Soliman re-entered Hungary with the avowed object of adjusting the claims of contending aspirants to the throne of Lewis: he marched to Buda without meeting with any opposition; and ended by annexing the disputed kingdom as a Beylerbeg to the Empire.* At this period the sovereigns of the Austrian line succeeded to the throne of Hungary. From the year 884 to 997 six Dukes reigned. From the year 1000, beginning with Stephen I., to 1526, ending with John Zapolga, there were forty kings: of those, Matthias Corvinus, in 1457, is by far the most renowned. In 1527 Ferdinand I. ascended the disputed throne, which, through a series of thirteen Kings of Hungary, has been transmitted in the Austrian line to this day. An Hungarian war was carried on against the Sublime Porte, with little intermission, from the death of Soliman to 1608; at length a peace was concluded with Achmet I.

In 1663, when hostilities between the Porte and Austria were pending, Hungary became again the seat of war. The grand vizier, Kioprili Mehemed, besieged and took Neuhausel, Neutra, Novigrad, Leventz, and Freystadt. The result of this war was a truce, agreed upon for twenty years, and the possession of Great Varadin and Neuhausel was con

* See Robertson's History of Charles V.

armed to the Porte. In 1683, a new war broke out between the Porte and Austria, and Kara Mustafa besieged Vienna; but the defeat of that army by John Sobieski, put an end to the terror which the Ottoman arms had for two centuries imposed upon Europe. Buda was taken by storm, and the Turks were expelled from Hungary, and the contiguous countries. The Germans even pursued their victorious career, and took Belgrade by assault; but whilst the king of France invaded the Palatinate, the Grand Vizier recovered Nissa, Widin, and Belgrade. At the congress of Carlowitz, in 1698, Transylvania, and almost the whole of Hungary and Sclavonia were relinquished to the Emperor. The peace of Passarowitz, in 1718, secured to the Porte the possession of the Grecian provinces in exchange for Temeswar, and the territory and fortress of Belgrade, which were annexed to the kingdom of Hungary. The Emperor of Germany joined Catharine in a war against the Porte, which was concluded by a treaty in the year 1739: one article of that treaty was the surrender of Belgrade to the Turks, the whole of Servia, and a part of Wallachia; by a subsequent treaty, made after the war which broke out between Russia and the Porte, in 1761, and continued until 1774; Wallachia and Moldavia were restored to the Sultan, and the Crimea declared independent: Bessarabia and part of Moldavia were only added to the Russian encroachments in 1812. These are the principal events which, in the course

of modern history, have altered or effected the frontiers of the Austrian dominions in Hungary, and finally left them as they now exist. Wallachia and Moldavia seem to be marked out as the next rent to be made in the Ottoman empire.

JOURNEY, ETC.

Sept. 10. — The first "station" from Semlin, on the direct road to Pest, is Neu Boveze, situated at the distance of one post and a half, or thirteen English miles. The aspect of the country is dull and cheerless; a wide moor, over which are seen, at long intervals between, the large round hats of the peasants, moving across the plains. The left banks of the Danube appear, at a distance, like white cliffs; but, in approaching, they are found to be of clay. I saw from a mouldering eminence, along the Danube, the plains stretching towards Wallachia: a half-murky vapour rose over the horizon, and the face of nature appeared to me to have ceased to smile. Cultivation and corn-fields rescue, however, this country from the reproach of a wilderness, and through signs of human industry, and some habitations, we pursue our way to Betchka: but, approaching Carlowitz, the appearance of the country changes; it is broken into deep vales which are all filled with vines, and produce wine for half the table d'hôtes of Germany. The flower of this wine is mixed with inferior Tokay, and thus a specious wine is made bearing that seducing name. The

Danube flows at the foot of those vine-clad hills, and is backed by forests which darken the plain at intervals. From the top of those hills is a wide view, bounded, on the edge of the horizon, by lines of trees. We then descend to the very banks of the river, on which Carlowitz is situated. It was all alive, on account of the beginning of the vintage. The continued abundance of grapes through which we passed, together with the variety of hills overlooking the majestic river, raised once more my admiration; but it was the last elevation I experienced, before seeing the neighbourhood of Buda. Carlowitz figures in the annals of treaties, and now derives much wealth from its commerce in wine. It is the residence of the Patriarch of the schismatic Greeks, who are in great numbers throughout Wallachia, Slavonia, and Transylvania. The Patriarch is similar to an archbishop in the Church of Rome, and he has several bishops under him.

The fortress of Peterwardein began to show itself about four o'clock, P. M., that is, about ten hours after our departure from Semlin. The garrison here seems every thing, except the 250 condemned felons who are employed in clanking chains to carry water through the streets. The Latin Church is triumphant, although there appears, to be at present, no bishop: but I saw the house of a Stanislaus, who, in former ages, had held that office. Peterwardein recalls to remembrance the terrific name of Comourgi. Here we crossed the

Danube, over a bridge of boats. The majestic stream glides under the fortress, which rises on the right bank, with a formidable aspect. A considerable population inhabits the town of Neustadt, which may be esteemed as a suburb of Peterwardein. I felt pleased with the quiet and respectful demeanour of the people, and pursued my way, by moonlight, over a flat country, to Altker. Neubovez, and the long straggling village of Kisheygea succeed, and then Topolya; after passing which, at a fair rate of posting, we came to Theresianopol.

The name of this town points out its founder or restorer; but although it be blended with the name of so great an Empress, it is doomed to eternal oblivion. A traveller may, by chance, rescue it from the sandy desert in which it stands, and point it out on the Post map, but its rank among the *πόλεις* is but a village. I saw it, too, to advantage, a fair being held, as I passed through. At about an hour from its last hut, we stuck fast in the sand, and were obliged to send for additional horses, to drag us through to Melycut.

The costume of the peasantry, in this sandy region, is wild and fantastic. A pair of immensely wide trowsers, having, at a distance, the appearance of a large sack are drawn round the waist and rest upon the hips. A short jerkin is generally so adjusted, as to leave the waist entirely naked, and the brown skin gives it the appearance, at a little distance, of a broad belt of leather. The

hat is a large circular object, with the rim turned up all round, but which, I presume, may be unfolded at pleasure, so as to serve the purpose of an umbrella. Under this hat flows a quantity of hair, which, although like the Germans, "*rutilæ comæ*," I often found black. In this way the postilions appear from Theresianopol to near Pest. It is a melancholy journey from Theresianopol to Melycut. The latter is one of those large villages which characterise the whole of Hungary. On either side of a broad sandy "route," are placed at intervals (not irregular) the clean-looking whitened huts of the inhabitants. The gable end is always made the front of the house, with one or two windows in it; the entrance is along the side, and an open space, which separates it from its neighbours, serves the good housewife for the scene of her industry: trees are often planted in rows before the cottages, and some attention is paid to gardens. This manner of building their towns and villages is so universally adopted, that, even at Buda, the first objects that catch the eye, in looking across the Danube from Pest, are the gable ends of the houses. At Melycut much hemp is grown: after leaving it, the country becomes fine in its very wildness, but the sand continues deep to Holas. At this place we slept, having found a comfortable "*gasthaus*."

In the morning we passed a large pool, which abounded in wild ducks, and pursued our journey slowly, through sand, to Iezak: in looking over

these immense tracts of barren country, the thoughts are sometimes led to attempt an adjustment of the economy of creation: why is all this portion of Europe rendered by some operations of nature unfit for human toil? The waters appear to have rolled smoothly over that section of the globe which lies between the temperate and frigid zones, so that a traveller may go from the Danube to the confines of China, without encountering a hill. In Poland, in many parts of the North of Germany, and wherever in Russia observing travellers have penetrated, sand, or soil in the transition from sand, is the geological feature. When, therefore, those regions were not wanted for man's abode, but it was rather desirable that he should advance where nature had made a more ample provision, the whole was, perhaps, as barren and hopeless as the sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa are at present; but the tendency of Nature's operations is to recover this defect, and that, perhaps, in proportion to the wants and numbers of mankind. I observed, in journeying towards Iszak especially, many plots and hollows greener than the rest of the country; and, wherever this was the case, the effect had been caused by the greater abundance of water. Some dry pools had even perfectly formed clay, and several tracts, I observed, had already been recovered from sandy barrenness, by the unassisted operations of nature. The falling of rain, therefore, for many

centuries, will materially change the face of this country. Another operation is the effect of wind, which blows the loose sand continually from the surface, and thus aids the moisture in its recovering efforts. Whilst these things are going on, almost imperceptibly, in the sandy plains, the hard rocks are decomposing, and making still more room for man; and it is a subject not unworthy of the Christian's attention, thus to follow the provisions which an all-wise Providence has made for supplying the increasing wants of his creatures. These reflections were suggested to my mind, in the absence of every thing that is attractive in nature; and, upon turning aside from the path in which I walked, ankle-deep in sand, to see a small portion turning to clay.

At Iszak the road becomes a little better, and so continues through Szabad Szallae to Kun St. Miklos: this place contains 4000 inhabitants, and has lately got a new Stadt-haus. A wearisome stage of five hours, flowing through deep sand again, but sometimes mixed with gravel, brought us to Soroksar. We were now again on the banks of the Danube and within a stage of Pest. The mountains which soon began to appear, were as if some entirely new creation had sprung up, so long had I been looking over boundless plains. The signs of a city were visible in the increased number of vehicles, and in the activity of their motions. A

bold rock first announces the old capital of Hungary, and towering steeples soon tell the stranger that he is approaching the modern capital. We entered Pest, without passing either gate or barrier, at seven o'clock, A. M.

The journey, therefore, from Semlin to Pest was performed thus:—to Peterwardein, in ten hours (Tuesday, half-past four, P. M.); to Theresianopol, fifteen hours (Wednesday morning, nine o'clock); to Halas, eleven hours (Wednesday night, ten o'clock); to Pest, twenty-four hours (Friday morning, seven o'clock).

Pest has all the advantages of a first-rate German town: its streets are clean and commodious, and some of them, where the nobles have begun to build their palaces, will end by becoming magnificent. It is well furnished with hotels and coffee-houses, and a quantity of merchandise is displayed in the shops. The Danube flows past it in a single stream, and is crossed by a bridge of boats leading to the ancient capital of Hungary, Buda. The position of Buda is far better chosen than that of its modern neighbour. A bold rock rises over the river and conceals the city from those advancing up the Danube. In a deep valley, a portion of what is now called Offen, is situated, and beyond (still going up the stream) rises a stout hill on which the royal palace now stands; but formerly the castle of the kings defended the approach. Further up the right bank

are habitations extending nearly as far as an island which is covered with trees. Although the whole extent of this town or city, opposite Pest, is called Offen, it has other distinctive appellations: the part under the rock, about the river near it, is called the city of the "Raatz:" the part where the palace stands, is called Catharine's Stadt. I saw no remains of the ancient Buda, except a section of a bastion, and that did not appear to me very old - but there are still left the memorials of Turkish prowess, in the number of their granite balls which serve now for more peaceful purposes. On the summit of that rock is an observatory, not ill supplied with instruments chiefly made at Munich; some, however, are from London; but the institution is without a "Professor." The view of the dull flat through which the river winds, is relieved when we turn towards the west and north, and see the valleys clad with vines "so thick, that they laugh and sing." But the sun set in all the murkiness of a northern atmosphere, and I began to feel that, although I had now got to the better land of civilisation, I had lost the softness and beauty of the clime of the East.

The first public institution I saw at Pest was the "Chelsea Hospital" of Hungary. This was founded by the Emperor Charles VI., as the Latin inscription imports, for the "*milites seino confectos*," &c. The artillery barracks were erected by the Emperor Joseph: a spacious court, having four stupendous

edifices, each connected by an angular building, serves for the exercise of the artillery and the piling of balls. The Hungarian nobles have formed a literary institution which is yet in its infancy. The Casino is a handsome building, and contains several commodious apartments: a reading-room, an assembly room, billiard-room, and even a smoking-room. I was not a little surprised, in this land of embargo on intellect, to find the Westminster, Quarterly, and Edinburgh Reviews on the table, with a slight sprinkling of foreign newspapers.

The Museum, although of a most unpromising appearance, contains some things of value and interest. The "Cicerone" explains its contents in Latin, which he talks at twice the rate of a living language; and, like old Homer, has hemistichs in store, and expressions "ad obsequia." There is a series of medals and coins of all the kings of Hungary, followed by the succession of Austrian Dukes and Emperors. I only stopped for a moment at those of Matthias Corvinus, and John Hunniades: two spurious medals of Attila had nearly deceived me; and some of Napoleon's, mingled with the House of Austria, at first surprised me. A fragment of the triumphal car in which the splendid butterfly entered Paris, is preserved as a relic. We are told in a Latin inscription, that it belonged to the "Currus" of the "*Galliarum usurpator*." Then, why not throw his medal out from among the hereditary assembly of sovereigns? A number of

"*diu lares*" and some few Roman antiquities are disposed in cases; all found, said our Latin interpreter, in Hungary, and being "*plus mille annorum*" in antiquity. A very useful collection of birds, fishes, beasts,—all natives of Hungary, forms another department of this museum; besides minerals and fossils found or dug up within the limits of the kingdom. The library contains nothing rare or curious, except the prayer-book of Matthias Corvinus, and a few MSS. of the Scriptures, not very old. The book department has received the least attention: the librarian complained that he could get nobody to listen to his representations of the room being too small for depositing his treasures; but he lives in hopes that some relief may be at length given to the oppressed community of readers. Pest, with Offen and all the suburbs on both sides of the Danube, may contain a population of 100,000 souls. I left it as soon as the bridge of boats was joined in the morning.

After clearing the habitations of Offen, the road lies between the Danube and a range of hills whose roots are planted with vines. Sometimes those hills recede, and ascend to the rank of mountains. They are not unfrequently clothed with wood; and in going the first two stages to Vorosvar and Neudorf, there is often room for admiration. At the latter village I saw more Turkish cannon-balls of granite; and I recollected having seen similar ones at Oranto!

Europe had then reason to be alarmed, and Christianity, as it then was, might shudder. The fortresses on the Danube, like Comorn, come within sight of the traveller, but the road leaves them on the opposite bank. We travelled all night, passing Raab about ten o'clock, and turned off at Kitsee to Pressbourg.

A rock rising suddenly from the left bank of the Danube, crowned with a large square edifice, tipped at the angles with turrets; white habitations lining the shore, and studding the declivities of the hill towards the river, announce the city of Pressbourg. A bridge of boats is crossed before entering the town, and then fine open places and handsome streets rather impose upon the eyes of an Oriental traveller; but he soon finds the want of that glow which steals even over the most wretched hut in the East, and the spirit which hovers around him as he walks the uniform streets "is fluttering faint and low." The ascent to the castle is through the most offensive quarter of the city. This large edifice, which has suffered greatly in a conflagration, is now a ruin, but yet is the most conspicuous object at Pressbourg. It stands on an eminence, the first of the chain of Carpathia, about 180 feet above the Danube. It was brought into its present form by Maria Theresa, and she often made it her residence. From the platform which runs along two sides of it, is a fine view of the river, winding through a rich

country, forming a pleasing variety of scenery. The Cathedral is a venerable pile of Gothic architecture, but germanized in the exterior: it has been twice converted, but now is a Roman Catholic temple. I found it crowded with worshippers, whose demeanour showed more devotion than is often found in those who live nearer the Pope. There is but one Lutheran church, which is, however, supplied with six ministers, and a numerous congregation. A second church of that persuasion is wanted. The Diet had just finished its 233d sitting, and seemed to be left only by the King, and all supreme heads, to amuse itself with 233 sittings more. The house where the sittings are held is a long palace-like building, situated in the principal street. The proceedings are conducted in Latin, or in the Hungarian language. Pressbourg was known to the Romans by the name Posonium: it was declared by Ferdinand, in 1536, to be the capital of Hungary, and, since that period, has been the place for crowning the Kings and holding the Diet. After spending about four hours in this town of legislation, we pursued our way to Vienna: having re-crossed the Danube we soon arrived at the frontier, where we were detained two hours and a half in an examination of papers and baggage. Hainbourg is the first stage, and calls for a tribute of admiration. It is prettily situated under the wooded sides of mountains; and its fortifications, and old towers above, add beauty to the

landscape. There is an air of cleanliness about the villages of Regelsbrun, Fishamend, and Schwechat. After passing the latter, the suburbs of Vienna soon occur, and by a bright moon we entered the barrier at eight o'clock.

We left Corfu on the 10th of May, and arrived at Vienna on the 15th of September. If to this be added the time employed in the journey from Naples to Corfu, and the days spent in that island, the whole will amount to 150 days. Hence it will appear that a tour, such as has been traced out in the preceding pages, may be accomplished with ease in six months, even setting out from, and returning to, London. The first qualification is health; the second an active and enquiring mind. It is also well to adhere as much as possible to the plan of the tour previously marked out. A party of three or four, at the most, is sufficiently large; and if they be constituted like the four travellers who made the Summer Excursion to the East in 1834, they will not interfere with, but promote the mutual comforts, the conveniences, and the pleasure, of each other.

THE END.

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